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Engraved by Chas. Phillips, from a Painting by Jarvis, taken from life, 1815,
now in the Possession of Jonathan Hunt Esq

Andrew Jackson

Engd for the U.S. Magazine & Democratic Review.

J. & H. G. Langley, New York

THE

# UNITED STATES MAGAZINE

AND

# DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

"THE BEST GOVERNMENT IS THAT WHICH GOVERNS LEAST."

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME X.

NEW YORK:
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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. X. JANUARY, 1842. No. XLIII.

## STATE CREDIT.

THE Mississippi Bonds must be paid. To the last dollar, the last cent, the last mill, every pledge of the public faith, whether by the collective whole of our glorious Union, or by any one of its constituent parts, must be honorably redeemed — be the consequences, be the cost what they may. Be justice done though the firmament fall.

It is true that the People of the State have been shamefully defrauded. But it is not less true that it is to a great extent their own fault. They have now to submit to the loss of about five millions of dollars as the natural retributive penalty of their own folly. And if they will but lay well to heart the lesson they have been taught, it is worth its price. They have bought their experience much cheaper than some of their neighbors. Illinois and Indiana, for example, — and Pennsylvania, *par excellence!*

We are not surprised at the feeling which has been excited in Mississippi in relation to this subject. We are not surprised that a powerful and respectable opinion has formed and declared itself against the payment of these bonds. It may perhaps be that of a majority of its citizens — though the recent election is by no means to be regarded as any decisive evidence to that effect. It is easy to suppose that, among those whose suffrages have elected Governor Tucker, a much larger number than that of his majority over his competitor may have had no serious idea that the bonds ought to be, or actually would be, repudiated. Yet even if it were the present will of a clear popular majority, we would ascribe it rather to a temporary though natural exasperation against the authors of this great fraud upon the State; blinding the eyes of the people to that more calm and just view of all

the bearings of the question, which we should still feel certain that they would not fail to take after a brief season of "sober second-thought."

Of one thing there is no doubt — that the charge so angrily brought against the people of Mississippi, of a wilful and deliberate spirit of bad faith, of public dishonesty and dishonor, in the threatened repudiation of the bonds in question, is a gross calumny. Made originally by those whose pecuniary interest prompts their clamor on this charge, it is reëchoed by a party press, which seeks to turn it to a political advantage. In our own opinion the argument of the anti-bond party is an unsound one; yet is it by no means a clear case or a simple question. There is a great deal to be urged, and with more than plausibility, on both sides; and we are well assured that the great body of those among the Democratic Party of Mississippi who support the repudiation, would be found the last to attempt or desire to evade the payment of a just debt or an honorable obligation No one would pretend that in a private transaction, parallel in all its features to the case in question, the slightest obligation, technical or equitable, would attach on the part of the principal, to pay the bonds so fraudulently issued by a dishonest agent, in violation of the express prohibition of the very authority under which the latter held all his legal existence. The principle of law in force in that State, moreover, is, that the transfer of choses in action, even to innocent third parties, can involve no prejudice to any rights or equities on the part of the obligor. If some one must suffer from the dishonesty of an unfaithful agency, it must be the party who trusts him without the proper and prudent scrutiny which he ought to have made into the nature and extent of his powers. If we apply to the State the analogy of a private transaction of the same character, the advocates of repudiation must stand unanswerably justified. And this view of the question — combined with a sympathy for the honest People that has been made the victim of the fraud of the case — has led several of the democratic papers of the north to sustain them in that position. But, like many similar applications of private analogies to public transactions, the argument is, we repeat, in our judgment an unsound one; and we should sadly belie the past character and course of the Democratic Review, if, entertaining this opinion, we should allow ourselves to be checked by any partisan consideration, from its frank and free expression.

The anti-bond argument is this: — In the first place, the Constitution of the State expressly requires that every law for the

pledge of the public credit shall receive the distinct sanction of two successive Legislatures. Now it is true that a certain law was passed at one session, and duly confirmed at the next, authorising the loan of the credit of the State, to the amount of fifteen millions of dollars, to the great "Union Bank," which it was then determined to create. But a supplementary law was passed shortly after, involving a material change of the original law, and authorizing a direct subscription by the State to the stock of the bank; and it was under this law, which had *not* passed through that ordeal of popular ratification prescribed by the Constitution of the State, that the transaction in question took place. At the time of the passage of this supplementary act, a minority in the Legislature (at the head of which stood the recently elected Governor, Mr. Tucker) entered a formal protest against it, as unconstitutional and void. In the second place, the provisions of this very act itself were palpably violated in the issue of the bonds, by a fraudulent collusion between the Union Bank, the commissioners appointed by it for the negotiation of the bonds, and the Bank of the United States, by which, through the name of Mr. Nicholas Biddle, they were purchased. They were sold at a credit instead of for cash, and instead of being made payable, according to the terms of the law, in "current money of the United States," were made payable in London, in sterling currency, at a rate of 4*s.* 6*d.* to the dollar, involving a heavy loss, and a departure, as it is alleged, from that standard of "par value," which was prescribed by the law. The total amount of loss thus sustained by the State, through the Bank, by the departure from this double requisition of cash and par, is computed by Governor McNutt, in his celebrated Letter to the Hopes of Amsterdam, at the enormous sum, on the five millions of bonds sold, of $1,084,781 00. Now, it is contended that the express conditions on which the public faith was plighted, as represented in these bonds, having been thus violated, no obligation affecting the State was created by the transaction; — that these violations of condition were not of an immaterial character, but substantially affecting the rights and the safety of the State, as the obligor on the bonds; the ability of the Bank to pay them, as well as to fulfil the objects of its creation, being prejudiced to the amount of the sacrifice thus illegally and improperly incurred by it in the operation; — that the Constitution of the State, and the law under which the bonds were issued, were public documents, of which all parties interested were bound to take notice, and to inform themselves, at their own peril if they should neglect so obvious a duty of prudence; — that it is therefore to the Union Bank which issued, and the

Bank of the United States which purchased and resold, or pledged, the bonds in question, endorsed with its own guarantee, that the European holders of them must look for their redemption, and not to the people of the State of Mississippi; — and finally, that inasmuch as no portion of the proceeds of the bonds ever came into the treasury of the State, or under the control of any of its officers, there is no equity in the case against it so as to counteract the undeniable technical illegality of the transaction on the part of the two banks, and to impose on the State an obligation of honor to redeem the bonds.

Such are the leading points of the anti-bond argument. It is not to be denied that they constitute at least a strong *prima facie* case in favor of the proposed repudiation; and that they ought to silence the clamor we have heard against the people of Mississippi, as desiring to evade the redemption of the public faith of the State, fairly and legally plighted. That is precisely the hinge of the question, and to assume that the public faith is so plighted, is nothing more nor less than a complete *petitio principii*. And to infer from the present agitation of this controversy, that there either exists now, or is likely to arise, in any of the States of this Union, anything like a formidable disposition to repudiate their public debts, is as absurd as it is calumnious. We are profoundly and perfectly convinced, that every dollar of the public stocks of every State in the Union will be eventually paid, to the last jot and tittle of the redemption of their plighted honor. Fearful as may be the demoralization, with respect to the sanctity of contracts, which has been the worst of the fruits of our paper-money credit system, we have no fear that it has proceeded to such a length as this. And of one thing are we especially certain — that the Democratic Party, which is and must continue in the long run the dominant power in the country, will be the very last portion of the whole people, with whom the base infamy of such a proposition will be ever likely to meet a favorable reception. For we are the party which, throughout the struggles and discussions of the last ten or twelve years, about these questions, has placed itself in opposition to the excesses and abuses of credit — the party of moderation, of prudence — the *paying*, in contradistinction to the *borrowing*, party. In private affairs, it is always on the part of those the most bold and speculative in their calculations on credit and chance, that the most lax morality prevails in regard to the redemption of the obligations they are so adventurous in hazarding. And in public, it is from your "Credit System" parties that proceed your retroactive bankrupt laws, your bank suspensions, tolerated by opinion, and sanctioned by legislation, &c. — and from

them, too, if ever from any, that can alone proceed such a public act of State bankruptcy, as is here in question, if ever the pressure of a public debt shall become too heavy to be sustained by the industrial energies of the people. If that day is ever to arrive in any of our States, the public creditor, whether he may reside at the antipodes, or in our own midst, may rely upon the assurance which, in the name of the American democracy, we feel authorized to give him, namely,—that when he will find himself abandoned to his fate by those who now profess to be his peculiar friends, it will be the Democracy which will surrender to him everything but honor; which will cast to the winds everything but conscience; and which will sell out the fee-simple of the last foot of earth covered by the last hearth-stone, if necessary, for the payment of the last cent of principal or interest on the public debt.

But to return to the Mississippi Bonds—we repeat that they must be paid. The analogy, derived from the legal relations of a corresponding private transaction, on which the repudiation argument rests, is in our opinion deceptive, though specious, in its application to the circumstances of the present case. In the first place, no great force can be claimed for the argument of the unconstitutionality of the law in question. That the attention of the Legislature of 1838 was fully drawn to that point, is apparent from the fact of the protest against its passage by the minority, on that ground. Their act was an expression of their own judgment that it was constitutional; and representing, as they did by their majority, the people of the State, it is too much to expect that the foreign creditor, when in the act of lending his money, should undertake to revise and overrule their decision upon a point of that nature, made under their own high political and moral responsibilities, to the people and their own oath of office. Faithfully and honestly or not—yet actually it cannot be denied that they represented the people; and the doctrine would be absurd, that when in the interval between the passage of a law, of perhaps disputed constitutionality, and a judicial decision to that effect, equitable rights have arisen under its operation, involving the public faith to innocent private parties, a subsequent change of majority should justify the Legislature in repudiating all such obligations, on the ground of the different view now taken by it of the constitutional question. A legislative body must stand as the sole authoritative judge of its own constitutional powers, until the action of the judiciary supervene, in some controversy of private rights. And though a law may of course be declared void for unconstitutionality, as affecting injuriously the rights of oth-

ers; yet it would be monstrous to claim for the people of a State as represented and embodied in its regularly constituted Legislature, the right themselves to take advantage of such a subsequently declared unconstitutionality, to repudiate, to their own benefit and the injury of innocent third parties, obligations assumed by them with all the solemn formality of an act of legislation, claiming to be for an object of public interest, and in the very act positively asserting its own constitutionality. They cannot thus take advantage of the dishonesty or ignorance, as the case may be, of their own elected representatives. If they will be guilty of the folly of sending such a set of men to their legislative halls, they must for the present submit to the consequences for which they have themselves chiefly to blame, and for the future profit well by the experience for which they have been thus made to pay. The unconstitutionality of the law, then, clearly will afford no justification to the Anti-Bond party for the course threatened by a large part of the press of Mississippi,—assuming that unconstitutionality to be beyond question, and putting out of view the important fact that Governor McNutt, the prime mover of repudiation, himself signed the law referred to, and himself partially carried it into execution.

Nor is the argument of illegality, derived from the mode of executing the law, much stronger than that of the unconstitutionality of the law itself. The State subscribes to the stock of the Bank, and the five millions of bonds are delivered over to the officers of the latter, for the purpose of affording it the capital necessary to set it in operation,—this being esteemed, by the false and morbid popular opinion of the day, an object of high public concern and interest. Grant that, in the sale of them, the Bank, through its agents, the commissioners, may have in some respects transgressed the provisions of the law; the State ought not to have intrusted them to such unfaithful agents. The circumstance of their being changed in form, from "current money of the United States" to sterling currency, is immaterial in its nature, unless the former expression is fraudulently meant to give the State the advantage, in the payment of its interest, of the depreciated condition of the paper "current money" of some portions of the United States. This is not to be supposed; and no other honorable interpretation can be put upon the expression than that of the true constitutional "current money of the United States," gold and silver. The translation of the one currency into the other may or may not have been at the just rate of the par of exchange. We all know that extremely vague and loose ideas have been of late years very prevalent of the meaning of that little monosylla-

ble. "*Par*" has had a very different meaning with the one of our political parties than with the other. With the Whigs, including a great majority of the commercial community, the current value of a suspended bank-note circulation has constituted the local standard of "*par*," while specie has been at a greater or less "premium;" while with the Democratic party the currency of the Constitution and of the world, the precious metals, have alone afforded the standard level from which the depreciation of the respective paper circulations of different sections have been measured downward. We cannot perceive in this feature of the transaction, taken even in its strongest shape, a just or honorable ground for the proposed repudiation. It ill becomes a sovereign State — and that State a republic and a democracy — to contest on petty technical grounds of such a character as this, the payment of debts, however unwisely contracted and trusted in the hands of unfaithful agents, on the faith of which an innocent foreign creditor has been induced to part with his property; to place it, if not in the coffers of the State treasury itself, at least in those of an institution in which the State was the largest stockholder, and which it created as a valuable object of public policy, for the presumed benefit and "relief" of its great commercial and agricultural interests. Nor does it appear by any means clear that after the delivery of the bonds to the Bank, in payment of the subscription of the State to its stock, the State has any further right to scrutinize the terms of any arrangement that may be made by the Bank to realize upon them the highest price admitted of by the condition of the market — provided that the State is credited with them at the full value of their face, at par and as cash, on its subscription to the stock. And this we understand to be the fact. That the directors of the Union Bank have wasted their capital in the false and dishonest system of banking and financiering which has prevailed in that State, is no fault of the foreign creditor, who lent his money on the credit, neither of the Bank, nor of its companion in iniquity, the Bank of the United States, but on that of the State of Mississippi. The State has doubtless sunk its money, as many a stockholder in many a bank, in that as in other parts of the country. This has not been caused by the fact of the loss sustained by the Bank on the sale of the bonds, be the true figure of that loss more or less. The same would have been the case had the bonds in question commanded a premium, instead of having been sold at a rate of five and six per cent. depreciation. The same would doubtless have been the case had the entire fifteen millions, originally contemplated, been consigned to the same destination. Happily for the people of

Mississippi, and thanks to the intelligent firmness of Governor McNutt, the State has lost only five millions, where it might have lost fifteen. It deserved richly the smaller loss — it would have deserved richly the greater — for the folly of which it was guilty, in creating the Bank, and thus endowing it with the means of evil from the public treasury. It would have made no practical difference in the result, whether the contribution of the State had been in the form of a loan of its bonds to the Bank, as contemplated in the original act, or in that which was given to it by the supplementary act authorizing a direct subscription to the stock. Substantially the transaction was the same. The former was fully authorized by the required constitutional ratification. The truth is, that the public opinion of the State in relation to banks and banking facilities was radically wrong. The people of Mississippi are now only paying the natural and usual penalty of human folly; and instead of complaining — instead of staining the fair scutcheon of the public faith and honor with the disgrace of this threatened repudiation — they ought rather to consider themselves fortunate in escaping with but one-third of the loss which they might have sustained, and which they so unwisely hazarded.

The bonds must be paid, then; — and that they will be eventually paid, whatever may be the action of the Legislature recently elected, we have no more doubt than we have that they ought to be.

One good result, however, at least, may be ascribed to the agitation of this question in Mississippi — and we are duly and sincerely grateful for it. We allude to the total destruction of the European market for our public stocks. Our only fear is, that this effect may prove but temporary, and that a revival of the confidence of the foreign capitalist may renew yet again this pernicious system of national borrowing, from which through the last ten years we have suffered so much. Our public credit is down now to so low a point that we can borrow no more — Heaven forefend that it should rise again! — except to the extent of doing justice to the creditors on our actual existing debt. Such a state of things we often hear spoken of as a national calamity; it is rather a national blessing. In fact, the doctrine of public credit may be regarded as one of the most pernicious inventions of modern times. Witness its awful fruits in England! — as well as under other foreign governments to which it has alone furnished, by the unrighteous mortgage of the labor and property of unborn generations, the means of carrying on the wars, and sustaining the military establishments, with which they have desolated provinces and kingdoms. And within the past ten years in our own coun-

try, extravagantly as we have used it, what good have we derived from it? Useful or useless, good or bad, our internal improvements constructed within that period — is it the money which has been borrowed on the strength of State credit that has called them into being? Far, very far from it. We have gone into debt to European capital to an amount of nearly two hundred millions of dollars, on which, independently of the principal, which will soon begin from time to time to fall due, we must pay an annual tax on our whole industry and wealth of about twelve millions of dollars, — but does the simple reader suppose that it is *money* we have been borrowing, through all this period? If he does, we beg leave to undeceive him. It is no such thing, though we have been most ingeniously made to believe such to be the fact; and that the surplus wealth of European accumulation was thus seeking a mutually advantageous investment in our public works of improvement, at rates of interest attractive to the foreigner, while lower than the value of the use of capital among us. The truth is, that though we have contracted so enormous a debt, expressed in figures, and payable, principal and interest, in real money, we have actually received scarce a dollar of it from Europe. The process has been simply this. We have imported an excess of imports about equivalent to the amounts of public stocks we have sold to the European market. We have eaten, and drunk, and worn, and in various ways consumed them. Little if any trace of them now remains, except the debt which we have thus contracted to pay for them, and which must itself be paid by the sweat of our own and our children's brows. An inflation of our own paper currency at home, and an unhealthy expansion of private commercial credits, have represented the amount of money presumed to be brought into the country as the proceeds of the sale of these public stocks. And if any one wishes to trace out the ultimate sequel and result of the whole, and ascertain what has become of the nominal amounts of European wealth brought to our shores by this stock-jobbing financiering, he will find them so soon as the Bankrupt Law goes into effect, like the fairy money which the next morning converts into dry leaves, standing in imposing array of figures and ciphers, among the worthless assets of many a broken bank and ruined speculator.

To some of our readers the proof of the assertion here made will be necessary to enable them fully to realize its truth. It can easily be drawn from a comparative view of the exports and imports of the country, taken in connexion with the simultaneous issues of State stocks, within the period referred to. It was in the course of the year 1839, that the European money-market for

American stocks may be said to have been destroyed. No considerable amounts have been sold since the summer of that year, putting out of view the mere hypothecations which may have been made of some amounts in the possession of the Bank of the United States, and some few other institutions. The heavy issues of State stocks may be said to have commenced about 1830. The amounts created prior to that date had been comparatively small, though after that they went, up to and including 1838, rapidly *crescendo*. We use the tables compiled by an able hand, in the fall of 1839, from authentic official sources.

The amount of stock authorized to be created by eighteen States, in each period of five years, from 1820 to 1838, was as follows, viz:

| | |
|---|---|
| From 1820 to 1825, . . . . . | $12,790,728 |
| " 1825 to 1830, . . . . . | 13,679,689 |
| " 1830 to 1835, . . . . . | 40,002,769 |
| " 1835 to 1838 (say 3 1-2 years) . | 108,223,808 |
| | $174,696,994 |

And the following are the objects for which these debts were authorized by the respective legislatures to be created, viz:

| | |
|---|---|
| For banking, . . . . . | $52,640,000 |
| " canals, . . . . . | 60,201,551 |
| " railroads, . . . . . | 42,871,084 |
| " turnpikes and McAdam roads, . . | 6,618,958 |
| " miscellaneous objects, . . . . | 8,474,684 |
| | $170,806,277 |

An examination of the imports and exports, as shown by the annual reports of the Secretary of the Treasury during the same time, furnishes the following results. For the sake of the comparison between them, it is divided into two periods, the first from 1820 to 1830, and the second from 1831 to 1838, both inclusive:

| *Year.* | *Imports.* | *Exports.* | *Excess of Imports.* | *Excess of Exports.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1820 | $56,441,971 | $51,683,640 | $4,758,381 | |
| 1821 | 41,283,236 | 43,671,894 | | $2,388,658 |
| 1822 | 60,966,339 | 49,874,079 | 11,081,260 | |
| 1823 | 50,025,595 | 47,155.408 | 2,870,187 | |
| 1824 | 55,211,850 | 50,649,500 | 4,562,350 | |
| 1825 | 63,759,432 | 66,944,745 | | 3,185,313 |
| 1826 | 60,434,865 | 53.055,710 | 7,379,155 | |
| 1827 | 56,080,932 | 58,921,691 | | 2,840,759 |
| 1828 | 66,914.807 | 50,669,669 | 16,245,138 | |
| 1829 | 57,834,049 | 55,700,193 | 2,233,856 | |
| 1830 | 56,509,441 | 59,462,029 | | 2,952,588 |
| | $625,451,517 | $587,788,558 | $49,039,277 | $11,367,318 |
| | | | 11,367,318 | |
| | | | $37,662,959 | |

| Year. | Imports. | Exports. | Excess of Imports. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1831 | 83,162,808 | 61,277,057 | 21,885,551 |
| 1832 | 76,989,793 | 63,137,470 | 13,852,323 |
| 1833 | 88,295,586 | 70,317,698 | 17,977,888 |
| 1834 | 103,208,521 | 81,024,162 | 22,184,359 |
| 1835 | 129,391,257 | 101,189,082 | 28,202,175 |
| 1836 | 168,233,675 | 106,916,680 | 61,316,995 |
| 1837 | 119,134,255 | 95,564,414 | 23,569,841 |
| 1838 | 101,364,609 | 96,633,821 | 5,330,788 |
| | $869,789,304 | $675,460,384 | $194,379,920 |

From this table we see that the total excess of imports over exports (all kinds included) in the first period, eleven years, was $37,662,959, or an annual average of only *three millions four hundred thousand dollars.*

In the second period, eight years, the same excess rises to the enormous sum of $194,319,920, or an annual average of more than *twenty-four millions of dollars.*

In order to ascertain the actual surplus importations of merchandise within these periods, it is necessary to deduct from these sums the respective surplus imports over the exports of the precious metals within the same periods. A view of the latter is presented by the following table, similarly divided as before by the year 1830:

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS OF GOLD AND SILVER COIN.

| Year. | Total Imports. | Total Exports. | Excess of Imports. | Excess of Exports. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1821 | $8,064,890 | $10,478,059 | | $2,413,169 |
| 1822 | 3,369,846 | 10,810,180 | | 7,440,334 |
| 1823 | 5,097,896 | 6,372,987 | | 1,275,091 |
| 1824 | 8,379,835 | 7,014,552 | $1,365,283 | |
| 1825 | 6,150,765 | 8,797,055 | | 2,646,290 |
| 1826 | 6,880,966 | 4,098,678 | 2,782,288 | |
| 1827 | 8,151,130 | 8,014,880 | 136,250 | |
| 1828 | 7,480,741 | 8,243,476 | | 753,735 |
| 1829 | 7,403,612 | 4,924,020 | 2,479,592 | |
| 1830 | 8,155,964 | 2,178,773 | 5,977,191 | |
| | $69,144,645 | $70,932,660 | $12,740,604 | $14,528,619 |
| | | | | 12,740,604 |
| Excess of Exports, | | | | $1,788,015 |
| 1831 | 7,305,945 | 9,014,931 | | 1,708,986 |
| 1832 | 5,907,504 | 5,656,340 | 251,164 | |
| 1833 | 7,070,368 | 2,611,701 | 4,458,667 | |
| 1834 | 17,911,632 | 2,076,758 | 15,834,874 | |
| 1835 | 13,131,447 | 6,477,775 | 6,653,672 | |
| 1836 | 13,400,881 | 4,324,336 | 6,076,545 | |
| 1837 | 10,516,414 | 5,976,249 | 4,510,165 | |
| 1838 | 17,747,117 | 3,508,046 | 14,239,071 | |
| | $92,991,308 | $39,646,136 | $55,054,158 | $1,708,986 |
| | | | 1,708,986 | |
| Excess of Imports, | | | $53,345,172 | |

From this table we see that there was an excess of *exports* over *imports* of gold and silver in the first of these periods of $1,788,015, or an annual average of about a hundred and seventy-nine thousand dollars.

In the second period there is an excess of *imports* over *exports* of gold and silver amounting to $53,345,172, — or an annual average of about six millions six hundred thousand dollars.

Comparing together these tables, and confining our view to the commerce of merchandise alone, it appears that in the first period the excess of the imports of merchandise over the exports of the same, was $39,450,974, — or an annual average of $3,586,452.

In the second period, the excess of the imports of merchandise over the exports of the same, is in like manner seen to be $140,974,748, — or an annual average of $17,621,843.

The amount of State stocks issued within the first period, we have seen to have been $26,470,417. In the second we have seen them to rise to $148,226,577.

The total excess of imports in the first period having been, as above stated, $37,662,959, about $20,000,000 may be assumed as the legitimate excess of imports, representing the commercial profit; the balance of that sum being a moderate allowance for the proceeds of so much of the State stocks issued as were sold in the foreign market. When issued thus moderately, it is probable that a considerable proportion of them found purchasers at home. To double that amount would then be a large allowance for the corresponding commercial profit within the second period of eight years; the deduction of which from the total excess of imports, as above stated, would leave about $154,319,920. Deduct from this about six millions as probably taken up on this side of the Atlantic, and we show the unnatural and unhealthy excess of imports (with a proper allowance for the commercial profit) *corresponding exactly with the amount of the sales of the public stocks abroad.* Who, then, will pretend that the issue of the stocks has done anything more than simply to run up this enormous amount of debt, for this enormous amount of extravagant consumption, upward of a hundred and fifty millions of dollars in excess above our exports, after full due allowance for the commercial profit?

This system is now, we trust, at an end. After the bitter experience which so many of our States have reaped of its fruits, we hope that there is none now in which the people will tolerate any further issues of public stocks,—whatever may be the delusive

pretences by which their advocates may seek to recommend them to sectional interests, or to the cupidity of the present generation, which is thus made so dishonestly and oppressively to saddle posterity with debt for the indulgence of its own present extravagance. We should rejoice to see a prohibition inserted in the constitution of every State of the Union, against the legislative power of contracting a public debt for any purpose whatsoever. If we were willing to except the case of war and the public defence, it would be a reluctant and dissatisfied concession to existing popular delusions too strong to be immediately contended with. Taxation, direct taxation, by the voluntary action of the people themselves, is the only true and just and proper mode of raising whatever funds may be necessary for any of the legitimate duties of government. Taxation, direct taxation, we mean, for the whole amount wanted for the principal,—not for the mere provision of the annual interest, to be paid to the foreigner as a virtual tribute of financial slavery. Shall we read in history of the devotion with which the citizens of besieged towns, or invaded kingdoms, have poured their wealth into the public treasury, unstinted and unregretted, for the public defence—when even woman has not only exulted in offering on the altar of patriotism the last jewel or ornament of gold which bound her hair, but has even delighted to weave the flowing beauty of those locks themselves into bow-strings for the public service—shall we read of such things, we repeat, and yet doubt the readiness and the lavish abundance with which our people, when attacked by insolent and unjust foreign aggression, if we will only trust to them and appeal to them, will furnish every necessary to carry the country safely and honorably through any such crisis, however suddenly it may come? We repeat that we see no necessity for public borrowing, even in such great public emergencies as this; and no war ought ever to be undertaken by this country, unsustained by such a public sentiment as would make the people fully prepared to contribute, both by direct taxation and voluntary service, all the means necessary to enable the government to maintain the national cause with honor and success. The ancients waged their wars without public loans; and Bonaparte bequeathed no debt to posterity, to pay for all his gigantic military operations. After deducting the large contributions which he forced from allied and conquered nations, there remains an enormous amount which, sustained as he was by the enthusiasm of the nation, he was easily able to extract directly from the industry and resources of France itself. In the case of public improvements, there is still less reason for having recourse to borrowing, to obtain the money for

their construction. If they are worth constructing, they are worth paying for. Satisfy the people, or the parties interested, on the former point, and there will be no great difficulty on the latter. It is always, in these cases, the present generation which expects to reap from them an advantage equivalent to their cost, in the development of resources, the opening of markets, and the enhancement of the value of property. Though posterity may, indeed, eventually inherit the whole, yet a regard for the benefit of posterity is very far from being the impelling motive to their construction; nor is there any reason or right in transferring to posterity, in the form of stock debt, not only the actual payment of their cost, but the entire risk of possible failure. If State governments will go on constructing works of internal improvement, instead of leaving them to the enterprise of private interest and sagacity, let them at least place this restraint upon their constant tendency to excess, by the obligation of imposing a simultaneous direct tax on the people, to the amount of their cost. There will be little danger then of any other works being undertaken, than those which may be pretty safely relied upon to defray their own cost, and which will be indeed demanded by the public interest and will of the whole people. While, when cut off from their present habitual reliance upon the State government and the State credit, the different particular sections which may desire the construction of local improvements, will have no difficulty in effecting their object, either by the private action of their principal citizens, or by combining their respective public resources for the purpose, in some mode of voluntary self-taxation, for which it would be easy to make the requisite legal provision.

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## LINES

BY MRS. C. E. DA PONTE,

On seeing a friend weeping over the remains of a lady to whom he had been for years attached — but who had afterward become united to another.

Yes, moisten now with tears that face,
  More cold than winter's snow;
Pour out, o'er her unconscious form,
  Thy agony and wo —
Not words, nor tears, nor mortal prayer,
Can wake the spirit slumbering there!

Yes, weep o'er that pale loveliness,
  Upon that darkened bier —
Those pale lips closed — the light all gone
  From eyes which were so dear!
She may not hear, she may not see,
How deep is now thy misery.

How through those parted years thy soul
  Still kept its dream of youth,
And absence had no power to shake
  Thy constancy and truth.
Then heed them not — why shouldst thou care,
That they must witness thy despair!

Yes, speak — though vainly thou wilt breathe
  That unforgotten vow;
She listens not — it is no crime
  To kneel beside her now;
Oh, no — thy silent love of years
May now be told, though told in tears.

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## MOTHERWELL'S POEMS.*

An American republication of Motherwell, at last! Thank Heaven — we are almost tempted to add. "How such a genuine literary treasure," says the writer of the Preface to the edition before us, "should have so long escaped the notice of publishers, ever on the look-out for what they may appropriate and again lucratively disperse, — how so rare an exotic should have been until now neglected in the daily indiscriminate transplantation of so many fruit-bearing and barren trees, of choice flowers and unsightly weeds, — is difficult to explain; but so it has been." We can only say, that having early secured a copy of the only and the small edition ever published (in Glasgow in 1832), we have half-a-dozen times advised some of our publishing houses in this city to do themselves the honor of placing their names on the title-page of a reprint; and as many times execrated the barbarism and stupidity of their reply:— 'It was no doubt all very fine, but poetry was not *the thing!*' A wonder has, however, 'come to light' — a publisher has at last been found, willing to hazard a few of his bank-notes, to place within reach of the American public one of the most exquisite volumes of poems with

* Poems, Narrative and Lyrical, by William Motherwell. Boston: William D. Ticknor. MDCCCXLI.

which the literature of the language has been enriched within the past ten or twenty years. And we sincerely hope, that, as a just rebuke to those Bœotians of the trade, who could not see in such poesy '*the thing*,' the success of Mr. Ticknor's edition will 'prove the rogues they lied.'

In the year of our Lord 1836, on a warm 19th of November, delicious with all the bright blandness of the climate of Andalusia, we were sitting on the fragment of an old Roman column, overlooking the ruins of the amphitheatre of the ancient city of Italica, a few miles from Seville, in *tête-à-tête* with an intelligent young Scotch artist, named B——, a painter, from Glasgow. He had been an attached and intimate friend of Motherwell, whose death had taken place about a year previously. Delighted to meet there an American not only familiar with the name, but fully sympathizing with his own sense of the rare beauty of his poems, he was gratifying the eager curiosity of his companion by talking of the poet's character, genius, and life. We parted at last with a promise on the part of B——, that on his return to Glasgow he would send us the requisite materials for a biographical sketch of Motherwell, as also some additional poems written subsequently to the date of the published volume; on the reception of which we promised to effect the publication of an American edition, the proceeds of which should be transmitted for the benefit of the wife and two children, whom he had left in such a situation as to render any relief of this nature very desirable. We never heard more from B——, and the American public has therefore remained ignorant of the new gems which had been set in the coronal of the English Muse. Whether he shared the fate of the thousands of his countrymen who visit the sunnier south, in quest of health, too late for any other purpose than to lay their bones in a foreign grave,—or whether, in his professional ramblings 'in search of the picturesque,' amid the lawless confusion then prevailing in that part of Spain, our parting present of a pair of pistols proved insufficient to protect him from the dangers into which too free an indulgence of such a taste might be very likely to lead — has never reached our ears.

His "*wife* and children," we have said. We leave the word unerased — though, unhappily, not the literal truth. The language affords no other single one, to express the relation referred to, which we *can* use, except those which we *will* not. The person alluded to was, unhappily — to quote a line from an exquisite poem of his own, of which she was the subject, —

"A mither, yet nae wife!"

The details of such a history should hardly be publicly paraded

in these pages, were they even in our possession. It will be sufficient to say, that it was one of those unions in which the passionate heart may vainly seek a compensation in any indulgence of an unwedded love, for a remorseful conscience and the justly unrelenting frown of society. The peculiar circumstances of the case were such as not wholly to forfeit, for the unfortunate person in question, the respect and regard of those to whom the parties and the history were known; while after the poet's death his friends seemed to feel themselves under similar obligations toward her, and the children that were all he was able to bequeath her, as would have been the just due of one in whose union the sanction of Law had hallowed the bonds of Love. No reader will distort our language into an apology for such a relation as that to which we are here compelled to refer, under any circumstances. We but repeat the impression of it, conveyed by the friend of the poet, then freshly laid to realize the sad yearnings of his own wounded and wearied spirit—

"I would that I were dreaming
Where little flowers are gleaming,
And the long green grass is streaming
O'er the gone, for ever gone!"

To allude to this circumstance is necessary, to make intelligible several of the poems of the volume which will scarcely fail the most strongly to arrest the reader's attention, and to move his heart. To do so in ungentler language than we have used, were a desecration of the grave in which is now buried whatever either of guilt or grief may in life have quickened the throbbings of the pulse which has long ceased to beat. And if any harsher spirit, fearing even to seem to excuse that for which excuse, there can be none, would rebuke what they may perhaps term a morbid and mistaken charity of judgment, we can only appeal to those who will have learned, from some of the sad and sweet contents of this exquisite volume, a kindlier sympathy with the heart of its author;—referring the stern reprover, too, to the beautiful precept of one Scottish poet, to whose memory the world does not refuse the forgiveness we here invoke for another, who has struck, with no unworthy hand, the long silent strings of the same lyre:

"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler, sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it:
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it."

The writer of the American preface expresses his regret that he has not been able to procure any information respecting Motherwell's personal history. He mentions simply the fact of his having been the editor of a paper at Glasgow; that he studied much the older poetry of the English language, and published a volume of selections of ballads and other choice specimens of the bygone poetic literature of Scotland and England; that he was an occasional contributor to the magazines and reviews; and that he died on the 15th October, 1835, in the thirty-seventh year of his age.

Besides the unfortunate circumstance above alluded to, there is but one other point that we have it in our power to add to this meager outline,—namely, that the paper of which he was the editor, in Glasgow, was of high tory politics; a circumstance, probably, of no unimportant bearing upon the morbid and unhappy state of mind and character exhibited in his poetry. Motherwell was evidently a heart-broken man. There is a very sad impress of reality on some of these poems, in which he gives utterance to the great griefs that have desolated a strong and passionate soul. They burst from him in wailings, the more profoundly pathetic, from his own apparent efforts to suppress them—to stifle the cry of bitterness and anguish, which will force itself forth—to cover up beneath a robe of pride, of mighty endurance, and of scorn for the fleeting mockeries and shadows that throng the weary path of human life, a breast in which cancerous agonies the keenest and the deepest are fast eating their way to the last holds of vitality. Yet had he evidently a kindly and a loving heart, a reverential spirit, and a fine sympathy with the holy and beautiful soul of nature, as it would speak pleasantly and soothingly to him from the thousand spiritual influences of earth and air and sky—whether amid the sacred stillness of a "Sabbath Summer Noon," the awaking music and brightness of a "May Morn," or the sweet and solemn spell of the hour of "Midnight and Moonshine." Why, then, so desolate, so dark, and so despairing, as his gentle spirit had evidently become—from the glimpses which some of these poems open to us down into its black and bitter depths? Sharp, doubtless, the pangs which had many a time pierced it through and through; and heavy the clouds of disappointment which may have one after another piled up their masses, between his heart and that glowing glory of young hope which, to the poet's eye, in the earlier morn of life, had flushed all creation with the warm hue of its own brightness. Yet still it seems to us that these causes, many and keen as they may perhaps have been, would hardly have produced that result which is apparent

through Motherwell's poetry, had there not been added the gloomy and chilling influence of the political faith of which, as we have stated, he was a strenuous advocate. For what does High-Toryism in England mean, but despair of humanity? It looks around and abroad over the mass of men with no eye of hope, no heart of love. It distrusts, it fears, it despises, it hates. It beholds, in whatever direction it may turn, a hideous panorama of wretchedness and wickedness. It knows no other remedy than to hang the wickedness, and to crush the wretchedness down yet lower in the dust. It beholds the most frightful social disparities and contrasts, the most heinous wrongs and oppressions, which grind out of the toil, and sweat, and blood, and starvation, and ignorance, and crime of the ninety-nine, the aliment to the pride, and power, and pampered luxury of the one. It beholds all this, and it acquiesces in it, sustains it, justifies it. It recognises no equality, no brotherhood, and but faint and feeble human sympathy, with those wretched ninety-nine. It hardens its heart against them, and shuts its ear to the moaning of their misery. It considers that this state of things grows out of the radical evil of human nature, whose necessary law is to be bad and to be wretched; and which must be crushed and coerced by heavy superincumbent restraints upon every impulse that may move it in the direction of its native freedom. It dreads nothing more than the idea of popular liberty; for it has no love for mankind, no faith in it, no hope for it. Such is the spirit of English Toryism,—and going forth out of the mind of the individual who may be possessed by the dark tyranny of this political faith, it is enough, indeed, to cast a pall of most chilling and cheerless blackness over the moral universe around. Who can be happy with such a night-mare idea perpetually brooding over his soul? Least of all men, the poet, the man of pure and tender heart, of loving sympathies with nature and his kind. And when, simultaneous with this pervading and perpetual cause of gloom and hopelessness, pressing upon such a heart from the murky atmosphere of the social world around it, are added individual griefs of blighted affections and disappointed aspirations—with the moral retribution, like the death-sting of the fire-circled scorpion, which is the inevitable reaction of the perversion of those passions which, when not angels to bless, become demons to torture—who can wonder that the result is an utter misanthropic despair and weariness of life, a consciousness of entire blight and failure of all the chances and hopes of this existence, and a wild yearning for a dreamless and unwaking repose in the grave?

But a truce to speculations which may perhaps after all be

purely fanciful. The brief space remaining at our command, we prefer to devote to some extracts from the volume itself. Its contents are very varied in subject and character. The imitations of the old English poetry, of different ages, are admirable; while nothing can exceed the wild, fiery energy of the heroic poems in which his object has been to "shadow forth something of the form and spirit of Norse poetry." Few of Burns's Scottish poems surpass the sweetness of "Jeanie Morrison;" and, though far from uniform in merit, some of the songs are entitled to rank among the finest lyric poetry of the language. The greater number of the whole are of the mournful character referred to in the preceding remarks, and seem to fall on the ear and heart like the wailing chant or dirges on the solemn tolling of funeral knells. The following poem we extract, not merely for the sake of the heart-broken pathos that breathes through it, but for the illustration it affords to our remarks upon the unhappy circumstance above alluded to:—

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

My heid is like to rend, Willie,
  My heart is like to break,—
I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,
  I'm dyin' for your sake!
O lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
  Your hand on my briest-bane,—
O say ye'll think on me, Willie,
  When I am deid and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,
  Sair grief maun ha'e its will,—
But let me rest upon your briest,
  To sob and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
  Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
  I never sall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
  For the last time in my life,—
A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,
  A mither, yet nae wife.
Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
  And press it mair and mair,—
Or it will burst the silken twine,
  Sae strang is its despair!

O wae's me for the hour, Willie,
  When we thegither met,—
O wae's me for the time, Willie,
  That our first tryst was set!
O wae's me for the loanin' green
  Where we were wont to gae,—

And wae's me for the destinie,
  That gart me luve thee sae!
O! dinna mind my words, Willie,
  I downa seek to blame, —
But O! its hard to live, Willie,
  And dree a warld's shame!
Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
  And hailin' ower your chin;
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
  For sorrow and for sin?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
  And sick wi' a' I see, —
I canna live as I ha'e lived,
  Or be as I should be.
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
  The heart that still is thine, —
And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek,
  Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie,
  A sair stoun' through my heart, —
O! haud me up and let me kiss
  Thy brow ere we twa pairt.
Anither, and anither yet! —
  How fast my life-strings break!
Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirk-yard
  Step lichtly for my sake!

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
  That lilts far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrilie
  Abune the clay-cauld deid;
And this green turf we're sittin' on,
  Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee
  As warld has seldom seen.

But O! remember me, Willie,
  On land where'er ye be, —
And O! think on the leal, leal heart,
  That ne'er luvit ane but thee!
And O! think on the cauld, cauld mools,
  That file my yellow hair, —
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin,
  Ye never sall kiss mair!

We were assured by the poet's friend that there was no more fiction in the preceding, than the supposed actual death of its subject. The connexion between it and the beautiful song entitled "The bloom hath left thy cheek, Mary," will be obvious to every reader. To complete the narrative of this sad history, taken from his own verse, we conclude with the following, which is added in the American, to the contents of the original edition — having been written by Motherwell but a few days be-

fore his death. We regret our want of space to make other quotations of a different character and less mournful tone. On its first publication some time after, in a newspaper, it was accompanied with a remark, that no slight interest had been excited in Glasgow, in noticing how the prophetic yearning of the dying poet for the memory of affection had been realized — his grave having been observed to be haunted by the constant visits of a young female "pacing it round," and keeping still fresh the last memorials offered there of love and grief. But peace be with that grave, — and for its occupant, the charity due to human error, the sympathy which is the sacred right of all sorrow and suffering, and the love and admiration which none can deny as the just meed of the genius of a true Poet.

LINES GIVEN TO A FRIEND A DAY OR TWO BEFORE THE DECEASE OF THE WRITER.

October, 1835.

When I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore?

When the great winds, through leafless forests rushing,
Sad music make;
When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,
Like full hearts break,
Will there then one whose heart despair is crushing
Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining
With purest ray,
And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms twining,
Burst through that clay;
Will there be one still on that spot repining
Lost hopes all day?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory,
On that low mound;
And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary
Its loneness crowned;
Will there be then one versed in misery's story
Pacing it round?

It may be so, — but this is selfish sorrow
To ask such meed, —
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow,
From hearts that bleed,
The wailings of to-day, for what to-morrow
Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,
Thou gentle heart;
And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
Let no tear start;
It were in vain, — for time hath long been knelling —
Sad one, depart!

# CHORUSES FROM THE GREEK TRAGEDIES.

BY H. W. HERBERT, ESQ.

## I.

### CHORUS OF GREEK VIRGINS BEFORE THE SACRIFICE OF IPHIGENIA.

τίς ἄρ' ὑμέναιος διὰ λωτοῦ λίβυος. — *Euripides, Iphigenia in Aulis* — v. 1036.

STROPHE.

WHOSE were those bridal measures,
That through the Libyan flute so sweetly stole,
Blent with the soft lute's call to choral pleasures,
And the wild reed-pipe's liquid note,
Melting the soul?
When upon Pelion's top they gave to float
Their glittering love-locks on the breezy air,
The tuneful Muses fair,
Striking the ground with golden-sandalled feet,
While banqueted the gods in order meet,
All as they hymned, in songs divinely sweet,
"Bright Thetis — Great Oacides,"
Till the old Centaurs' mount sent back the clang,
And that ancestral grove of loftiest trees,
As Peleus' hymenean rang!
While ever and anon that Dardan boy,
Jove's stolen joy,
Brimmed with the mantling nectar up
The womb of every golden cup,
The Phrygian Ganymede!
And on the silver-white sea-margins dancing,
In mazy circles deftly now advancing,
Retreating now with gleamy speed,
Forth swelled the fifty daughters of the sea
Their sister Nereid's marriage symphony.

ANTISTROPHE.

Forth with their pine-boughs glancing,
And leafy coronals on every brow,
From their deep glades and tangled thickets prancing,
Rushed the wild Centaurs' frantic route,
The steep hills down;
To feast with gods the jovial board about,

And revel deeply in the joy divine
Of bright ecstatic wine!
"A mighty, mighty light, O Nereid dear,"
Thessalian virgins cried, "thou soon shalt rear!"
And Chiron wise, and heaven's immortal seer,
"A mighty, mighty light!" did name,
"Who, landing there, with many a spear and shield,
Through Priam's high realm should spread relentless flame—
First warrior on the battle-field,
All armed in panoply of burning gold,
By Vulcan old,
Wrought at the sweet sea-nymph's request,
Thetis, who so supremely blest
The god-like hero bore."
Then did the gods forsake the Olympian bowers,
For choral dances on the ocean shore,
And culled high song's prophetic flowers,
To hail the noble Nereid's wedded state,
And Peleus' bridal day to celebrate.

EPODE.

But o'er thy bright locks, and thy snowy brow,
With votive wreaths the Greeks shall crown thee now,
Iphigenia fair!
And lead thee forth, a victim pure and young,
Like some white heifer, spotless, wild, and free,
Nursed the dim woods and shaggy cliffs among.
Yet never, never did the rustic glee
Of the rough shepherd's lair,
Nor Pan's wild wood-notes, waken thee
On the lone shore;
Though they shall drag thee by the flower-crowned hair,
And stain thy neck of snow with purple gore,
The sacred hearths before,—
Who erst didst grace thy queenly mother's side,
Meet, in the fragrance of thy glowing charms,
To fill some hero-husband's royal arms,
A happy bride!
Ah, whither, whither now has fled
The might of holiness, the empire dread
Of maiden modesty,
When impious daring stalks with dauntless tread,
And lowly virtue shrinks unheeded by,
And laws are trampled down by lawless scorn?
How long, great gods! how long have ye forborne?

## II.

### CHORUS OF GREEK VIRGINS IN THE TEMPLE OF THE TAURIC DIANA.

*ὄρνις ἃ παρὰ τὰς πετρίνας.* — *Euripides, Iphigenia in Tauris* — v. 1089.

STROPHE I.

Thou bird, who pourest aye thy mournful dirge,
Along the rock-bound verge
Of the deep sea,
Thy mournful dirge, which all compassionate,
Wailing thy mate!
Be it mine, sad Halcyon, to compete with thee,
A melancholy bird of no wild wing
To soar the while I sing!
Pining, alas! for the Greek forum free!
Pining for Dian, whom faint mothers call
From the green top of Cynthus tall!
For the soft tresses of the waving palm!
For the dark Daphne's verdant screen,
And holiest umbrage of the olive's sheen,
Dear to Latona! — for the glassy calm
Of those swan-haunted lakes,
Which not a ripple breaks,
Save when a white wing stirs it, where they float,
The Muses' sacred birds of saddest note!

ANTISTROPHE I.

Witness, ye tears, which from your deep founts gushed,
And down my pale cheeks rushed
In copious flow;
When reft from thee by the barbaric spear,
My country dear,
I clomb the foreign galley, sad and slow,
And through the slave-mart reached this cursed spot,
Wo, for the captive's lot!
While smoking yet they lay in ashes low,
My native towers! — Alas! alas! the time,
That bound me thus a slave in maiden prime —
Slave to the virgin-huntress of the wold,
Her gory altars tending — slave of thine,
High child of Agamemnon's royal line!
Ay me! the noblest heart may well grow cold,
At fortune's bitter spite,
When, unaccustomed quite,
It falls from bliss sublime to ruin base!
Such change no heart may brook, and not despair.

STROPHE II.

But thee, fair Argive, to thy native shores
A flying bark shall waft of fifty oars,
The spirit-stirring reed
Of the wild wood-god, with its shrilly note,
Timing the rower's speed!
Thee, with sweet songs, that all around shall float,
Tuned to the seven-stringed lyre,
The minstrel master of prophetic fire,
Shall the swift oars dash up the foamy sea —
Nor the sails belly to the snoring blast,
While every sheet is strained — nor free and fast
The galley brave
Walk in glad triumph the tumultuous wave!

ANTISTROPHE II.

Oh! could I stand, a slave no more, at home,
Where streams the sun on shrine and hippodrome!
Oh! could I cease to pray
That breezy pinions o'er my back would spread,
And bear me hence away
To those old halls, and that accustomed bed!
Oh! could I stand again
In festive dance amid the choral train,
A happy maid, my mother dear beside,
Tending some happy bride!
Even as I stood of old, my ringlets flinging,
In rich abundant clusters loosely swinging,
When, decked with gauzy veils that rose and fell
To the voluptuous music's thrilling swell,
I filled my place
In the blithe contests for the crown of grace!

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## III.

CHORUS OF GREEK VIRGINS.

ἥξει δὴ Σιμόεντα, καί. — *Euripides, Iphigenia in Aulis* — v. 751.

STROPHE.

The host shall sail — the mighty Grecian host!
To Trojan Simoïs, that silver stream;
Its ships shall crowd Apollo's chosen coast;
Its spears round Ilion gleam!
Where wild Cassandra — as we hear them say —

Shakes loose the clusters of her golden hair,
A priestess young and fair,
All decked with wreaths of green immortal bay;
When, by the prophet god possess'd,
That solemn phrensy fills her laboring breast.

ANTISTROPHE.

Then! as that host with brazen bucklers glancing,
Shall fill their rivers with the oary sound
Of hostile squadrons to the shore advancing,
Then, their strong ramparts round,
And on their citadel, shall brave the fight
Troy's chosen chiefs! — while all in burnished arms,
To rescue Helen's charms —
Sister to those twin powers who star the night —
All Greece shall sweep in proud career!
All Greece! — and bear thee back, won by the spear!

EPODE.

Then, then shall they defile thy mighty wall
With battle's crimson hue —
And beat thy towers and rock-built ramparts down,
Old Phrygian town!
Then shall they sack thy broad streets through and through,
While many a sacred head to earth shall fall,
And wild shall wail through many a marble hall
Priam's lone spouse and all his daughters rare!
Loud! loud shall ring the echoes of despair
In homes o'erthrown, all for thy guilty sake,
That didst thy nuptial vows so foully break,
Helen, Jove's child divine!
Oh! never fall so hard a fate on me,
Nor on my children's children, as shall be
To the rich maidens of the Lydian line,
Or Phrygian brides, who, as their webs they twine,
Sadly in mournful songs must soon inquire —
"Ah! who shall drag me by the tresses bright,
While sinks my home in the red death-fire's light,
The captive victim of a chief's desire?
All, all through thee, thou fair predestined child
Of that high dame and the white sea-bird wild;
If that be true, as mystic legends tell,
Which to the lovely Leda once befell —
When, Jove's immortal glory cast aside,
A swan's broad wings he wore and neck of pride.
Unless the tablets of Pierian song
A tide of errors strange have rolled along,
Teaching the sons of men no truth, but impious wrong."

# ON ASSOCIATION AND ATTRACTIVE INDUSTRY.

BY A FOURIERIST.* Albert Brisbane

*First Article.*

THERE is a monstrous mass of misery in the world, which pleads with deep and earnest tones for alleviation! This misery, under its innumerable forms of moral affliction and of physical wretchedness, extends to all classes of society, and renders human existence, which contains all the elements of a high order of happiness, a mournful pilgrimage, in which disappointment, suffering, and despair domineer with bitter tyranny over our feelings and our destinies.

I intend to give, in a series of articles, a practical idea of a system of Association, which I believe will remedy this misery, to which so little regard is paid by the political and scientific leaders of the world, who believe it to be the natural and unavoidable lot of mankind upon this earth.

To realize the system, no appeal will be made to the charity

* We have acceded to the request of the able and intelligent author of the papers of which the present is the first, to allow him to lay them before the readers of the Democratic Review, in the mode here adopted. Although such a course involves a departure from the general editorial system of the work, yet the peculiar interest of the subject induces us to do so, notwithstanding that they may contain many propositions to which we are far from yielding our assent or endorsement. The subject is one of the mightiest extent and moment. "*Fourierism*" claims to be a full solution of the great problem of human society. It claims, too, to be the perfect development of a truly democratic freedom, as well as the earthly consummation of that Christianity which fell from the lips of Him who "spake as never man spake." To these pretensions we are far from yielding the assent demanded by its eloquent and enthusiastic disciples. The subject is too profound, and its bearings and relations too vast, to permit us to pass any judgment upon it, on such a study as we have as yet been enabled to give it. But there is no doubt that it has made a rapid progress within the past ten years, and also that not a few minds of a very elevated order have, to a greater or less extent, embraced its doctrine. We have long, indeed, perceived the general tendency of the age to the idea of Association, and believed that it contains the germ of a new civilization destined to overspread the earth, and to produce results of happiness and good undreamed of yet by human hope. Whether "Fourierism" contains the true theory for the practical application of this idea, discussion must demonstrate, and experience can alone confirm. Meanwhile it is entitled at least to an attentive and candid hearing—and from none more than from an American democracy. With these remarks, to place the Democratic Review *rectus in curia* in reference to the subject of the present article, we leave the author to speak for himself and his doctrine—vouching simply for the generous enthusiasm of philanthropy and conviction from which alone we know his disinterested labors to proceed.—ED. D. R.

and philanthropy of the age, for they have both been taxed in so many ways, and for so many purposes, that the world has become tired of projects which have no vitality in themselves, but must depend upon external aid for support. We shall propose a plan, which, once put in operation, will spread rapidly by its own inherent excellence; and which, while it improves the condition of the laboring classes, will not encroach upon any vested or personal rights, but will offer to the rich a stable and profitable investment of capital.

For an examination of the principles I shall set forth, I appeal to those who desire sincerely an amelioration of the condition of their fellow-men; to those who feel an ambition for taking part in a great and noble undertaking; and to those who, weary of the interminable strife and the barren controversies of political parties, desire *new* measures and *new* means of reform. I appeal also to conscientious Reformers who do not wish to waste their lives and labors upon ephemeral, selfish, and superficial schemes, which vanish with the day that has brought them forth.

It is not political and administrative reforms that the world requires; it is a SOCIAL REFORM. *The* EVILS *which afflict society are social, not political in their nature*, and a Social Reform only can eradicate them. The causes of Human Misery lie too deep for mere political and administrative reforms to reach them; and so long as the leading and influential men of society continue to waste their efforts and intellectual energies in party strife and contention, and the mass suffer themselves to be guided by them, in the vain hope of a change for the better, they will vegetate together in the deplorable social condition in which all are now sunk. May it not truly be said of them, that they are "the blind leading the blind," and that they are wandering in a labyrinth of false political doctrines and dogmas, and groping their way in social darkness, without any true principles and high objects to guide them?

The history of this country proves practically that mere political and legislative reforms can do nothing for the happiness of man and the social elevation of the mass. We have had over half a century of political strife and controversies; different parties, federal and democratic, have had the ascendency; various policies, Hamiltonian and Jeffersonian, have been carried out, and where are the great results which have been attained? We do not deny that commerce and industry have been greatly developed; that vast internal improvements have been made, and an important material progress has taken place. But are the people happier? Have they pleasing and encouraging prospects before them? And are they moving onward toward some high Destiny

which excites enthusiasm? No, far from it; social evils have increased, and to a melancholy extent; and the future offers us in the political world the prospect of bitter party strife, of dissensions and discord, and in the social world, of poverty and degradation for the mass.

If we examine the present condition of society with an impartial eye, we shall find that abuses and evils have increased with fearful rapidity, and that they are much more intense at present than they have been at any former period. Our system of free, or, as it should properly be termed, false and anarchical competition, is becoming more and more violent and relentless, and is engendering a degree of selfishness, antagonism, and animosity between all classes of society, which is revolting to contemplate. It is also leading to greater frauds and injustice in the business world than have ever before been practised, and to a commercial, financial, and industrial demoralization, which is almost legalizing fraud and indirect robbery of every kind. The condition of the Laboring Classes is also becoming more precarious, and the uncertainty of obtaining employment is gradually increasing. The Mechanic and Laborer can no longer look forward as in former years with the hope of securing a home for old age, but consider themselves fortunate if they can satisfy present necessities, and obtain the means of subsistence for the day. The price of rents, living, &c., has increased, while the price of labor has remained stationary or decreased; the power of Capital over Labor is augmenting, and there is a general tendency to a reduction of wages by the operation of free competition among the Laboring Classes; who, pressed by want, offer the sad spectacle of men competing with each other for the work which capitalists and employers require. The fluctuations and revulsions in commercial operations and in banking have become deeper and more sudden, ingulfing the rich in ruin, and reducing the working classes to utter want, and often to starvation. They overwhelm with the most bitter disappointments and despair all classes, and produce an amount of moral suffering more than equal to that caused by the civil wars and revolutions of former periods. Our whole system of commerce and industry, based upon free competition and envious strife and opposition, is a round of harassing cares, anxieties, disappointments, hopes blasted, and unforeseen reverses and ruin. The business world is an arena of conflicts, overreaching, and fraud — a school for the most callous selfishness, corruption, and demoralization. Its spirit has rendered pettycunning, craft, and business tact, the most important qualifications of men; made the practice of a pure truth and integrity almost impossible; set up wealth as the only standard of excellence; left in inaction the

higher faculties of the mind; reduced the nobler pursuits, like the arts and sciences, below the mere ability of money-making; and caused an intellectual prostitution and a moral degradation which are pitiful to look upon.

But let us turn from the contemplation of what surrounds us, and take a general view of the civilized nations of the earth. If we do so, we shall find, at present, times of misery and distress such as the world has never seen before. I will lay before the reader a few statistical facts, which make the mind shudder with horror, when it reflects that so many millions of human beings wear out their lives in the wretchedness and wo which are here laid open before us. Before stating these facts I will remark, that the system of society of this country is the same as that of the civilized nations of Europe, where I find the examples of misery which I shall give. The difference between us and those nations, is the difference of government. But the form of government is to the social system what the dress is to the body; we have in this country the same body or social organization as France or England; but instead of the tinsel trappings of royalty, we have placed upon it the plainer robes of republicanism. *If the social system be false, the form of government cannot correct the evils which it has engendered;* to expect it were as vain as to hope to cure a diseased body by changing the dress. The form of government and of the administration exercise an influence only upon the surface of social relations; they do not go to the foundation of society, and cannot eradicate such evils as poverty, ignorance, vice, and degradation, from which man should be first relieved. The great error which has been committed, is to have looked upon political reforms as a sufficient means of realizing social good. The history of the past proves the fallacy of this belief, and common sense dictates that we should abandon a worn-out and fruitless policy, which leads to no results, and seek for new plans and new measures of reform.

Social evils are less intense in this country than in Europe, it is true—and why? Because we have a vast extent of soil and a thin population; and because there are outlets and new fields of action offered to the increasing population, and to those who cannot find employment, or who have been broken down in their fortunes.

But we are verging gradually toward the frightful misery which exists in older civilized countries; nay, we are already in part in it, and we are moving roundward in the fatal circles of the horrible vortex. Some of the miseries of which I shall speak are already upon us; and those which are not, should serve as beacons to warn us of our danger.

There are in the city of London about two hundred and thirty thousand beggars, thieves, pickpockets, and vagrants. What a vast array of human beings are here plunged in vice, crime, poverty, and degradation! In Paris there is in comparison nearly an equal amount of misery and depravity. In some of the wards where the poor reside, *out of every twelve children born, eleven die the first year.*

If the entire annual product of France were divided equally among its thirty-two millions of inhabitants, each would have *eleven cents* per day; but of this scanty product a minority of the rich absorb so large a portion, that twenty-two millions have upon an average but about six cents a day each, to defray all expenses — food, lodging, clothing, education, &c.

The fact that the annual income or product of France, equally divided among all, would yield but eleven cents per day to each person, shows the folly of Agrarian doctrines, of a reform in the currency, and of all such false and minor plans and schemes of amelioration.

What France requires, *is increased production of real wealth* — increased eight or ten fold—which is only possible with Association and Attractive Industry. What is true of France is true of all other countries. We have had in this country nearly ten years of uninterrupted controversy about the currency, and our politicians have not yet perceived that it is an entirely secondary question, and that the primary and important one is that of production.*

In Sicily, an island so highly favored by soil, climate, and position, the condition of the people is frightful. Count Gasparin, Peer of France, in speaking of the state of its agriculture, and the poverty of the peasantry, says: "When the crops are bad, or the prices of grain are low, so that the landholders require less labor, then the misery of the country becomes intense: without means of subsistence for the winter, *it is not a rare thing to find peasants starved to death in the fields with grass in their mouths, from which they have vainly endeavored to draw nourishment.*"

In Ireland, out of a population of eight millions, every third person experiences, during thirty weeks in the year, a deficiency of even third-rate potatoes.

According to the Journal of the Statistical Society, of January, 1840, there are in Liverpool 7,862 inhabited cellars, damp,

* Money, whether paper or specie, is merely the representative of the products of industry. By industry, we understand Agriculture, Manufactures, and Mechanics. If we wish to render a country rich and prosperous, we must increase those products, not their conventional representative. Instead of endless quarrels about the currency, we want a reorganization of industry, and a good application of the three elements of production, which are labor, capital, and talent.

dark, dirty, and ill ventilated; and in these lodge 39,300 of the working classes. In Manchester, of 132,000 working people, 14,960 live in cellars. At Bury, one third of the laboring classes are so badly off, that in 773 houses, one bed serves for four persons; in 207 one for five; and in 78 one for six human beings. In Bristol, 46 out of every one hundred of the working classes have but one room for a family. In Glasgow, thirty thousand Irish and Highlanders are said, according to the description of Dr. Cowan, "to wallow in filth, crime, and wretchedness in the cellars and wynds of this great commercial city." From ten to twenty persons, of both sexes, lie huddled together in their rags and filth on the floors each night. The cellars are beer and spirit shops.

Multitudes of young girls, says Mr. Symonds, applied to Capt. Miller, the head of the Glasgow police, to rescue them from these scenes, to which they are driven by sheer want. A year or two served to harden and hurry them, from drunkenness, vice, and disease, to an early grave.

The Register General states, that he "has seen in one small garret, the husband, sick of a typhus; a sick child laid across the sick man's bed; two others sleeping under the bed; two window recesses let to two Irish lodgers at sixpence a week as resting-places for the night; the wife, a young healthy woman, lying in the same bed with her sick husband at night, and supporting the family by taking in washing, which was hung across the room to dry—the parish authorities having forbidden the exposure of linen out of the windows."—*London Quarterly Review*, for July, 1840.

John Critchley Prince, a weaver and a poet, gives the following description of a night passed in a workhouse. He had been to the continent to obtain work, but having found none, he had returned to England. "The first night after his arrival he applied for food and shelter at a workhouse in Kent, and was thrust into a miserable garret, with the roof sloping to the floor, where he was incarcerated with twelve others, eight men and four women, chiefly Irish, the lame, the halt, and the blind. Some had bad legs, which emitted a horrible stench; some were in a high state of fever, and were raving for drink, which was denied to them; for the door was locked, and those outside, like the bare walls within, were deaf to their cries. Weary and way-worn, he lay down on the only vacant place amid this mass of misery, in a sleeping-chamber for the unfortunate child of wo, the hapless vagrant in Christian England, at the back of an old woman who appeared to be in a dying state; but he could get no rest for the groans of the wretched around him; and the crawling vermin, which, quitting his companions, crept up and down his limbs,

exciting in him the most horrid loathing. Joyfully did he indeed hail the first beam of the morning that broke through the crannies of this chamber of famine and disease; and when the keeper came to let him out, his bed-fellow was dead — had quitted her mortal coil, unshrived, unwept, unpitied, and unknown!" — *London Monthly Magazine*, July, 1841.

We have no statistical details of misery in the United States, but we give the following general view of its condition, which we believe is not an exaggerated picture. "Of the seventeen millions of human beings composing the population of the United States, it is certain that (leaving slaves out of the account) not less than three or four millions are at this moment, and a very large portion at all times, in circumstances of comparative or extreme destitution. We are confident that this is not an over-estimate; although the number of actual paupers and habitual beggars may not exceed half a million. But when we add to these the vast army of confirmed drunkards, who, with glassy eyes, burning brows, and shaking knees, are reeling on their downward road, with their dependant wives and children, subsisting from hand to mouth, Heaven only knows how — a daily repetition of the miracle of the loaves and fishes, save that the baskets full of fragments are omitted,— with the scarcely less number of immigrants from Europe, destitute of the means of subsistence, and of the intelligence and skill which would facilitate their acquirement; the wives and children of habitual idlers, loungers, and reprobates; the families of the crippled and diseased; of poor widows and persons out of employment—and the aggregate of human suffering from absolute want is frightful. Who can estimate it?"

Besides this melancholy amount of destitution and suffering among the white population of this country, we must not forget that nearly three millions of negroes, who are barely supplied with a minimum of physical wants, are toiling in slavery, and sunk in hopeless ignorance and degradation.

But leaving aside these practical examples of misery, let us take a general view of the policy and condition of civilized nations. Here we see regions exhausted under the cultivation of a noxious plant, which is grown to furnish idleness and intellectual vacuity with the means of a momentary occupation and excitement. There, districts planted with grain, — not to sustain life, but to yield a poisonous liquid, which shall afford to grovelling masses a brutal exhilaration, with its attendants, madness, folly, disease, and death. In one country we see black slaves, who labor from fear of the lash, producing the raw material which keeps at work the white slaves of another country,

who labor from fear of want and starvation. Here the vessels of one nation are engaged in stealing the children of Africa from their native land; there the vessels of another are cheating the simple natives of uncivilized regions out of their productions, and initiating them into the vices of civilization. In some countries we see destitute populations, deprived even of salt with their scanty vegetable food, to supply a small minority with the means of wasteful extravagance. In others we see them living and laboring merely to create products for capital and commerce to speculate upon.

The world is full of useless misery, which could easily be remedied, and which oppresses all classes, the rich as well as the poor. The rich are harassed by disease and physical debility, by apathy, melancholy, and hypochondria; while the laboring mass are worn out physically and morally in the misery and drudgery of our false societies.

All classes are more or less miserable, and none can escape this condition, until a social organization is discovered, which will secure the happiness of all mankind. God sees in the human race a family of brothers, and he does not permit that a small minority shall be happy, and remain at the same time indifferent to the sufferings and miseries of their fellow-creatures. Let the rich and great discover the means of relieving the mass from their poverty and wretchedness, and they will discover at the same time the true means of their own social happiness.

There are, on the part of those who are at their ease in society, a selfishness and indifference, which are as reprehensible as they are disgusting. They pay no attention to human misery; they ask not if there is any remedy; they do not even give a thought to the subject. Freed from poverty, they never reflect how horrible it is to wear out life in a continual combat with want and anxiety. Little do they think that perhaps with every thread of the gay habiliments which they wear, is interwoven the sigh of a human soul; and that on the delicacies and comforts which surround them, are spent the life's energies and the vitality of exhausted frames, which have nerves that feel and suffer. Yes, the means of enjoyment, the luxuries of the world, are produced amidst want and suffering, and they come from the abodes of poverty and toil, laden with woes a hundred-fold greater than the delights which they give! The attention of political leaders, and of the influential, must be called to the subject of human misery. The condition of mankind demands, and demands urgently, alleviation. Their appeals go forth, sometimes in the stifled moans of hidden miseries, sometimes in the loud wails of desperate wo. Wars, revolutions, and famine stride alter-

nately over nations, marking with characters of blood and devastation the annals of our societies. This state of things must cease; it is not the Destiny of Man. It has not its origin in the imperfection or depravity of human nature, but in a false organization of society, which deranges and misemploys all the elements of good in man, and produces discord, injustice, and misery, where order, justice, and happiness might and should prevail.

What are the great statesmen and legislators of this and other countries doing for the elucidation of true social principles, and the elevation of the mass? Unfortunately, they are doing nothing. Their attention is exclusively directed to political reforms, and to changes of persons at the head of the administration. The vast problem of a Social Reform, which is so much deeper and more important than any political reform, is entirely neglected. Personal ambition, plans of self-aggrandizement, ephemeral party rivalries and triumphs, individual and sectional interests, absorb the energies and talents of the political leaders of nations! If they were animated by a true and noble ambition, how could they waste their lives and labors in secondary and trifling subjects, when so grand an object as a reorganization of society and the elevation of the human race was offered to their activity?

The world requires new social guides, new measures and new plans of reform. The intelligence of the age demands higher, wiser, and more practical improvements; it demands effectual remedies for present evils, and a policy which will not always prove abortive and deceptive. Instead of conflicts of interests, anarchical competition, and envious rivalry and opposition, the world wants Association, Combination of action, and Unity of interests. Instead of the present repugnant, ill-requited, and degrading system of LABOR, it wants ATTRACTIVE INDUSTRY, and an equitable division of profits. Instead of endless controversies about the Currency, it wants increased Production, and the vast material economies, as well as moral blessings, of ASSOCIATION.

Let those who are convinced of the defects of the present system of society, and who are tired of the vain and sterile strife of parties, be not discouraged in their hope of a better future, by philosophical, political, and moral doctrines, which teach that the earth is, *and was intended to be*, a valley of tears, an abode of misery, where man was placed to combat and suffer; that as evil has always existed, it will always continue to exist; that ignorance, poverty, and suffering form a part of the Destiny of Man, and enter into God's scheme with regard to His creation. Let not their hopes be dampened by these views, for they are all false. A God of Justice has not placed the Human Race upon

the earth to wear out a weary existence in a round of miseries, which outrage every sentiment of the heart, every desire and attraction of the soul, and added tantalization to injustice, by implanting in them a deep, unquenchable thirst for happiness. If he has given us limbs which suffer from the cold, he intended that they should be clothed; if he has given us stomachs which require food, he intended that they should be fed; if he has implanted in us a love of Liberty and Justice, he did not design that Tyranny and Injustice should oppress and fetter us, and consume with their adder-fires the life-feelings within us. If the child comes into the world weak and ignorant, he intended that the strength and wisdom of mature age should extend it support, and call out all the capacities and talents with which it is endowed. But above all, if he has given man a Mind to comprehend the vast scheme of creation, and a Soul to feel its sublime harmonies, he did not intend that that Intelligence should be obscured by the gloom of ignorance, and those feelings harassed and worn out in the discords, conflicts, and anxieties of our false societies. He has assigned to man a high destiny, that of OVERSEER of the GLOBE, and of the creations upon it; he has given him noble aspirations, and it must be contrary to his design that he should be a poor and ignorant drudge — which is the case with nine tenths of the Race — and crushed to the dust, as if the dust were his natural element. No, it cannot be! The present poor and degraded condition of the Human Race is not their Destiny. It is caused by a false system of Society and a false system of Industry, and it is only in a Social Reform that a remedy can be found.

The earth is fruitful enough to produce in abundance all that is necessary for the physical wants and comforts of man. Let labor, capital, and talent be rightly directed, and it will yield in superfluity its material riches, which are of primary importance to our happiness. The efforts of men are so miserably applied in our present system of industry and free competition, that the great majority live in a state of destitution,—their intellectual nature smothered, and their lives worn out in the anxieties of obtaining the means of a bare subsistence. Association and Attractive Industry are the remedies for the poverty which now exists, and the train of evils which it engenders.

In Association, Labor, Capital, and Skill, can be applied in the most efficient and judicious manner; great economies can be introduced, and a zest given to industry, which will increase production or real wealth to such a degree that abundance can be guarantied to all.

Association and Attractive Industry will guaranty to Man riches—that is, a sufficiency of everything necessary to his

physical wants and comforts;—with riches will come pecuniary independence and education; and with education, intellectual development.

The mass have heretofore been tyrannised and oppressed, because they have been ignorant and pecuniarily dependant. Let them become enlightened and wealthy, and oppression under all its forms will cease; they will then be respected; they will obtain their rights, and know how to maintain them. He who is ignorant, poor, and dependant, is made use of as a tool,—he is not respected,—he is not looked upon as a MAN. He who is intelligent and independent is respected,—it is felt that he was not created to be a beast of burden,—he is a MAN! Riches and intellectual development are the foundation of human liberty and happiness; and Association and Attractive Industry will, and can alone, secure these precious advantages to all.

If the earth be fruitful enough to furnish man with all that is necessary to his physical happiness, has he not in his own heart and mind the elements of his moral and intellectual happiness? He has. He finds within himself emotions—such as friendship, love, ambition, and paternity—the true and harmonious satisfaction of which procure such high delights; and he finds also within himself intellectual powers which can surround him with wonders in the arts and sciences, and procure him the enjoyment of the harmonies of the one and the truths of the other. He wants a society which will develop the material riches of nature and the intellectual riches of the soul, and secure their possession to all mankind. If he can attain this double end, he attains his happiness.

Human happiness is not an Utopia, an illusive chimera, which can never be realized; the elements of it are in and around us; we only require a society which will call them out. All classes, at present, are in a miserable condition. The poor possess neither material nor intellectual riches, and their existence is a sickening combat against poverty, care, and anxiety. The rich have a sufficiency of material riches or physical comforts, it is true, but have little or no moral and intellectual riches; for our societies cannot secure even to a favored few the enjoyments—in a true and harmonious manner—of the emotions and sentiments, and the higher pleasures of the mind. They indulge so excessively in material pleasures, that their wealth is often a curse instead of a blessing. They are freed from the cares and anxieties of procuring the means of existence; but having few high intellectual occupations to engage their attention, they become tired of the trivial and insignificant round of pleasures which society offers them, and their minds become a prey to

apathy, melancholy, intellectual vacuity, ennui, mental dejection, and hypochondria. This state of things is a moral death for the mind, and renders the rich, surrounded with all their luxuries, frequently more intensely miserable than the poor. Besides, how uncertain are they in their possessions! In the excesses and fluctuations of commerce, banking, and industry—in the dishonesty, frauds, and villanies to which the greedy and unprincipled strife after fortune leads—how many are precipitated suddenly from affluence into poverty! And those who, by superior skill or chance, escape the reverses of fortune, may be almost certain that their children will not, but will be wrecked upon the thousand shoals of our societies, and ingulfed in ruin. Yes, our societies expose all men to dangers, sad reverses, and bitter disappointments. Let those who oppose ignorantly, and from prejudice, the idea of a social reform, examine attentively the condition even of the most favored in society around them, examine their career, and see how unenviable in reality is their lot; see to how many evils, sufferings, and changes of fortune they are exposed; how often they are overtaken by misfortunes which they could not foresee or avert, and in how many instances they end their lives miserably. Some fall from affluence into poverty; others are disappointed by the bad conduct of children; some again, from these and other causes, take to the fatal cup, and die drunkards; while others are afflicted with poor health, and drag out an existence of debility and disease. There is not one person in twenty in our societies, who passes through life with even a moderate degree of good fortune; and as to that high and elevated happiness which man might enjoy in Association with Attractive Industry, moral harmony of the passions, and an extended cultivation of the arts and sciences, no one possesses it.

A social reform is necessary for all classes, but particularly for the millions of our poor, down-trodden, and oppressed fellow-creatures, who cannot speak for themselves,—who cannot plead their own cause, but must depend upon the intelligent and the rich to do it for them.

There is an apathy and indifference among the influential classes and the political leaders of society, which are most reprehensible. A great noise is made about trifling sins, which are of but small moment; while the crying sin of the times — its dark, loathsome Selfishness — is denounced by no sect or party. The rich, the clergy, and political leaders should direct their attention to the sad and melancholy question of human misery; they should inquire earnestly if means do not exist to remedy it, and they should search conscientiously for those means. If they

pass by this important question in silent indifference, they become traitors to the cause of Humanity and of God, and they incur a responsibility which they will have to answer as best they can. One tenth part of the time and means spent in selfish pleasures, in sectarian controversy and party quarrels, would, if directed to the great and noble object of the social elevation and happiness of mankind, secure its realization. But now scarce an effort, scarce a thought, is directed to this important subject. Human misery is looked upon as a fatal evil, which cannot be remedied; and it is declared an Utopia, a visionary scheme, even to think of it.

The clergy should in particular aid the cause of a social reform; the elevation and happiness of the human race upon this earth, is the true preliminary step to be taken to secure their salvation hereafter. Give man a sufficiency, so that his higher intellectual powers and sentiments will not be deadened by poverty and anxiety; develop his intelligence — that internal light which God has given him to direct him rightly; take temptations and pitfalls out of his path, and will he not move on more uprightly and nobly in his earthly career, and be much more likely to obtain salvation, — if acts and deeds can obtain it, — than if he is plunged in poverty, forced into vice and crime, from ignorance, or circumstances which he cannot combat?—if his higher faculties and sentiments are smothered, and his sensual tendencies only called out; and if, in short, his mind is uncultivated, so that he is left to move on amidst the thousand shoals and perils of our false societies, without any high moral and intellectual development to guide him, and to counteract tempting circumstances without, and perverted passions within? There can be no doubt of it; and true religion, as well as enlightened reason, pleads for a social reform, and prompts us to labor for the organization of a true social order.

I shall lay before the readers of the Democratic Review the plan of a social organization, which, I feel confident, will do away with a vast amount of the misery which now exists, and secure the social elevation of the mass. I call the attention of reflecting minds to this subject, and request them to devote to it that serious examination which it merits. The system discovered by Fourier differs entirely from all those which have heretofore been proposed; it has not the least affinity with or relation to that of Owen, the Shakers, Rappites, or any other of which the public has an idea. It is a comprehensive and noble system, which is not the arbitrary plan or scheme of an individual, but is deduced from certain great moral and intellectual laws, by which its truth can be proved.

To do away with some prejudices which may exist in the mind of the reader, I will state explicitly:—

1. That the religious sentiment will be not only maintained, but nobly developed. It is now nearly smothered by misery and anxiety in the minds of the mass, and is degraded by sectarian dissensions. We wish Christianity; but we wish it felt and understood by enlightened minds.

2. That the family tie and marriage will be preserved. They are now, in a vast number of cases, sadly smothered and degraded by poverty, brutality, drunkenness, vice, and crime. How can ties of so delicate a nature exist with purity in a society which is full of misery, ignorance, and degradation? We do not wish to change the family sentiment, but we wish to change the circumstances which surround it.

3. That no community of property will exist. In the system which I shall explain in my future articles, individual property will not only be maintained, but the means of acquiring it will be extended to every member of society — female as well as male. In our present societies, not one person out of ten — if we include women — possess any property in their own right, and this is the cause of that revolting tyranny of the individual over the individual, which at present so generally exists. People cling, and rightly so, to the principle of individual property; but they do not see that it exists in theory, not in practice: that the Mass possess no individual property. The wealth of society is absorbed by a few, who make often the most oppressive and reprehensible uses of it.

The reform which we contemplate will embrace the following departments of society:

The system of Industry, or mode of prosecuting agriculture, manufactures, and mechanics.

The system of Commerce.

The system of Education.

The system of Isolated Households, which assigns to each family a separate dwelling, and a separate interest in society.

The departments of society, which are true in their nature, and require no reform, but merely a true and noble development, are,

The Religious Sentiment, and its external manifestation — Worship.

The Marriage Institution.

The principle of Individual Property.

That element or institution of the present social order to which men will no doubt cling with the greatest tenacity, is the Isolated Household. It must, however, be reformed, and Association must be substituted in its place. The isolated household

is the fundamental cause of our present false and repugnant system of industry; it leads to waste, to discord and antipathy, to opposition of interests and envious competition, to quarrels and litigations, to an anti-social spirit, to a conflict of the individual with the public good, to a miserable system of agriculture, and to universal selfishness.

We will explain a system of association, by means of which, isolated and separate families can be induced to unite and associate; in which unity of interests and concert of action can be introduced; an equitable division of profits, according to labor, capital, and skill, established; industry rendered honorable and ATTRACTIVE; individual rights and liberty vastly extended; the product of industry increased six or eight fold; the tyranny of Capital over Labor restricted; the monopolies, adulterations, enormous intermediate profits, and other frauds and extortions of commerce prevented; unity between the individual and the collective good, and general confidence attained; a practical and scientific education guarantied to the child; agreeable and varied occupations opened to all; and an abundance secured to every member of society.

Such are some of the results which I can promise from the system of Association which I shall explain in future articles. Will our leading politicians, and those who take an interest in the social elevation of man, give their attention to the subject, and examine our new social principles? The world, we know, is full of petty schemes and plans of reform, of low party strife, and of selfish personal ambition, which divert men's minds from a subject so vast and general as a reorganization of society; but let us hope that there are some minds which will feel its importance, and be willing to lend it their aid. The world wants a *social reform;* not superficial, political, and administrative changes, which lead to no results. The suffering mass plead for an abatement of their misery,—plead for relief from the poverty, and harassing cares and anxieties which crush them to the earth. Will they be heard? Are there no noble souls which can abstract themselves from the din and interests of parties, and become penetrated with a true and profound feeling for the greatest and noblest of undertakings—the elevation, happiness, and dignity of the poor, the low, and down-trodden portion of the human family? If there are, let them not be stopped or discouraged by the opposition or ridicule of those common-place minds, which, steeped in the selfishness, contracted spirit, cold-hearted indifference, and animosities of society, are mere repeaters and echoes of its shallow policy, its false wisdom, its *individualism,* and its selfish precepts for individual conduct.

# A MONODY.

BY CHARLES T. CONGDON.

As every heart its secret sorrow knoweth,
So each doth cherish, in its inmost shrine,
A hidden spring, whence consolation floweth,
Not all unmixed — half earthly, half divine.
From it comes gladness that ne'er gives a sign
Of its existence to the world around,
But sadly sooths us, when our spirits pine,
For joys that did in by-gone days abound,
Joys that Youth lost, and Manhood has not found.

We love the memory still that bids us sigh —
Nor from its saddest paintings turn away,
Though tears our gaze may blind — we know not why,
We laugh, we weep — yet still must we obey
The promptings, that now shed a sunny ray
O'er the dark desert round us, and now spread
A gloomier shade upon our starless way, —
And now we sit us down and weep the dead,
Now join the laughing choir by wine-crowned Bacchus led.

The tuneful revel and the wildering dance
Once more before the gladdened sight appear;
Lip meeteth lip, glance answereth unto glance,
And the loved lost, whom sorrow's useless tear
Called not to life again, again are near;
The winged hours once more go smiling by,
And flowers are twined around Time's temples sere;
Throbs each warm heart and flashes every eye,
While sweet-voiced beauty fills the rose-wreathed beaker high.

'Tis past! — vanished the glittering scene! for Death
Shakes his dark arrow 'mid that jocund throng,
And flowers are withering in his rank cold breath —
The knell our music, and the groan our song.
Skeleton-archer! grim as thou art strong!
Who bade thee waste thy skill unerring here?
Away, to those who've sought thy presence long —
Aim at the aged! stretch upon the bier
Those who will greet thy blow without or sigh or tear!

Ha, thou art nice! gray, palsied, doting age
Thou leav'st to mock us still with life's decay,
As if to teach us, though we shun thy rage,
Thy partner Time hath quite as sure a way
To work our ruin; — 'tis thy joy to lay
Thy fleshless hand upon unwrinkled brows;
The very pastime of thy wanton sway

To strike down those whom Fate some joy allows,
And young life's radiant pride first in the grave to house.

If a kind heart, that bled at every wo;
A soul as glorious as the star-gemmed sky;
A form as proud as walked the heavens below;
A mind that could upon itself rely,
True in its balance, in its purpose high;
And manners winning as a woman's; truth
Pure as a vestal's holy chastity,
And the rich promise of ingenuous youth,
Could have availed thee aught, 'gainst Death's marauding ruth;

Thou hadst not died, my lost, my sainted friend!
Nor I been called in wo to bend o'er thee,
And marvel much that agony could rend,
In life's last strife, thy wasted effigy, —
Nor had I trembled fearfully to see
Thy loved face covered by the coffin-lid,—
Nor almost prayed that I might cease to be,
As the dull clod and shelving gravel slid
Into the narrow grave, that thee for ever hid!

Not since that day have I found one to love,
Nor one whom I might ask again to share
The wants and hopes that might my spirit move,
My faults to chide with chiding I could bear:
Ah me! the golden days were passing fair
We spent together in the solitude
Of our united hopes and common care —
When we would o'er the self-same sorrow brood,
And by love's sympathy the sorrow still elude.

I read the volumes we together read —
The wit we loved, the wisdom we'd admire —
But ah! I think not now, since thou art dead,
The sage so wise, nor half so sweet the lyre;
The song fires not that once our souls could fire;
It wanteth something now — perchance thy voice,
Chanting, melodious as an angel choir,
With tones all musical and cadence choice,
The strains that bade us weep, burn, muse, hope, or rejoice.

With the full strength of those most trustful hours,
I clung to thee, nor felt that thou couldst die!
I loved with that strong faith that e'er o'erpowers
All fear or thought of future misery:
The present was enough for me, and I
Deemed, while near thee, the days that had begun
So cloudless, still must hold their cloudless sky —
But oh, too soon thy life's bright sands were run!
One friend was called away, and nigh heart-broken one!

## THE LEGISLATURES OF THE PRESENT YEAR.

When the result of the late Presidential election was known, the Democratic party seemed, as if by common consent, to agree upon the necessity of a more particular attention to the local affairs of the States themselves. It was evident that, after all, no great harm could be done by the Whig powers at Washington, under the restraints of a good constitution, and the immediate prospect of disunion among their own leaders. The Democratic members of Congress stood to their arms during the Extra Session, said little, showed no disposition to throw unnecessary obstacles in the way of the Administration, though they rallied with splendid and overpowering ability of argument and eloquence in defence of the Constitution itself whenever it was attacked. The sound policy of this mode of proceeding has been thoroughly proved. Every State in succession now wheels into the Democratic phalanx, under the guidance of that good common sense on which we must rely for the preservation of a good government and our liberties. High responsibilities now devolve on the legislatures of all these States. Of the mode in which these should be discharged, with special reference to one of the most important branches of their duties, we shall perhaps best convey our ideas by confining our view to one of them, the first in population, wealth, and influence—the "Empire State" of New York.

In our own State we are again in the ascendency, and there is no reason to question the good effects of a temporary absence from power. Parties, like men, learn much in adversity that is useful to them.

One of the causes which lost us the control of affairs in this State is now obvious to every one. It was that system of log-rolling, by which the support of every local interest was bargained for by our Legislature, at the expense of the general good. It became so universally the groundwork of every practice in legislation, not only in New York, but in every internal improvement State, that it would seem to have been the only system adapted to the habits and circumstances of the time. Allied as it was to the extension of a vast paper-money engine, then in the zenith of its power, it was impossible to withstand it, and both parties for a time vied with each other in their encouragement of the practice.

But the times are changed. Their habits and circumstances no longer remain as they were during the existence of a great moneyed institution, used for purposes of fraud and corruption, and opposed by a host of smaller ones, which attempted to control it

by the use of similar means. It is not probable, now, that a log-rolling system would be practicable, even if there existed the disposition to put it again in practice. The State is without means or credit to warrant even the conception of schemes which should operate upon all its parts by appeals to the cupidity of each. A financial report modelled upon the plan of a Law, or a Biddle, or a Ruggles, would fall to the ground without believers or even readers. The community has been so effectually roused from its past delusions, and has been taught such a bitter lesson from experience, that Humbug must find some newer expedient to practise with any success upon its credulity.

The example of Pennsylvania is close at hand. A sovereignty possessed of vast resources, much real wealth, a frugal and industrious population, and a name and reputation, is beggared and reduced to the position of one of the half-civilized nations of South America. Banks and internal improvement have brought her to this degradation. Men living without labor, or without other exertion than that used in contriving schemes for the employment of paper money instead of real wealth, controlled everything. The homely maxims of "Poor Richard" were forgotten. Fashion, by which is meant more than the capricious power which governs modes of dress, or manners, or social usages—fashion put plain, slow-paced honesty aside, and enabled cunning to take her place. There was a time, when to doubt the policy of undertaking a great work, until one was enabled to count the cost, was to pronounce one's-self a laggard in patriotism and enterprise. To question the utility of a grand canal which would not pay to keep itself at work, was called a narrow-minded ignorance. And to urge the possibility of the commonwealth being driven into dishonest but necessary bankruptcy, was denounced as the malignity of Loco-Focoism. Still the bankruptcy has approached already dangerously near: and the sober second-thought of the people in this State will not disregard the warning.

It is, after all, a question between the two old antagonist principles of government. On the one hand that portion who disbelieve in the capability of men for self-government, who regard the ability to overreach others by any exertion of intellect as a legitimate exercise of human ingenuity, and who look with contempt on all slow, patient, and honest toil, will tell us that ways and means may be devised by which all our grand projects may be carried on without embarrassment. The debt may be shoved off one generation more, or the people may be taxed so as not to perceive it, or the mechanic may be made to contribute his mite while the capitalist reaps his harvest. All these and many more

things will be promised. Our financiers will not spare their wit, nor their eloquence, nor their pens, to prove to us that two and two can be made to produce five. 'All the interests which have grown up under the past abuses will be active in their exertions to maintain an existence. There will be appeals without number to conservatism, to the necessity of maintaining existing contracts, of conciliating vacillating political interests, and to the love of a show of patriotic enterprise at other people's expense.

On the other hand, they who rest their faith upon the broader and surer basis of truth and honesty, whose keener vision goes beyond the limits of the day or year, who prefer the integrity of their country to its seeming prosperity, will ask and demand a change of policy in conformity with these immutable principles, as well as with the exigences of the times. To arrest all useless schemes, to establish the credit of the State, to ensure ourselves a release from increasing obligations which we cannot fulfil, and to leave to a future generation a state of affairs untrammelled and within their own control, is so imperatively the duty of all concerned, as to leave no doubt of its fulfilment.

By the one system, it is true, the legislator has the effects of the exercise of his power often within his reach. He provides a bank for a knot of political friends, or a canal for a particular interest, or a place for an adherent, or a local improvement for his own estate. And these are sins easily forgiven. To know how to commit them well, is often thought a proof of ability and a title to distinction. But such men are naturally most jealous of each other, and if, as now is undeniably the case, the loaves and fishes are too few for a division, they will hardly attempt to make them sufficient by a miracle.

An honest legislation has none of these allurements to offer. The immediate effect of an economical administration of affairs is injurious to all who thrive by the profligate expenditure of the State's money. Local interests are wounded. Many good and honest men are threatened with loss of employment and the means of support. The good resulting from this is remote and general; and the legislator, when called on to pronounce a decision, is reluctant to appear to do evil that good may come.

But, sooner or later, a remedy becomes necessary: and it is very certain that, to postpone the evil, only renders the matter more difficult of cure. Perhaps a half-century may pass before as favorable a time presents itself again for the adoption of a radical and efficient change of policy. At the commencement of the session of the ensuing legislature of this State, there will be a current debt of some two and a half millions to be provided for, outstanding

contracts to the amount of seven millions more, and a prospective debt of fifteen millions for the completion of the enlargement of the Erie Canal. Here is debt enough to contemplate for any one but a financier of the Whig school, whose very element is an atmosphere of debt, without even regarding the lateral canals, and the great Northern and Southern Rail Roads. Of the $7,000,000 said to be under contract, much can probably be set aside without violation of faith, or injustice to any party concerned. And the rest may be all promptly arranged to the satisfaction of all who have claims to equitable relief. Let it once be understood that the State, under prudent and honest management, is determined at all hazards not to go beyond her means, and the necessity of the case will soon bring out the mode of carrying her will into execution — by direct taxation rather than by the use of credit, if necessary, according to the views already sufficiently stated in a former article of our present Number. It requires courage and firmness of purpose. And these qualities are not, we trust, to be looked for in vain in a Democratic Legislature.

Besides these considerations, drawn from the exigency of the occasion, there are others which, were measures of public policy governed by motives of pure integrity and stern morality, would be irresistible. Nothing tends to corrupt the honesty of each member of a community, to sap the very foundations of justice and truth, to destroy all faith in the honesty of mankind, to inculcate a belief in the maxim of Talleyrand, that "language was given to man to conceal his thoughts," and to convert civil society into an arena for the exercise of cunning and deceit, more than the practice of a government upon a dishonest creed. Reckless men say it matters little what a future generation may receive from the hands of the present. Bad men openly advocate the use of all present means and credit, to the utter disregard of those who are to come after us. The public purse is fair plunder, according to their maxim, because, say they, "if we do not plunder it others will." All this disorganizes society, impairs true credit, and checks legitimate business, for it destroys the confidence of mankind among themselves. "Your Loco Foco legislators will be no better than ours," say the Whigs. "They will need the use of the public money as much as we did." And it must be admitted with regret, there are those, among our ranks, too powerful both in numbers and the habitual tact of party management, who believe and practise on the same doctrine.

Will the legislatures of 1842, the representatives of "the sober second-thought," merit this imputation, or will they give the lie to it by a bold and determined policy, decided in character, and

marked as the very opposite of that which the Whigs claim exclusively as their own? Will they bring thrift and a jealous regard for the public faith again into fashion? Will they condemn all speculative schemes of crafty financiers? Will they take the true interests of the State at once in hand, and before it is too late, seek to save her from the fate of Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, and Pennsylvania?

These are questions which a few months will solve, and there is little reason to doubt their solution in the right shape. A just regard for the slow but sure development of our resources, and the welfare and continuance of the republic, demands it too imperatively to be disregarded by the honest representatives of the people.

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## THE DYING FLOWER.

SWEET flower, which from thy native shade
  Gladly I plucked, an hour agone,
And straight love's votive offering made,
  Why seem'st thou now to droop and mourn?
    Upon the fairest bosom lying,
      What means thy silent sighing?

I bloomed in the seclusion wild
  Of Nature's loveliest retreats,
A tender bud, a cherished child,
  A hidden urn of sacred sweets, —
    Ungentle was the hand that tore me
      From the kind breast that bore me!

I feel the breath of human life,
  This wondrous pulse that beats within,
Of one who seeks, with doubtful strife,
  A dim and distant goal to win, —
    Sadly the captive heart is sighing,
      And with it I am dying.

Yes, thou must die, my beauteous flower,
  But in the heart which thou hast blest,
Thy shade, in sad and joyful hour,
  Like a beloved friend shall rest, —
    Thus shalt thou better life inherit,
      With the undying spirit.

## JOURNALISM.

Mr. Carlyle, in his rhapsodical but striking way, has given this passage: "Great is Journalism. Is not every able editor a ruler of the world, being a persuader of it: though self-elected, yet sanctioned by the sale of his numbers? Whom indeed the world has the readiest method of deposing, should need be; that of merely doing *nothing* to him; which ends in starvation." Again, says the same original writer: "There is no church, sayest thou? The voice of prophecy has gone dumb! This is even what I dispute; but, in any case, hast thou not still preaching enough? A preaching friar settles himself in every village: and builds a pulpit, which he calls newspaper. Therefrom he preaches what most momentous doctrine is in him, for man's salvation; and dost not thou listen and believe?"

We cite these passages, because they recognise an important fact, the fact that Journalism is a distinct and lofty profession, exercising an influence over society like that of the king over his subjects, or the preacher over his hearers. As much as has been said of the power of the press, it is a power that has never yet been measured. Let us, then, detain the reader with a remark or two upon the functions of editorship, and the place it holds among the moral agencies of the world.

No man requires a larger ranger of intellect, more varied acquirements, or greater strength of character, than the conductor of a public journal. Of course, we allude to one who acts with a full sense of the dignity and worth of his calling, and in the conscientious desire to discharge its duties. Neither statesman, lawyer, nor divine, moves in a more extended sphere, or has more occasion for the use of the noblest faculties both of mind and heart. He stands in immediate contact with the public mind. He furnishes the intellectual aliment of the people. He gives a tone to public sentiment; is a leader of public opinion; and the guardian and guide of public morals. Thousands of men, each morning and evening, listen to his voice, are moved by his persuasions, are corrected by his rebukes, or corrupted by his license. The characters of men are in some degree placed in his hands. He may elevate the bad, or traduce the good. He can stimulate the worst passions of inflamed times, or give an impulse to wise and beneficent movements. This influence differs from that of others who operate upon the public mind, in that, while theirs is confined to particular and distant occasions, his acts incessantly. The orator agitates only while he is speaking; the preacher is hemmed

in by the walls of his church and the limits of a Sabbath-day; the statesman seldom steps out of his bureau; the man of science is fixed among his retorts and crucibles; and the teacher has an existence only in his school-room. But the editor is perpetually at work. As the mails carry his speculations from one city to another, and from one state to another, his action spreads like the waves of a pool, in concentric circles, and before the last ripple has subsided, the waters at the centre are again disturbed. Even while he sleeps, his thoughts are awake, they are diffusing good or evil, they are entering other minds, to mould them to a better or worse condition.

> "They rest not, — stay not, — on, still on they wing
> Their flight" —

and whether benign or pestiferous, are producing their inevitable impressions. "Give me," is a frequent saying, "the making of the songs of a people, and I will make their characters;" can it not be said, with equal propriety, Give me the making of the newspapers of a nation, and I will make its minds. The newspaper is everywhere, in the counting-house and in the parlor, in the bar-room and in the bed-room, on board of the steamboat and in the student's chamber. All subjects are discussed in it; all classes of men read it; and all men, to an extent, are affected by what it contains. Napoleon, with a sagacity which characterized nearly all the actions of his life, understood this power, when, as First Consul of France, he wished to add to the title of Chief Captain of the age, that of its leading journalist. Like Richelieu, he felt that "in the hands of men, entirely great, the purse is mightier than the sword." "To discharge fully the duties of a public journalist," says one* who was so near an illustration of his own remarks that our only regret is, that he did not live long enough to complete it, "to discharge fully the duties of a public journalist, would be to elevate the vocation to the loftiest summit of human dignity and usefulness. A public journalist, animated with a due sense of the obligations of his responsible trust, and gifted with the faculties, intellectual and physical, for their adequate performance, would well deserve to be a public leader in a more extended signification of the phrase than that in which it is understood. He should have a mind filled with a great variety of human learning, and a ready command of all its stores. He should have a head cool, clear, and sagacious; a heart warm and benevolent; a nice sense of justice; honesty that no temptation could corrupt; in-

* William Leggett.

trepidity that no danger could intimidate; and independence superior to every consideration of mere interest, enmity, or friendship. He should possess the power of diligent application, and be capable of enduring great fatigue. He should have a temperament so happily mingled, that while he easily kindled at public error or injustice, his indignation should never transgress the bounds of judgment, but, in its strongest expression, show that smoothness and amenity which the language of choler always lacks. He should, in short, be such a man as a contemporary writer described that sturdy democrat, old Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun—'a gentleman, steady in his principles; of nice honor; abundance of learning; brave as the sword he wears, and bold as a lion; a sure friend and irreconcileable enemy; who would lose his life readily to serve his country, and would not do a base thing to save it.' This is the *beau ideal* of a conductor of a public newspaper."

But it is an ideal that, like most of the ideals of men of ardent temperament, it will take a long time to realize. Whoever will cast his eye over the newspaper-press, not of this country, but of Christendom, will find that not in a solitary instance has there a man arisen, who has arrived at the high character that pertains to the profession. The same remark, it is true, may be made of every other profession; but it is particularly true in regard to editorship. There have been divines to whom Cowper's beautiful description of St. Paul might well be applied; there have been Fletchers, Halls, Brainards, and Channings; there have been Mansfields, Romillys, and Marshalls, in law; Garricks, Siddons, Kembles, and Talmas, as actors; there have been Boerhaves, Jenners, Goods, and Bells, in physic; there have been Boyles, Newtons, and Bacons, in science; and Cæsars, Bonapartes, and Washingtons, in war; in short, in all departments of intellectual exertion there have been crowds of notable men; but nowhere on the lists of great or distinguished persons do we find the name of one whose celebrity has been acquired in the walk of the Journalist. Carrel has produced an impression in France, Fonblanque in England, and Leggett in the United States, but it has been an impression as fleeting as that of leaves driven by the wind. How are we to account for this extraordinary fact? Why is it that a vehicle so intimately connected with human happiness as the press, so powerful over social issues and human destinies, has so seldom been desired by men of the loftiest endowments? This is a great inquiry, and we shall reply to it briefly.

First; it is not that the sphere of the Journalist is too contracted for a noble ambition; for it is a sphere as wide as the

universe of intelligence, and as permanent as language. As a means of swaying the minds of men, which is the essence of power, as an instrument for elevating society, which is the object of goodness, as a vehicle for the expression and enforcement of thought, it is without an equal among all the constituted agencies of human utterance. No voice reaches so far as the voice of the press, no book arrests a wider attention, or penetrates a deeper retirement than the newspaper.

Secondly, it is not because the subjects with which newspaper writing is mostly occupied, are temporary and incidental. That species of composition is not confined to chronicling events as they arise, to recording the incidents of the day, or to fighting the battles of transient parties. Higher objects often engage it. The instructing of society in the nature of government, the inculcating of great principles, the application of judicious criticism, the development and controlling of social tendencies, the direction of public opinion, the exposition of public characters, the prosecution of grand moral reforms, and the correction of prevailing iniquities and frauds, are among its principal functions. The editor is stationed, as a sentinel upon the watch-towers of society, to warn it of the approach of dangers; to summon it to battle, and to cheer it on to success.

Thirdly, it is not because the organization of the press is such as to cripple its activity and arrest its influence. No better organization could be required for it than is established in this country. It is founded on a basis of perfect freedom. That liberty of action, which it is the aim of the democratic doctrine to introduce into all kinds of business, it has enjoyed from the beginning. Government has never dared to impose a restraint upon it: it has been open to every variety of ability: it has been exposed to the stimulus of competition: it has received favor by all political parties. Whoever may have conceived that he possessed talent enough to undertake a public journal, has been at liberty to do so, and he has had the opportunity of displaying all the enthusiasm and talent that he could bring to the task. No censorship nor restraint, save those of public opinion, have tended to impede the full and free development of the energies of Journalism.

We must look elsewhere for the causes of the singular fact to which we refer. We must look to journalists themselves, and especially to the community in which they live. It is because so low a standard has been established in regard to the efforts of editors, that so few men of the strongest intellect and character have desired it,—that they have sought distinction in other vocations, less influential, but supposed to be more honorable. It is because

society has not required more, that more has not been done. Its treatment of journalists has been singularly unhappy. They are what it has made them; they fall short of the lofty dignity of their station, because society has fallen short in its demands. Johnson, in his prologue, says "that those who live to please, must please to live." This has unfortunately been the case with the press. It has been regarded as a mere agent for pleasing society, and therefore it has aspired to no higher function. It has failed to perceive its real nature; it has failed in asserting its claims; it has failed in discharging its duties as an instructer; it has failed in becoming the moral power of tremendous force of which it is capable. But its conductors are not so much to blame for this, as its patrons, as they are called, the public. True, it has been courted by some, and feared by others—courted by the ambitious and feared by the timid: yet, while courted and feared, it has been neglected and despised. Very little discrimination has marked the public judgment of its character. So long as it could be made to administer to prevailing prejudices, so long as it could be turned to the purposes of party, so long as it lent itself to the cause of demagogues, so long and no longer has it met with favor. Discerning, genuine, and hearty approbation for independence, integrity, and talent, it has seldom received. A sort of double and inconsistent conduct has been expected of editors. While they have been solicited to furnish aid to all kinds of partial schemes, they have been blamed for a want of fidelity to principle; while the whole strength of immense parties is brought to bear upon them to secure their aid or crush their opposition, they have been derided for suppleness of purpose and pliancy of doctrine; while every man who has an object to accomplish, besets them with seductions, and promises of reward, they have been scorned for venality and time-serving. A high, unvarying moral test has never been applied to them. When a man of lofty faith and stern virtue has arisen among them, when he has manifested a disposition to discuss questions in the light of great principles, when he has refused to listen to the whispers or move at the beck of cliques and factions, when he has regarded politics as the most important aspect of morals, and sought to acquit himself of the duties of his calling, with a nice regard to truth and conscience, how has he been received by the community? As a worthy, noble, fearless man? As a patriot who deserved well of his country? As a Christian filled with a strong sense of the responsibilities of human existence? Far otherwise. Hostility and contempt often have been his sole rewards. His professed friends have dropped away from him; his enemies have redoub-

led and sharpened their abuse; a strong public opinion is aroused against him; and the end of it is, that he is compelled, from the want of support, to relinquish his pursuit, and seek in some other less congenial employment, the means of subsistence and profit. Can we forget the career of the lamented Leggett? There was a man, who, during one of the most excited and interesting periods of our political experience, pursued a line of determined and intrepid honesty. A course of corrupt legislation, openly defended by one party, and connived at by a large portion of the other, had fastened upon the people a system of finance and banking, which was fast destroying their liberties and morals. The firm old soldier-statesman, who was then the President, more sagacious than many of his supporters, more honest than any of his opponents, had given the first blow in a work of revolution. After a long and desperate contest, he succeeded. Yet it was only a partial success. Mr. Leggett, who had stood side by side with him in this most trying position of the fight, saw, even in the moment of victory, that the triumph was not completely achieved. The enemy, who had been overcome by the energies of the General Government, was acting in his strength under the protection of nearly all the individual States. That enemy, he conceived, was to be attacked in his strong-holds there; instant to his convictions of duty, he began a vigorous assault; neither timidity on one hand, nor persecution on the other, could induce him to soften his ponderous blows; day after day, he aroused the public mind with discussions full of strong thought and eloquent invective. "I cannot," said he, "for the sake of a livelihood, trim my sails to suit the varying breeze of popular prejudice." "With old Andrew Marvell," he continued, "I prefer to scrape a bladebone of cold mutton in defence of truth, to faring sumptuously at the cost of principle." And what was the result? Desertion and poverty for the time—to be followed, when he should be cold in his grave, with monumental honors and heartfelt eulogy.

The fault, we repeat, is with the community. Not relishing a good king, they cannot complain if Providence sends them the log or the stork. What they pray for, that they receive. If their praise and money are showered upon those who pander to a depraved taste, they must expect depraved and worthless writers. But if they recognise the claims of a better order of men, such an order will immediately arise. There cannot be a demand, in this branch of political economy, without a supply. Let us then consider what should be the nature of that demand.

1. The community should require that their editors be intellec-

tual men. By this is meant, that they should possess both power of thought and facility of expression. The first is needed because it is incumbent upon them to grapple with great questions; the second, because they are to make those questions plain to minds of every cast. No persons are more frequently called upon than they to give an opinion on important topics. It is, indeed, impossible to fix limits to the range of subjects which they are compelled to investigate and discuss. All that interests men as members of a social and political body, — the measures of parties, the relations of nations, the merits of laws, the pretensions of science, the schemes of projectors, the movements of reformers, the characters of statesmen — are, in their turn, themes of newspaper controversy and remark. Politics, international and municipal law, political economy, moral and social science, and the art of reading individual character, must be understood by the editor, — and not only understood, but explained. He must have that clear insight into general principles, and that familiarity with details, which will enable him to speak of whatever he undertakes with clearness, originality, and decision. It is not enough that he have a skimming acquaintance with his subject, — that he be able to talk glibly of it, or that he can declaim with an infinity of sounding phrases and empty periods. Topics are often sprung upon him with the suddenness of a surprise — topics in which the happiness of immense numbers of people are involved. Many look to him for information and guidance. His faculties, fully prepared and rightly disciplined, must be at his command. He must stand ready, with argument, with illustration, with eloquence, to convince the doubting, to awaken the dull, to move the timid and inert, and to instruct and interest the more enlightened. Now, to do this effectually he must have been a patient thinker, a profound scholar, and a practised writer. He must have accomplished his mind by the observation of mankind, by the reading of books, and by habits of quick and felicitous expression. He must, above all, be penetrated by that deep Christian philosophy which estimates all questions in their bearing upon the most exalted and permanent interests of human nature.

2. The community should require of their editors that they be firm and independent men. Force of will is no less necessary to them than greatness of thought. Few men have more temptations to fall into an expedient and vacillating course. Regarded by many, and often regarding themselves, as the mere hacks of party, or mere instruments of gratification to prevailing passions, they are not expected to exhibit a lofty or fervent zeal in

the prosecution of a great cause. Like advocates paid by a client to carry a particular point, they are supposed to have fulfilled their obligations when they have made the worse appear the better side. In many instances, if they have succeeded in embarrassing the adversary, if they have covered an opponent with the filth of abuse, if they have given a plausible aspect to a falsehood, if they have assisted a party in imposing upon credulous or ignorant people, if they have been faithful to the interests of their employers, they are clapped upon the head as serviceable fellows, and rewarded with a double allowance of governmental or mercantile patronage. The notion that the press has a worthier destiny, seems hardly to cross their minds. That it should become a fountain of truth and moral influence; that an editor should take his stand upon some high and good principle, which he should assert boldly, in the face of all opposition; that he should strive to carry it out with the earnestness of a missionary, with the self-denial of a martyr, despising as well the bribes of those who would seduce him, as the threats of those who would terrify him, acknowledging no allegiance to any power but justice, impressed with the awful sanctity of his vocation, and willing to face danger and death in the discharge of its duties, — is an intrepidity which, we fear, to most of the managers of public journals, has seemed more like the wild dream of an enthusiast, than the practicable object of a sober, thinking man. Yet it is an end that has been, and may be attained. It is an end for which a solemn responsibility is laid upon them to strive. No less than this should society require them to be; nothing less than this can render them worthy of the trust which is committed to their administration. Emancipating themselves from the *aurea catena* which binds them, they must act with the valor of freemen; breaking away from the jesses which confine them basely and slavishly to earth, they must learn to soar in the pure, clear region of free and energetic thought.

3. Journalists, again, must be required to imbue themselves with a just and Christian spirit. Nothing is more lamentable in their history, than the unkind feelings and low aims which characterize their intercourse and efforts. We do not speak only of those flagrant violations of propriety common to the most degraded portions of the press. We speak of the puerility, the violence, and the want of justice, which even the most respectable journals occasionally exhibit; we speak of their proneness to distort and to exaggerate, their recklessness of fair-dealing, their want of candor, and their base subservience to particular classes. Indeed, so frequent have been their offences, that their dishonesty has

almost passed into a proverb. "I only," said Jefferson, "believe the advertisements of a newspaper;" to which another distinguished man has added, "and he ought not to have believed them." In this, no doubt, they magnified the deficiencies of the press, yet there was much ground for their remarks. 'He lies like a newspaper,' would not be a far-fetched comparison. The instances of their departure from truthful fidelity are not so rare as to render it slanderous to accuse them of positive falsehood. We are aware that it is urged in extenuation, that much of their short-coming is to be ascribed to the circumstances of haste and confusion under which daily editors write; we know it is alleged that in other pursuits, those of the law and merchandry for instance, the average honesty of those who follow them is not greater than that of journalists: but, with every wish to deal justly, we must say that a large amount of moral aberration remains against them which admits of no palliation or excuse. What, shall we be told, because a man writes in haste, that he must therefore write falsely? — that because lawyers and merchants fall below the standard of virtue, therefore editors should be allowed to do the same, — editors, whose influence is so much more extensive, whose duties are so much more important? It is a shallow defence. Better that they relinquish their profession for ever, than sacrifice to it their integrity. Better that they drop the pen, and take up the axe or the hammer, than that they should wield the former only to sap and extinguish public morals! No! a more exalted morality should be required at their hands. When a man assumes a public station, to direct the opinions and form the characters of his contemporaries, when he voluntarily places himself in the attitude of a leader of the general mind, he should be compelled, by the force of public sentiment, to cherish habits of the strictest accuracy and honor. We demand of the preacher of the pulpit, that he should not degrade his office by inconsistencies of conduct; can we demand less of the preacher of the press? Should a Channing, or a Hawkes, or a Dewey, or a Hughes, act in a manner derogatory to their sacred calling, would society forgive them? If a magistrate on the bench pollute the ermine of justice, do we admit any apology for his venality or corruption? Should a Taney, or a Story, or a Baldwin, or the meanest functionary of a county court, accept bribes from the parties to a suit, or be intimidated by popular clamor, swayed in his decisions by personal feeling, how could he avert degradation and disgrace? Could any circumstance of his position be pleaded in palliation of his crime? Why, then, should we excuse similar defections in those who occupy similar places, and whose truth, consistency,

and justice, are even more necessary than theirs to the good order, virtue, and happiness of society? It is time that editors themselves, and that those who are accustomed to be affected by their counsels and judgments, should recognise the momentous responsibilities that hang upon their power. It is time that they perceive the elevation and might of their position. It is time that the former be prepared to throw aside the littleness and the baseness which they have too often indulged, and that the latter require a manlier and worthier performance than they have too often failed to exact. We cannot conceive of a more desirable life, than that of a pure, high-minded, amiable Christian editor, nor of a more virtuous, prosperous, and noble community, than one whose public agents shall reflect the unbending integrity, the spotless honors, and the wise benignity of their principals.

Let us add a sentence or two in the conclusion of this matter. We have spoken freely of the present condition of the press: we have spoken with equal freedom of what it might become. It is with no spirit of uncharitableness that we have pointed to its failings: it is with a spirit of benevolence and hope that we have indicated its duty. We are sorry that some of our strictures are deserved, but we are glad to know that instances exist in which they are unjust. It gives us pleasure to acknowledge that within the last few years its character has greatly improved. Were it not invidious, we could show prints, which to the best of their ability have striven to realize the ideal which we have depicted. We could refer to a Bryant,—whom as a man and a poet we revere,—surrendering the applause that the world would willingly render to his great poetic talent and individual character, to become an example of the true, accomplished, unyielding editor;—to a Brownson, who prefers the name of a candid, fearless writer, to the soft indulgences of clerical supremacy;—and to some others, still young and obscure, to whom the emoluments and honors of professional and political distinction have no blandishments, in comparison with those of becoming, as journalists, upright advocates of all that is good. But our object is not personal. We have wished to rescue Journalism from its infidelity to itself, and from the indifference and contempt of the public. We have wished to assert its claims, to vindicate its dignity, to exhort it to its duty.

We rejoice to notice that young men of education and talent, who have been accustomed to crowd the professions of law, medicine, and theology, are many of them directing their energies to the business of editorship and popular instruction. One of the best signs of the times is the growing demand for newspapers,

cheap books, and literary and scientific lectures. It is a sign that the love of knowledge is spreading through all classes; that the treasures of philosophy and poetry are no longer to be shut up in rare caskets, to be the possession of the few; that the general mind, too long satisfied with low and sensual delights, is seeking for higher aliment. The mass of men are availing themselves of the means of improvement which a condition of freedom furnishes, and call for an increased number of instructers and guides. Many who are competent to the task, are answering the call. Already they constitute a considerable body. They are marching forward to scatter the seeds of good or evil. It is important that their movement take a right direction. Momentous consequences hang upon their action. If they are true to the cause of liberty, refinement, and progress, they can accomplish a world of good. If they are animated by the right spirit, they can give a tremendous impulse to the onward march of society. But if they fail, if they disregard their high responsibilities, deep and damning will be their guilt.

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## THE TOMB-BLOSSOMS.

BY WALTER WHITMAN.

A PLEASANT, fair-sized country village,—a village embosomed in trees, with old churches, *one* tavern, kept by a respectable widow, long, single-storied farm-houses, their roofs mossy, and their chimneys smoke black, — a village with much grass, and shrubbery, and no mortar, nor bricks, nor pavements, nor gas—no *newness:* that is the place for him who wishes life in its flavor and its bloom. Until of late, my residence has been in such a place.

Man of cities! what is there in all your boasted pleasure—your fashions, parties, balls, and theatres, compared to the simplest of the delights we country folk enjoy? Our pure air, making the blood swell and leap with buoyant health; our labor and our exercise; our freedom from the sickly vices that taint the town; our not being racked with notes due, or the fluctuations of prices, or the breaking of banks; our manners of sociality, expanding the heart, and reacting with a wholesome effect upon the body;—can anything which citizens possess balance these?

One Saturday, after paying a few days visit at New York, I returned to my quarters in the country inn. The day was hot, and my journey a disagreeable one. I had been forced to stir myself beyond comfort, and despatch my affairs quickly, for fear of being left by the cars. As it was, I arrived panting and covered with sweat, just as they were about to start. Then for many miles I had to bear the annoyance of the steam-engine smoke; and it seemed to me that the vehicles kept swaying to and fro on the track, with a more than usual motion, on purpose to distress my jaded limbs. Out of humor with myself and everything around me, when I came to my travel's end, I refused to partake of the comfortable supper which my landlady had prepared for me; and rejoining to the good woman's look of wonder at such an unwonted event, and her kind inquiries about my health, with a sullen silence, I took my lamp, and went my way to my room. Tired and head-throbbing, in less than half a score of minutes after I threw myself on my bed, I was steeped in the soundest slumber.

When I awoke, every vein and nerve felt fresh and free. Soreness and irritation had been swept away, as it were, with the curtains of the night; and the accustomed tone had returned again. I arose and threw open my window. Delicious! It was a calm, bright Sabbath morning in May. The dew-drops glittered on the grass; the fragrance of the apple-blossoms which covered the trees floated up to me; and the notes of a hundred birds discoursed music to my ear. By the rays just shooting up in the eastern verge, I knew that the sun would be risen in a moment. I hastily dressed myself, performed my ablutions, and sallied forth to take a morning walk.

Sweet, yet sleepy scene! No one seemed stirring. The placid influence of the day was even now spread around, quieting everything, and hallowing everything. I sauntered slowly onward, with my hands folded behind me. I passed round the edge of a hill, on the rising elevation and top of which was the burial-ground. On my left, through an opening in the trees, I could see at some distance the ripples of our beautiful bay; on my right, was the large and ancient field for the dead. I stopped and leaned my back against the fence, with my face turned toward the white marble stones a few rods before me. All I saw was far from new to me; and yet I pondered upon it. The entrance to that place of tombs was a kind of arch—a rough-hewn but no doubt hardy piece of architecture, that had stood winter and summer over the gate there, for many, many years. O, fearful arch! if there were for thee a voice to utter what has passed beneath and near thee; if the secrets of the earthy dwelling that to thee

are known could be by thee disclosed—whose ear might listen to the appalling story and its possessor not go mad with terror!

Thus thought I; and strangely enough, such imagining marred not in the least the sunny brightness which spread alike over my mind and over the landscape. Involuntarily as I mused, my look was cast to the top of the hill. I saw a figure moving. Could some one beside myself be out so early, and among the tombs?—What creature odd enough in fancy to find pleasure there, and at such a time? Continuing my gaze, I saw that the figure was a woman. She seemed to move with a slow and feeble step, passing and repassing constantly between two and the same graves, which were within half a rod of each other. She would bend down and appear to busy herself a few moments with the one; then she would rise, and go to the second, and bend there, and employ herself as at the first. Then to the former one, and then to the second again. Occasionally the figure would pause a moment, and stand back a little, and look steadfastly down upon the graves, as if to see whether her work were done well. Thrice I saw her walk with a tottering gait, and stand midway between the two, and look alternately at each. Then she would go to one and arrange something, and come back to the midway place, and gaze first on the right and then on the left, as before. The figure evidently had some trouble in suiting things to her mind. Where I stood, I could hear no noise of her footfalls; nor could I see accurately enough to tell what she was doing. Had a superstitious man beheld the spectacle, he would possibly have thought that some spirit of the dead, allowed the night before to burst its cerements, and wander forth in the darkness, had been belated in returning, and was now perplexed to find its coffin-house again.

Curious to know what was the woman's employment, I undid the simple fastenings of the gate, and walked over the rank wet grass toward her. As I came near, I recognised her for an old, a very old inmate of the poor-house, named Delaree. Stopping a moment, while I was yet several yards from her, and before she saw me, I tried to call to recollection certain particulars of her history which I had heard a great while past. She was a native of one of the West India islands, and, before I who gazed at her was born, had with her husband come hither to settle and gain a livelihood. They were poor; most miserably poor. Country people, I have noticed, seldom like foreigners. So this man and his wife, in all probability, met much to discourage them. They kept up their spirits, however, until at last their fortunes became desperate. Famine and want laid iron fingers upon them. They had no acquaintance; and to beg they were ashamed. Both

were taken ill; then the charity that had been so slack came to their destitute abode, but came too late. Delaree died, the victim of poverty. The woman recovered, after a while; but for many months was quite an invalid, and was sent to the almshouse, where she had ever since remained.

This was the story of the aged creature before me; aged with the weight of seventy winters. I walked up to her. By her feet stood a large rude basket, in which I beheld leaves and buds. The two graves which I had seen her passing between so often were covered with flowers — the earliest but sweetest flowers of the season. They were fresh, and wet, and very fragrant — those delicate soul-offerings. And this, then, was her employment. Strange! Flowers, frail and passing, grasped by the hand of age, and scattered upon a tomb! White hairs, and pale blossoms, and stone tablets of Death!

"Good morning, mistress," said I, quietly.

The withered female turned her eyes to mine, and acknowledged my greeting in the same spirit wherewith it was given.

"May I ask whose graves they are that you remember so kindly?"

She looked up again; probably catching, from my manner, that I spoke in no spirit of rude inquisitiveness; and answered,

"My husband's."

A manifestation of a fanciful taste, thought I, this tomb-ornamenting, which she probably brought with her from abroad. Of course, but one of the graves could be her husband's; and one, likely, was that of a child, who had died and been laid away by its father.

"Whose else?" I asked.

"My husband's," replied the aged widow.

Poor creature! her faculties were becoming dim. No doubt her sorrows and her length of life had worn both mind and body nearly to the parting.

"Yes, I know," continued I, mildly; "but there are two graves. One is your husband's, and the other is ——"

I paused for her to fill the blank.

She looked at me a minute, as if in wonder at my perverseness; and then answered as before,

"My husband's. None but my Gilbert's."

"And is Gilbert buried in both?" said I.

She appeared as if going to answer, but stopped again, and did not. Though my curiosity was now somewhat excited, I forbore to question her further, feeling that it might be to her a painful subject. I was wrong, however. She had been rather

agitated at my intrusion, and her powers flickered for a moment. They were soon steady again; and, perhaps gratified with my interest in her affairs, she gave me in a few brief sentences the solution of the mystery. When her husband's death occurred, she was herself confined to a sick bed, which she did not leave for a long while after he was buried. Still longer days passed before she had permission, or even strength, to go into the open air. When she did, her first efforts were essayed to reach Gilbert's grave. What a pang sunk to her heart when she found it could not be pointed out to her! With the careless indifference which is shown to the corpses of outcasts, poor Delaree had been thrown into a hastily dug hole, without any one noting it, or remembering which it was. Subsequently, several other paupers were buried in the same spot; and the sexton could only show two graves to the disconsolate woman, and tell her that her husband's was positively one of the twain. During the latter stages of her recovery, she had looked forward to the consolation of coming to his tomb as to a shrine, and wiping her tears there; and it was bitter that such could not be. The miserable widow even attempted to obtain the consent of the proper functionaries that the graves might be opened, and her anxieties put at rest! When told that this could not be done, she determined in her soul that at least the remnant of her hopes and intentions should not be given up. Every Sunday morning, in the mild seasons, she went forth early, and gathered fresh flowers, and dressed *both* the graves. So she knew that the right one was cared for, even if another shared that care. And lest she should possibly bestow the most of this testimony of love on him whom she knew not, but whose spirit might be looking down invisible in the air, and smiling upon her, she was ever careful to have each tomb adorned in an exactly similar manner. In a strange land, and among a strange race, she said, it was like communion with her own people to visit that burial-mound.

"If I could only know which to bend over when my heart feels heavy," thus finished the sorrowing being as she rose to depart, "then it would be a happiness. But perhaps I am blind to my dearest mercies. God in his great wisdom may have sent that I should not know which grave was his, lest grief over it should become too common a luxury for me, and melt me away."

I offered to accompany her, and support her feeble steps; but she preferred that it should not be so. With languid feet she moved on. I watched her pass through the gate and under the arch; I saw her turn, and in a little while she was hidden from my view. Then I carefully parted the flowers upon one of the

graves, and sat down there, and leaned my face in my open hands and thought.

What a wondrous thing is woman's love! Oh Thou whose most mighty attribute is the Incarnation of Love, I bless Thee that Thou didst make this fair disposition in the human heart, and didst root it there so deeply that it is stronger than all else, and can never be torn out! Here is this aged wayfarer, a woman of trials and griefs, decrepit, sore, and steeped in poverty; the most forlorn of her kind; and yet, through all the storm of misfortune, and the dark cloud of years settling upon her, the Memory of her Love hovers like a beautiful spirit amid the gloom; and never deserts her, but abides with her while life abides. Yes; *this* creature loved: this wrinkled, skinny, gray-haired crone had her heart to swell with passion, and her pulses to throb, and her eyes to sparkle. Now, nothing remains but a Lovely Remembrance, coming as of old, and stepping in its accustomed path, not to perform its former object, or former duty — but from long habit. *Nothing* but that! — Ah! is not that a great deal?

And the buried man — he was happy to have passed away as he did. The woman — she was the one to be pitied. Without doubt she wished many times that she were laid beside him. And not only she, thought I, as I cast my eyes on the solemn memorials around me; but at the same time there were thousands else on earth, who panted for the Long Repose, as a tired child for the night. The grave — the grave — what foolish man calls it a dreadful place? It is a kind friend, whose arms shall compass us round about, and while we lay our heads upon his bosom, no care, temptation, nor corroding passion shall have power to disturb us. Then the weary spirit shall no more be weary; the aching head and aching heart will be strangers to pain; and the soul that has fretted and sorrowed away its little life on earth will sorrow not any more. When the mind has been roaming abroad in the crowd, and returns sick and tired of hollow hearts, and of human deceit — let us think of the grave and of death, and they will seem like soft and pleasant music. Such thoughts then soothe and calm our pulses; they open a peaceful prospect before us. I do not dread the grave. There is many a time when I could lay down, and pass my immortal part through the valley of the shadow, as composedly as I quaff water after a tiresome walk. For what is there of terror in taking our rest? What is there here below to draw us with such fondness? Life is the running of a race — a most weary race, sometimes. Shall we fear the goal, merely because it is shrouded in a cloud?

I rose, and carefully replaced the parted flowers, and bent my steps homeward.

If there be any sufficiently interested in the fate of the aged woman, that they wish to know further about her, for those I will add, that ere long her affection was transferred to a Region where it might receive the reward of its constancy and purity. Her last desire — and it was complied with — was that she should be placed midway between the two graves.

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## THE MARTYR OF THE ARENA.

BY EPES SARGENT.

HONORED be the hero evermore,
  Who at mercy's call has nobly died!
Echoed be his name from shore to shore,
  With immortal chronicles allied!

Verdant be the turf upon his dust,
  Bright the sky above, and soft the air!
In the grove set up his marble bust,
  And with garlands crown it, fresh and fair.

In melodious numbers, that shall live
  With the music of the rolling spheres,
Let the minstrel's inspiration give
  His eulogium to the future years!

Not the victor in his country's cause,
  Not the chief who leaves a people free,
Not the framer of a nation's laws,
  Shall deserve a greater fame than he!

Hast thou heard, in Rome's declining day,
  How a youth, by Christian zeal impelled,
Swept the sanguinary games away,
  Which the Coliseum once beheld?*

Filled with gazing thousands were the tiers,
  With the city's chivalry and pride,
When two gladiators, with their spears,
  Forward sprang from the arena's side.

Rang the dome with plaudits loud and long,
  As, with shields advanced, the athletes stood:
Was there no one in that eager throng
  To denounce the spectacle of blood?

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* See Gibbon's Decline and Fall, ii. 223, Harpers' Ed.

Aye! Telemachus, with swelling frame,
  Saw th'inhuman sport renewed once more:
Few among the crowd could tell his name,—
  For a Cross was all the badge he wore!

Yet, with brow elate and godlike mien,
  Stepped he forth upon the circling sand;
And, while all were wond'ring at the scene,
  Checked th'encounter with a daring hand.

"Romans!" cried he—"Let this reeking sod
  Never more with human blood be stained!
Let no image of the living God
  In unhallowed combat be profaned!

"Ah! too long has this colossal dome
  Failed to sink and hide your brutal shows!
Here I call upon assembled Rome
  Now to swear, they shall for ever close!"

Parted thus, the combatants, with joy,
  'Mid the tumult, found the means to fly;
In th'arena stood th'undaunted boy,
  And, with looks adoring, gazed on high.

Pealed the shout of wrath on ev'ry side;
  Ev'ry hand was eager to assail!
"Slay him! slay!" a hundred voices cried,
  Wild with fury,—but he did not quail!

Hears he, as entranced he looks above,
  Strains celestial, that the menace drown?
Sees he angels, with their eyes of love,
  Beck'ning to him, with a martyr's crown?

Fiercer swelled the people's frantic shout!
  Launched against him flew the stones like rain!
Death and terror circled him about,—
  But he stood and perished—not in vain!

Not in vain the youthful martyr fell!
  Then and there he crushed a bloody creed!
And his high example shall impel
  Future heroes to as great a deed!

Stony answers yet remain for those
  Who would question and precede the time!
In their season, may they meet their foes,
  Like Telemachus, with front sublime!

# SKETCHES OF CHARACTERS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

## No. IV. — THE MEN-AT-ARMS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL, &c.

THE second morning after the defeat of the Routiers, and the death of Matthieu de Montmesnil, broke fair and cloudless; there had been a smart hoar frost on the preceding night, and although the sun was already high in the heavens, the crystal fretwork of the rime still glittered on the fern and briers, bright as a warrior's mail; the air was clear and sharp, and full of that invigorating freshness which is even more agreeable to the senses of a healthful frame than the luxurious stillness of a summer day, and all the forest, in which our scene still lies, was alive with the gay notes of a thousand tiny warblers.

Faint, however, was the impression produced by the bright sunshine, or the bracing gale, or the continued melody with which the woods were vocal, on the spirits of the stout champion Hugues de Coucy, as he rode onward through the woody passes, attended only by the page Ermold, deep sorrow brooding on his bold lineaments and broad fair brow. He was sheathed once again from head to foot in his own splendid panoply, which had been won back from the robbers, perfect and uninjured; he backed, too, as before, the beautiful gray Arab Termagaunt; but the three stout and valiant soldiers, who had so lately followed him in all the pride and power of noble manhood, now lay beneath the frozen earth, cold, voiceless, deaf — even to the soul-stirring trumpets! and for the superb charger, clad like its rider in complete war array, and like him panting for the shock of battle, a slow and sober mule, heavily laden with the demipique and bardings of the slain destrier, plodded along with drooping crest and dogged air, shrewdly exercising the patience of the young fiery page who led him by the rein, with many an execration at the slow gait from which neither blows nor caresses could compel him. No word spoke Hugues, except at times a call to Ermold "in God's name to scourge on that lazy garron, else should night fall and find them in the forest." Thus passed the morning, dully and wearily indeed; but as the sun reached the zenith, the travellers gained the summit of a long sandy hill, whence they might see the woodlands melting, as it were, gradually into cultivated fields; and beyond these a wide tract of fertile champaign, intersected by many broad streams of water, all gleaming gayly to the sunlight; and in the middle ground of the picture the tall Gothic steeples and grotesque tow-

ers, which marked a city of the middle ages, shooting up into the thin clear air, above the crowded roofs of Brussels.

"Soh! Ermold," exclaimed the knight, halting, as he spoke, to allow the boy to draw up abreast of him; "here then at length is Brussels; and look you — to spare time, which of God's truth we do lack sorely — I with all speed shall gallop forward; come on as best thou may, thou'lt find me at the *Lion d'Or* in the *place d'armes*. I must purvey myself a destrier, and thee a coat of plate, an' if thou art to be hereafter mine esquire: and fain I would, if it be possible, pick up some two or three strong varlets to ride with us, till such time as my brother Hubert bring up my leading, with the broad banner of our house. We must be on our route again forthwith, so we would save the Chatelaine de Verneuil an onslaught from these cursed Routiers."

"Fear me not, good my lord," replied the youth, coloring high with pleasure, "I will make no delay upon the road, and shall be up, I warrant me, at the Golden Lion, ere you be ready to set onward!"

The knight bowed his head in answer, and slackened the rein of his fiery horse, which tarried not for any further signal, but darted away like an arrow shot from the longbow of an English archer, over rough and smooth, up the long steep ascent, and down the headlong hill, at the same long unvarying gallop. Not once, no, not for a moment, did he lag or falter; not once did he suffer the reins to fall loose from his rider's hand, but straining eagerly against the bit, swept forward with a regular and gentle motion, like that of a bird through the air, and within half an hour stood, without a pant of his deep lungs, or a foam-spot on his housings, before the barbican and moated walls of Brussels.

A few minutes were consumed in parleying with the captain of the burgher guard, who was on duty at the gates; but this ended, no further interruption occurred. So that before he had been an hour absent from the page, the knight was installed in the best chamber of the *Lion d'Or*, as a well remembered and much honored guest, with a cold capon, and a flagon of Burgundy wine mulled with spices, at his elbow, the jolly landlord assuring him that he had sent for a *maquignon*, who would speedily furnish him forthwith a charger, such as Duke Philip would himself, God prosper him, be proud to mount in battle; and that by good luck, the Herr Jacob Vanderneer, deacon of the armorer's guild, was taking his nooning down below when his worship dismounted, and that he had departed homeward in some heat to load his journeyman with harness for the good knight's inspection.

For once no mighty discrepance occurred between the promise.

and performance, for scarcely was Sir Hugues' appetite appeased, before the trampling of horses in the court, under the windows, summoned him from his seat, to inspect the dealer's cattle. This worthy — stimulated by the hope of high prices, and pretty well satisfied, by the great reputation of the Count of Tankerville for an accomplished cavalier, that any of the ordinary tricks of the trade would be on this occasion thrown away, — had brought out in the first instance the flower of his stables; resolving merely to atone for this deviation from ordinary rules, by demanding at least twice the value of each particular animal. There were, indeed, several fine-looking beasts among the dozen or fifteen which were paraded to and fro by the grooms, on the pavements; but one especially caught the baron's eye, as fully capable of supplying the place of his lost Andalusian. It was a tall and powerful black horse, with a white blaze on the face, and one white foot behind; and, as the practised judgment of Sir Hugues at once determined, had no small intermixture of Barbary or Arab blood with the best Flemish strain. The price demanded for this charger, although, after he had nearly kicked out the brains of one groom, and had actually pulled a second out of his saddle with his teeth, and shaken him as a terrier dog would a rat, the dealer admitted him to be a vicious devil — which trait, however, he affected to consider as an advantage, rather than the reverse, to one so famed for horsemanship as the Sieur de Coucy — was even for that age stupendous. Without seeming, however, to consider this, Hugues ordered the black horse to be set aside; and proceeded to select a second, by no means inferior in blood or beauty, though somewhat slighter-made and lower than the first, which he judged fit to carry Ermold in his new character of Esquire. While he was yet engaged in examining the chestnut, the landlord touched him on the shoulder and presented three tall fellows, whom he declared to be honest lads, well known to himself, two of whom had seen some service, and were eager to be admitted to the preferment of following a lord so famous. The first of these, him who had never served, the knight at once rejected; and then, after asking a few questions of the others, he desired the taller of the two, who was likewise the older soldier, to jump up on the black horse, bare-backed as he was, and ride him round the yard. The grooms laughed aloud at the coolness with which the baron gave this order, as though it were the easiest thing in the world, and the *maquignon*, who was acquainted with the aspirant; cried out, "Have a care — have a care, Giles! for he's as full of tricks, ay! and as stubborn as the fiend!"

"And if he be the fiend himself I care not, Master Andrew," answered the fellow; "for the foul fiend had to carry Master Michael Scott, as men say, the Scottish magician, across the seas from Salamanca to St. Andrews; and I trow Master Scott could hardly back a destrier with a free lance of Flanders."

And with the words, he strode up to the black charger, and laying his hand on the mane, sprang, almost as it seemed without an effort, to his back. In an instant the fierce brute reared bolt upright, and positively leaped endlong into the air, alighting on the pavement with such violence that sparks of fire flashed from the stones under the dint of his hoofs; and scarce had he alighted before he fell into a succession of plunges, kicking and lounging to and fro like a very devil, but all to no avail; for the trooper sat him as though he had been a portion of the animal, till, having run through all the changes of its vice, it became quiet for a few seconds' space; when he dismounted, and walked back to his place with a well-satisfied smile on his countenance, not in the least out of breath or discomposed by his late exertion.

"Well ridden, Giles," exclaimed the knight; "exceedingly well ridden; now an' thou listest to follow faithfully my banner, thou mayest do well in these wars."

"So please you, Beau Sire," answered the man, "I'll do my best for it; and little doubt to win your favor, if honest bearing and stout blows will win it!"

"That they will, that they will, good fellow," answered Sir Hugues; "never thou fear it! and thou, sir, wilt thou brook the trial, and mount black Sathanas there?" he continued, turning to the younger man.

"I will, Sir Hugues, I will," he answered, humbly; "for I am not afraid; though, to say truth, a man may ride well, and yet not be a match for yon black devil. But I will risk a fall for it. No man shall say Francon van Voorhis sought service with the count of Tankerville, and when he might have gained, lost it for lack of heart."

As he finished speaking, he too crossed the yard, and succeeded in mounting the formidable horse, which immediately resorted to its old tricks — displaying no small degree of activity and skill in controlling the first plunges. As if, however, he had been but irritated by his rider's efforts to subdue him, snorting and foaming till his black glossy limbs were spotted as if with snow-flakes, the mighty horse dashed to and fro, scattering the grooms like sheep, and at length freeing his head by a violent effort, and yerking out his heels a dozen times in succession, hurled the youth Francon from his back, like a quoit from the

arm of a strong player. Luckily for the man, he fell upon a heap of horse-litter which had been swept out from the inn stables, else had he never moved limb any more! — as it was, he was sorely bruised; yet as he rose, lame and limping, and shook the straws from his doublet, he laughed cheerfully, and said: "Better luck next time, Sieur Horse — thou mayest unseat me, but the fiend's in't if thou canst scare me!" And he made as if he would have tried his fortune again; for he offered to catch the horse, which was careering furiously about the court, no one daring to approach it, but as he did so — "That will do, that will do, my lad," cried the knight — "for one day, at the least. Thou hast done well, and wilt do better yet, I warrant me, ere thou hast followed the Coucy's banner a twelvemonth. Get thee in with thy fellow Giles: and, mine host, give them each a quart of Rhenish, and that presently. We must to horse ere long, — but now to conquer this swart demon, which must be done at once, if we would have him useful." And instantly, as the horse darted past him, he snatched the halter with his right hand, and brought him up with a jerk that threw him, for a moment, on his haunches; then, all armed as he was, in the heaviest panoply of the day, he vaulted to his bare back at a single bound, and plunged the rowels of his gilded spurs up to the head in his flanks. For a few moments the struggle was tremendous; at first it seemed as if no human power or skill could have controlled the frantic efforts of the furious stallion; but as the knight sat firm, baffling each successive plunge, and answering every kick with a corresponding motion of his armed heels, it soon became evident that he must be the master of the day; for, after a while, every plunge was weaker than that which preceded it, and anon, quite baffled and subdued, panting and blown, the proud war-horse stood still. Then the knight wheeled him round, and walked him to and fro, and patted his high crest, drawing off the mailed gauntlet from his hand; and again, pricking him gently with the spur, put him through all his paces, and passaged him around the court, winding him to and fro with the least touch of the rein as gently as a lady's jennet. Then he dismounted; and standing by his head caressed him quietly for a few moments, and then walked away toward the stables of the inn, the conquered destrier following as peaceably behind him, as though he had been the tamest cart-jade in the city. While this strange scene had been in progress, Ermold de Clermont arrived at the inn-gates, mounted as we have described him, on the bay Arab, and leading the mule loaded with the bard and housings of the baron's horse; and stood in silence looking on the good knight's

prowess till the black stallion was completely vanquished. Then he stepped up to Hugues, and took the bridle of his destrier, and transmitted to the grooms of the hostlery his lord's commands to clean and rub down his new purchase thoroughly, and arm him with the full horse armor and housings, as speedily as might be.

The countenances of the two troopers, who had not yet gone in, having waited to see how their new lord rode, evinced how vastly he had risen in their estimation; and the elder of the two kneeled down before him as he returned from the stables, and said — "Hear me swear, Beau Sire, never to swerve or falter, never to turn back from the deadliest brunt of battle, never to draw the rein or sheath the sword, so long as you are in the field before me; for here I vow myself your man, through weal and wo for ever, in life and unto death! For if I leave thy side, while thou art in the field and fighting, or if I die not on thy body when thou liest under shield full knightly, then may my patron-saint desert me in mine utmost need; may good Saint Peter lock heaven's gate against me; and hell receive my soul! For sure thou art the noblest knight, the stoutest leader, the completest champion, that couches spear in Christenty!"

The other, as he perceived his fellow's action, and heard the vow which he uttered, threw himself on his knees beside him, and stretching out his arms, cried with a loud voice, "Me! me! — me too! good Knight; hear me, for I swear likewise" — and all the while the big tears rolled down his sunburnt cheek, and he sobbed audibly, so deeply did he feel the responsibility of the service which he was undertaking; till, as Giles finished his speech, he uttered a loud "amen! on my soul be the oath — amen!"

A bright gleaming smile played over the animated features of the knight, as he listened to the fervent exclamations, and looked upon the agitated countenances of his followers; for he was in truth well satisfied; knowing that in minds of low and grovelling order there are no springs of such enthusiasm, and arguing thence that these his newly chosen men-at-arms were moulded of the right metal for making chivalrous and gallant soldiers.

"Well spoken, both of ye," he answered; "well spoken, and I thank ye for't; and if ye be true followers to the Coucy, trust well that he to you will be true lord and loyal; and for the rest, of God's truth, I have seen some service, and, so the good saints prosper me, shall see more ere I die; and if ye list to lay lance in the rest among the foremost, ye shall not long lack opportunity, nor, it may be, advancement. Go in now, go in

and refresh ye; and that done, we will fit ye with good plate-coats, and tough lances, and we will ride forth this same night upon adventure. But hold! hold! I would see your judgment in this same article of horse-flesh — choose, each of ye, a charger out of the lot before ye, and if your choosing like me, why I will stand the upshot."

With many thanks, the soldiers turned to the grateful task, proceeding to the business with so much alacrity and readiness, as proved them, in their own estimation, at the least, masters of the art. It was not, however, till after much chaffering with the *maquignon*, and much consultation with each other, and much more examination than the knight had judged necessary before choosing his own destrier, that they pitched upon two powerful and well-bred horses, which meeting Sir Hugues' approbation, were set apart with those which he had already selected.

This matter of the horses having been thus satisfactorily arranged, it remained only to equip them and their riders with their necessary arms and housings; and scarcely had the hostlers led away the chargers to get them fitted at the saddler's with their steel-plated demipiques, and chainwork bridles, before the deacon of the armorers reappeared, accompanied by four or five stout serving-men, dividing among them the different pieces of two complete suits of armor, suited as nearly as might be guessed to the page Ermold; on trial, however, one of the two proved quite too large; while the other, which fitted perfectly, was pronounced by the knight to be of too splendid a fashion for his esquire, being all engrailed with damasking of silver.

"Ermold shall go with you," he said, "good master armorer, and I will trust to you to fit him forth becomingly; let the harness be of plate, — bright steel, but without ornament; if it be of Alnayn rivet, or from a Milan forge, so much the better. A close casque of the old fashion, with a fixed avantaille, — and see there be gusset of good mail, hooked firmly to the corslet-rim and upper edge of the brassards, to guard the oxter from arrow-shot or thrust of some sharp weapon when the right arm is raised. Dost mark me, ha? And ye, good fellows, go with him likewise; fit them, I pray you, both with your best harness of burnished Flanders iron, complete — dost understand? — complete from head to foot, steelboot and taslet, brassard, vant-brace, and corslet; and see here! none of your open morions, or baçinets, but good stout cerveilleres, with beaver and mailhood. That done, I will entreat you to commend them to a leatherworker's, where they may get them each a cassock of dressed hide to wear above their mail; white, mark you, Ermold, and laid down on the seams with lace.

And see ye that the suits be of one pattern, that ye look orderly and neat; not loose, irregular companions. Furnish them likewise, thou, Herr Jacob, with double-handed swords, and dudgeon daggers of a hand's breadth, and a good battle-axe apiece of ten pounds weight or better. Now hurry, my men, hurry! for by the Lord that lives, the day is waning. Now, Vandenkopf," he added, turning to the landlord, "go in and speak with me, for I must needs draw a bill on Master Morillon of Bruges, or if it like your money-changers better, on the intendant of my estates of Tankerville, to pay for these same steeds and harness!"

This would have been at that day, in any other state of Europe, a task of no small difficulty; but even at an earlier date than that of which we write, the intelligent and industrious Flemings had been in the habit of using something analogous to bills of exchange; the invention of which is variously attributed to the Jews, the merchants of the Low Country, and the traders of the Italian republics; and to one so famous as Hugues de Coucy, there would have been no difficulty in raising even a larger sum than he required among the opulent goldsmiths and jewellers, who were in those days the bankers of Brussels.

The sun was still high above the western horizon, although it was long past noon, — so rapidly had de Coucy's men, eager to gain the good opinion of a lord at the same time so liberal, and, if report spoke true, so strict in the maintenance of discipline, got through the tasks allotted to them—when the baron's party issued forth by a different gate from that which had admitted him, into the great plain beyond the city walls. They were not perhaps in all respects so complete a train as that which had accompanied the baron, previous to his encounter with the Red Bastard and his confederates; but they afforded, notwithstanding, a noble spectacle; for the horses were picked beasts, and the new men-at-arms tall well-made fellows, and good riders, bearing themselves erect and proudly in their saddles, beautifully equipped, and managing their own chargers with ease and skill, while each led a spare horse, the two Arabs before mentioned, lightly equipped, and loaded with spare armor and a few staves for lances The young Esquire — for to that honorable station, by dint of gallantry, bold zeal, and approved fidelity, Ermold de Clermont was now fairly inducted — wore his beaver up, as he caracoled gayly behind his liege lord, his whole face radiant, and his eyes lightning with enthusiastic pleasure; so that no one could doubt for a moment that his young high spirit would effect far more than could be expected from his slender frame and juvenile appearance.

They had not ridden far before the knight made a sign to him; and when he rode up to him, desired him to relieve the man-at-arms, called Giles, of the horse he was leading, and send him forward, as he would speak with him for a few moments. The exchange was effected in a minute, and with a deep obeisance the trooper trotted sharply up to his lord's side.

"So, Giles," the knight began, "Master Vandenkopf tells me thou art a thorough guide for all this Netherlandish country — is't so, good fellow?"

"Nearly so, Beau Sire," the man answered; "all on this French frontier I do know foot by foot; and on the northern side there are, I do believe, few better guides than I, up to the Elbe at least, and on the Rhine as far as to Cologne, so please you."

"Well, it does please me wondrous well!—Now, sir, where lies the chateau de Verneuil — how strong is't, and how manned?— nigh to what town or hamlet, and what chance of mustering men about it?"

"It lies some ten leagues hence north-westerly, in the very thicket of the forest, not very far from Tirlemont and Hannut; at least those are the nearest places to it. There be a few small tenures round about it, and a little, oh, a very little village at the hill-foot. Then as for its strength—it is but one square keep, with a few out-buildings in a court-yard, surrounded by a low wall with some half dozen turrets at the angles. The present Seigneur has indeed dug a new moat, and filled it from a neighboring rivulet, and built a low barbican over against the gate—but the Lord love you! it has no strength at all. Why twenty men might carry it, and as for help, there is no help to be got nigher than Hannut, and that must be four leagues. I have heard too that the Sieur de Floris, he is the Chatelain, you know, sir,—has ridden thence some months ago to join the English queen at Mirepoix, where she is waiting, as they say, her bad son John's arrival—I do believe there are but scant ten spears in the chateau, and no better captain than the young lady!—"

"And they will be attacked at day-break to-morrow by forty Routiers at the least, under that ruffian Talebard—"

"Ha! Talebardin," said the man—"and the Red Bastard, I will warrant it, and like enough the gray priest too!—well, Beau Seigneur, however you may know it, of this be sure, if they do attack the chateau, then they will carry it, most surely."

"No! no! good fellow; the Red Bastard will couch lance no more, nor the gray brother either, nor shall they carry the chateau so readily!—"

The trooper looked bewildered for a few seconds, as if he were at a loss to comprehend de Coucy's meaning; and then taking courage, asked, "How, my lord?—how shall they no more couch lance when it is their trade alway?—"

"Because my spear-point went in at his gorget-joint and came out through his back-piece yestermorn—the Red Bastard's, I would say!—and as for the gray brother, my good companion and true friend—a saint in heaven now—Matthieu de Montmesnil slew him in the same hour, beside the headless cross."

"Pardieu!" exclaimed the soldier, "but this shall be glad news for Brussels; they have harassed its merchants sorely these past years—and now, Seigneur—"

"And now," returned Hugues, "thou must guide me, as straight as thou canst ride, to the chateau of Verneuil; I vow to Heaven and good St. Paul, if we get thither ere they reach the castle, they shall not win it scatheless. Is she so young, this lady Chatelaine, is she so young, Giles Ivernois?"

"Scarce eighteen years, Beau Sire, I've heard them tell!—She was but wed last Shrove-tide. The Sieur de Floris brought her home from some place in Provence or Languedoc. Her name, methinks, was de Navailles; Gabrielle de Navailles!"

"Ha! Tête de Dieu! Gabrielle de Navailles!" exclaimed the knight, a deep red flush crossing his brow, and passing instantly away so as to leave him paler than before. "Ha! is it so?—So much the more need then of speed to rescue her," he added, muttering to himself in a low voice. "Well, guide me thither straightway, and with all warrantable haste to boot; I would be there by midnight."

"And it is now four after noon, I trow," replied the trooper, gazing toward the sun, the lower limb of which was already sinking into the topmost boughs of the tall forest-trees. "We must ride hard then, Beau Sire; but we'll be there ere midnight, my head on't. I fain would counter blows with Talebard; I knew him long since when he was an honest man and a brave soldier, as now he is a foul thief and accursed murderer. I fain would counter blows with him. He is a stout lance, and a valorous—a right good man-at-arms. Yet it should go hard with me but I would match him. There were great *los* to be won and glory, and no small guerdon either; why, his head now is worth forty pounds of silver well weighed out; and under such a leader as Monseigneur, I fear not we could win it. Well! we will reach Verneuil ere midnight, or I'll die for't."

## THE PENNY-POSTMAN — NO. III.

TO ANDREW JACKSON.

(*With a fine engraving on steel.*)

My dear old General: — God bless your brave and honest old heart, but it is refreshing to sit down for a half-hour's chat with you again, though it be but by letter and across many a hundred-mile! There are bonds of sympathy which link our hearts to you, which no distance of space can sunder or weaken — wherever we may be scattered over the ever-spreading expanse of this our glorious Union of free republics. Nor, independent as it is of space, will time have any greater power to destroy that sentiment, at least in the breasts of the generation that has known you. And with the records of the noble deeds, in your country's service, of your civil as of your military life, and with the deep and lasting traces left by them upon her history, we will bequeath to posterity the duty of long continuing to cherish the venerated memory of your name — with but little fear that they will soon prove forgetful of the sacred trust.

I rejoice most sincerely, my dear old General, that your life has yet been spared to us to witness another return of the anniversary of your memorable day of New Orleans — for it will be probably just about on that day that this congratulation from one of the humblest but most attached of your old friends, will reach you. Through all the darkness of the year which witnessed the political revolution of the late Presidential election, I trembled lest the infirmities which have been so long gathering upon you, might bid us mourn your loss before that season of gloom should give place again to the brighter hour which I knew full well was soon destined to succeed it. The reports of your failing strength, and more frequent attacks of illness, came threateningly upon us from the Hermitage during that period; and we feared that that earnest and painful excitement of feeling, with which you must have watched its gathering disasters, crowned by their final consummation, might too probably precipitate that event for which at such a time our grief would have been heavy and bitter indeed. What cognizance the departed spirit may retain of the course of events amidst the scenes of its past action and life here, we have no means of conjecture; but at least its parting hours must have been sadly darkened, with disappointment for the past and foreboding for the future, had our alarm been realized; and had your last looks rested on the trophies of the recent political victory,

commemorating the triumph of your ancient foes, and the overthrow of the friends whose beloved and honored chief you had so long been.

But the cloud has passed away, and it has been permitted to your eye as to ours, to be made glad again by the return of the sunlight which for a time it so darkly veiled. All that you labored, all that you endured, all that you dared, in your arduous struggle with the great money power of the country, centralized in the Bank of the United States, and individualized in the person of its President, was *not* in vain — as at one moment it might perhaps have seemed. That confidence in the people, in whose behalf all was labored, and endured, and dared, which was your chief encouragement and support through the whole, was *not* all a fond folly. The curse of another mammoth National Bank was not destined to be again fastened on the country; and the prompt recovery of the popular mind, and its overwhelming reaction from the delusions which marked its brief political insanity of the year 1840, constitute but another evidence of the justice of our reliance upon the ultimate rectitude of its calm and sober judgment.

You have now lived, my dear old General, to behold that which was the great question of your political career, settled beyond any remaining shadow of doubt or danger. Your success is as lasting in its ultimate, as it was complete in its immediate, effect; and a National Bank can now never again be rechartered under the present Constitution of this Union. If the Whigs succeeded in the fall of '40, it was only by means which involved the elements of their own necessary and swift destruction as a Party; and which afford the most decisive evidence of the final settlement, and the right settlement, of this long vexed question. The anti-Bank professions of their Presidential ticket alone secured its success. Consistency with those professions has imposed on Mr. Tyler a moral necessity to pursue the course which we witnessed from him with so much satisfaction at the Extra Session, on this question. And the subsequent result of all the popular elections has now been such as to silence perforce all further cavil or controversy as to the deliberate and determined will of the people in relation to a National Bank.

For this, brave and good old man, we are all indebted to you, more than to any other single individual, living or dead. You have done your work—you have fulfilled your mission—enough for one man to have done and fulfilled. You may now lay down your gray hairs, to that repose of which I know that you have no dread, tranquil and triumphant. The couch of that last repose will be surrounded with the blessings and bedewed with the tears

of a nation. The animosities which grew out of the vast pecuniary interests mingling themselves with the stormy political passions of the times, and which centred upon you with a violence and bitterness unknown since the epoch when Jefferson was the object of the same—are now fast subsiding. Many of your most vehement opponents of a few years back, are now compelled to recognise the sagacity, not less than the bold patriotism, of the ground so early taken by you, and so firmly maintained, against the recharter of the late Bank of the United States. You saw from the beginning, what time has too amply developed and proved, the inner moral rottenness, to which the outward fair seeming of that fatal institution was but the whiting of the sepulchre. Independently of the question of its constitutionality, you appreciated rightly the tremendous political as well as pecuniary power it was able to wield—its corrupting tendency, both upon those on whom its influence was brought to bear, and upon those wielding the control of its own administration—the decided proclivity, already indicated by many significant symptoms, toward that abyss of bankruptcy and disgrace in which it is now sunk—and the danger to the liberties, as well as to the true prosperity of the country, of allowing it again to strike deeper its Upas roots into our soil, by a national recharter. You saw and understood it thus, and nobly performed the great duty which such a crisis brought on you; and many a former opponent who then deemed you fool or madman or worse, has now been taught by time and truth to look from the same point of view, to see and understand it in the same light, and to change into thanks and praise the execrations with which he was once wont to load your name. And the number of those is fast increasing; the friends of a National Bank, of any kind, rapidly dwindling; and the day is not distant which shall witness this question as no longer a subject of party division,—and when that which is now but the voice of a majority, though a large and overwhelming majority, will become an unanimity of admiration and applause to you, as the Hercules who freed his country from a worse than Lernæan or Nemean monster.

I am very far from being an undiscriminating eulogist of your whole administration. It was not free from faults, of a grave character, which, like everything proceeding from your strong and heavy hand, have left no slight traces behind them on the direction and character of our politics. Your not infrequent bad appointments to office, into which you were misled by your personal attachments, and by the generous impulses of your own noble and trusting heart, have done a great deal of mischief, immediately or remotely. And, far worse, the extent to which you al-

lowed similar motives to impel you, in the pernicious practice of "political proscription," was a deep and serious evil. This charge has been no doubt greatly exaggerated; and no small palliation for it may be drawn from the extent to which the same practice was pursued by our opponents, wherever a local ascendency gave them the power. The fact remains, however, undeniable, that you did carry it to a greater length than had ever before been attempted by any administration,—and that it was calculated deeply to vitiate the purity of our politics, by increasing the already too powerful action of Executive influence; by affording a plea of retaliation to the opposite party; and by encouraging the introduction into the political struggle, on both sides, of interested motives of action, degrading in their nature at the same time that they embittered and inflamed.

I say nothing of another leading feature of your administration, which, though perhaps a subject of some regret, I do not presume to make one of censure. I allude to the high and strong working of the machinery of the Executive office in your hands. This was forced on you by circumstances which you could not otherwise meet and conquer. Your position, throughout all that period when you were denounced yourself as a violent assailant upon other departments of the government, and as an ambitious usurper of their rights and powers, was eminently conservative and defensive. For the maintenance of the high ground you had assumed, as the determined opponent of the recharter of the Bank, you were compelled by the pressure of attack upon you, by that powerful institution as well as by a great political party, to put forth to their utmost scope all the energies of the Executive arm. You did so, undoubtedly, with a free and bold hand; though the most violent clamor of opposition in vain attempted to fasten on you a charge of overstepping but a hair's-breadth the limits of constitution or law, in any one of your strongest acts of the character here referred to. It was a great crisis, and it brought with it great necessities and great duties. It cannot be denied that it is entirely hostile to the genius of American institutions that an Executive Chief Magistrate should assume an attitude antagonistical to the legislative departments of the government — turning round, within a short time after their refusal to pursue a certain course recommended by him to them, and doing the act in question by virtue of his own independent authority. I refer particularly to the celebrated order for the Removal of the Deposites. Yet peculiar circumstances may justify it,—and indeed in the actual case in question that very act was the noblest and best of your life. You acted on profound convictions and under a heavy respon-

sibility. You knew the Congress to be unfaithful to their duty, to that great constituency toward which you occupied, equally with them, the representative relation. You knew that no small number of the members of that body occupied even a position of pecuniary dependance on the favor of the Bank, fatal to that freedom necessary to give a full moral weight to their acts or opinions. And, foreseeing the course the Bank was preparing to pursue, to inflict on the country a pressure of distress proportionate to its gigantic means of mischief—in so far curtailing the latter by transferring the public deposites to other banks, that they might be made the instrument to mitigate rather than to aggravate that distress, you acted perfectly right. Yet such acts are certainly of doubtful safety and dangerous precedent. They are only to be hazarded on great occasions, for great motives, and by great men. You were indeed fully justified in it, both by the approval of your country, and by the evidence which time has since developed of the wisdom of that general policy which this act was an indispensable means of carrying into effect. Yet still I cannot but regret the necessity for straining so far as you did, throughout the course of your administration, the power and influence of your department of the government. For if the proper balance between it and the rest was not seriously deranged, it was certainly somewhat shaken. And though, under the mild and moderate administration of your successor, it may be said to have recovered its just poise, yet, sincere as are my attachment and gratitude to you, I have no desire ever again to witness a period, in the working of our complex system of government, in which the Executive office, wielded by another hand, shall absorb a degree of political power and influence so disproportionate to that of the other branches, and to the intention of the original framers of the system.

In connexion with this point, however, there is one important idea which ought not to be lost sight of; namely, that although, relatively to the other departments of the government, you may have been compelled thus to ply the energies of your own to a point verging on a dangerous extreme, yet the general direction of the policy you thus labored to carry out tended really to diminish and weaken the action of the whole federal government—the Executive, of course, inclusive. That policy was a self-denying one, being in direct antagonism to the consolidating policy of the party by which you were kept under an incessant pressure of attack. You were constantly refusing to allow the federal government to assume powers which your opponents insisted on forcing upon it. Your action was negative — it was theirs which was positive.

The word which expressed your position, and which was used to represent you, was "VETO," *I forbid!* You denied to the federal government the Internal Improvement power, and "*forbade*" it—though the execution of the laws which you thus arrested would have conferred on your office an amount of power, influence, and patronage, growing out of the disbursement of such vast sums of money over the whole extent of the Union, greater perhaps than contained in the whole aggregate of its ordinary and legitimate functions. So, too, you denied to the federal government the power of placing itself in alliance with the great money power of the country, as embodied in a national bank, the head, centre, and controlling power, of the whole credit and paper-money system. You denied its constitutional competency, as well as the good policy of rechartering such an institution—though there can be no doubt that such an alliance would give to any administration a hold upon power which the strongest opposition that could be brought against it might perhaps vainly essay to shake.

It is true that in the substitute you adopted, as the only alternative then practicable, you committed a mistake which proved a very fatal one in more respects than one. Bad as was the fiscal system of a great bank chartered by and dependant on the federal government, the State Bank Deposite system, of which you made an experiment as a choice of evils, was not much better. Yet so far as regards the question of federal power, this course was a denegation of power; and I know well that you had no anticipation of that weight of *influence*, centering in the Treasury Department, which was found to grow out of the control of the vast surplus revenue then accumulating, distributed on deposite among a large number of State banks, and which in bad hands might have proved a very mischievous and dangerous power. And we all know that at best you never looked upon that system with any very cordial liking. Its adoption was avowedly experimental, as an alternative which seemed at the time a necessity, as the temporary expedient of an emergency, as a refuge from a greater evil. You adopted it not as a "system," but on the ground expressly stated in the celebrated Cabinet paper of Sept. 18th, 1833, that the question of the recharter of the Bank had now been set at rest by your reëlection and the popular confirmation of your Veto—that there appeared no reason to anticipate the establishment of any substitute by Congress—and that, "being bound to regulate his course by the laws as they exist, and not to anticipate the interference of the legislative power, for the purpose of framing new systems, it was proper for the President seasonably to consider the means by which the services rendered

by the Bank of the United States should be performed after its charter should expire." The approach of that event made the early selection of other depositories necessary, in order to allow the change to take place gradually and gently; and the State banks were there, ready at hand, and affording the only other convenient or possible receptacles for the public funds admitted of by the existing state of the law. But they were far from being your willing choice. You had already, as early as the year 1830, distinctly shadowed out the idea of a very different system, to which, at the time of the removal of the deposites, you again made an allusion; which contained in fact so near an approach to your successor's subsequent inspiration of the Independent Treasury, as to afford another evidence of your strong native sagacity, truly remarkable when we compare the immaturity of public opinion of that early day, in relation to this whole subject, with the more enlightened understanding of it, which has grown out of the experience as well as the discussions of the last few years.

I allude, my dear General, to that celebrated suggestion contained in your annual message of 1830, which has been so perseveringly misrepresented by your opponents, that a great many persons, who neglect to recur to the language of the document itself, have really been made to believe that you were then in favor of a national bank. The truth is, that though you unfortunately used the word "*bank*" in the suggestion you then threw out for the consideration of Congress and the country, the plan of which you sketched the general outline contained little, if anything, to which such a name could be at all applicable. *That plan was little else than the Independent Treasury, without the Specie Clause*—for which latter feature public opinion was not yet ripe. Permit me to do you justice on this point by quoting your own words:

"It is thought practicable to organize such a bank with necessary officers, as a branch of the Treasury Department, based on the public and individual deposites, without power to make loans or purchase property, which shall remit the funds of the government, and the expense of which may be paid, if thought advisable, by allowing its officers to sell bills of exchange to private individuals at a moderate premium. Not being a corporate body, having no stockholders, debtors, or property, and but few officers, it would not be obnoxious to the constitutional objections which are urged against the present bank; and having no means to operate on the hopes, fears, or interests of large masses of the community, it would be shorn of the influence which makes that bank formidable. The states would be strengthened by having in their hands the means of furnishing the local paper currency through their own banks; while the Bank of the

United States, though issuing no paper, would check the issues of the state banks, by taking their notes in deposite, and for exchange, only so long as they continue to be redeemed with specie."

The plan here distinctly though briefly stated has no other attribute of a "bank" than the faculty of receiving individual deposites — an unnecessary and unimportant concession to the prevalent ideas of the propriety of seeking to furnish commercial conveniences to individuals, in the transaction of the fiscal business of the government. It proposes nothing more than to add to the Treasury Department the machinery necessary to enable it to transact that business as an "Independent Treasury." No paper was to be issued — no loans made — no property of any kind bought — no 'dealing in exchange' even allowed, beyond the simple *sale* of bills on the points of accumulation of the revenue, at a moderate premium, for the purpose of actually transmitting the government funds, according to convenience, to any point at which they might be needed. This feature would no more constitute a bank, than every individual merchant who sells a bill on distant funds becomes by that act a banker. And although no general bank suspension had yet suggested the necessity of the "specie clause," yet the concluding words evidently contemplate a pretty stern check upon the tendency of the State banks to excess — since it cannot be supposed that the specie-paying paper thus received could be meant to be kept long on hand in deposite; and under vigilant administration, prompt presentation and short settlements would have made the influence of such a fiscal system on the currency not very different from what would have been the full operation of the Independent Treasury.

However, enough of politics, past or present! — though there are not a few topics, my dear old friend, on which I would like to extend a little further the last letter I shall ever probably write to you. We have all read with peculiar delight the letters in which you have yourself lately appeared in the papers. The stamp of your own generous, true, and noble nature shines beautifully on their every line. The letter in reply to a New York committee, in which you pay so magnanimous a tribute to your successor in the Presidential Chair, at what common men would deem your own expense — admitting the more arduous nature of the difficulties through which his administration had had to struggle, than those which had encompassed your own — how like yourself! And again your letter to Mr. Butler, your late Attorney-General, vindicating him from the imputation which had been cast upon him, as a cabinet officer, of an unworthy subservience to your dictation—and volunteering so generously the statement that

the reverse had been in a remarkable degree the truth; and that not only had that gentleman very frequently, as a member of your administration, opposed your own views and resisted your own impulses, but that on many occasions you had with great advantage to the public service surrendered your own impressions to his arguments and counsels. Good and great old man — how little they have known you, who have been wont to pour out on the venerable honors of your gray hairs all the vials of their venom and wrath in every term of hate and rage! I have often wished, during some of the stormiest periods of your Presidency, that some of those whom I have thus heard denouncing and outraging your name, could but behold some of the placid and beautiful scenes of your domestic life at that very time — could see you, at the close of the day, listening to the reading of the Bible, from the lips of that fair young creature, seated at your knee, whose voice now sounds to the ear of memory alone,— or rising, uncomplainingly, in the middle of the night, to quiet the fretfulness of an infant grandchild, by dragging it in its wicker carriage, for an hour or two at a time, to and fro the long and spacious corridors of the Presidential mansion,— or, when unwell, receiving a sudden visit of important business in bed, and being surprised with an open prayer-book lying on the coverlet, and close by your side on a small table, and propped against your favorite Bible, the portrait of your wife. How many a scene and an occasion of this kind are familiar to the recollection of your friends — exhibiting the most touching pictures of a domestic life which a sweet kindliness and goodness of heart made beautiful in all its relations — a glimpse of which would have put to shame and silence the abusive calumnies which were not less rife respecting your private than your public life! Farewell, good and dear old friend! You never heeded those calumnies then — you as little heed the remembrance of them now. But lay this assurance pleasantly to your heart,— that whatever may have been their party animosities, there are but few Americans living who, when the hour shall come which shall bid us mourn the going out of a great light from the midst of us, will not recognise and confess that after all, and through all, at the bottom of their hearts they loved you, respected you, and admired you, as a great soul, a true heart, a well-meaning patriot, and a genuine man every inch of you.

Very affectionately,

Your humble friend,

THE PENNY-POSTMAN.

## THE SHAME OF ENGLAND.*

We are not going to review Mr. Lester's singular hodge-podge of a book. We let it pass 'with all its imperfections on its head.' It has one feature which, to our view, would redeem worse faults. We mean the indignant testimony which the author bears to the "Shame of England," for the huge and hideous national sin of which she is daily and hourly guilty, in her oppression of her poor. Of this we are not accustomed to hear much from our returning travellers; who, as they are whirled over the highly cultivated surface of that most beautiful and most wretched of islands, rarely suffer their eye to rest long on any less pleasing objects than the luxury which forms the flowery capital to the social column; together with the loveliness of natural scenery through which they pass—interspersed with the grand old remains of feudal and ecclesiastical antiquity, which they cannot ride for a day without beholding, in castle or cathedral, ruined abbey or ivy-mantled village church. The American in England, thrown by his introductions almost exclusively into those classes of society whose perfumed atmosphere is never infected by the dark and deathly noisomeness that broods over the wretched homes of her laboring masses, imbibes, insensibly, that same indifference to this awful national truth, in which the member of those favored "upper orders" moves through his comfortable routine of life, from morning to night, and from cradle to grave. Though the American is not entirely blind to the existence of the fact—though he may know it, and see it, and even write it, yet it rarely claims from him more than a careless passing observation; a few set phrases of abstract regret and censure; a dark page or two in a whole volume whose every other leaf glows with descriptions of the elegance and the richness with which his own eyes have been dazzled, and of the comfort, taste, and apparent happiness surrounding those homes in which he has sought all his impressions of English life. Mr. Lester goes into this great and fearful fact with a hearty earnestness, a true democratic sympathy, for which we honor him, and for which we can freely forgive him all the egotisms, the superlatives, the puerilities, and the tricks of book-making, which abound through his two volumes. We wish that more such travellers would go to England, and through England, and come back and tell us of all they have seen—not in the palace, but in the prison and the poor-house—not in the magnificent

* The Glory and the Shame of England. By C. Edwards Lester. 2 vols., 12mo: New York, Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff-st. 1841.

squares of the "West End," but in the infinite labyrinth of squalid lanes and alleys of the "City" — not in the castellated hall, embosomed in its beautiful park, and dominating the fair estates which spread around it over half a county, but in the hungry hut of the laborer whose sweat and tears have moistened their soil into all that teeming fertility—not in the luxurious mansion of the millionaire manufacturer, but in those huge piles in which his hundreds and thousands of half-starved slaves are sighing away their blighted lives, in a degradation and wretchedness to which no parallel is to be sought in any human bondage, the existence of which we may have to lament in any part of our own land. Let more such travellers as Mr. Lester, we repeat, look into these things with an American eye, understand them and feel them with an American heart, and then tell them to us—we care little in what fashion—with a bold and free American tongue, and we shall not long have to deplore that extensive prevalence among us of English ideas, and of the spirit of the English system, which we derive from the literature made our own by a community of language, and which is the heaviest clog upon the free movement and development of our democratic civilization.

But we abstain from commentary of our own, on a subject on which, forcibly as it is suggested by the perusal of these volumes, it is difficult to restrain the strong language prompted by that strong feeling which we have no hesitation in avowing—which we should blush, not to entertain. The very brief space remaining at our disposal in the present Number, we prefer to give to one or two extracts from Mr. Lester's own pages.

The following is given, in confirmation of the author's own statements, on the testimony of a gentleman whom Mr. Lester describes as a witness of high personal authority — a native of Scotland, the present superintendent in one of the largest cotton factories in the State of New York, perfectly familiar with the practical operation of the system on both sides of the Atlantic, and who returned in the spring of 1840 from Great Britain, where he had spent several months in collecting information in regard to the English manufactories, for the benefit of the company which employed him:

"Wherever I went, in the manufacturing districts," said he, "I saw extreme poverty, ignorance, and suffering. I did not find a factory in England where the operatives seemed to be *comfortable*; no one where there was not much that was painful to witness. As a general thing, the overlookers are stern and tyrannical, and the operatives expect few favors: the poor are very degraded in England, or they would not bear such treatment.

"Said an overlooker of a factory in the north of England to me, 'How do you manage to get along with republican operatives? *I* never would superintend a factory where I could not do as I pleased with my hands. Here we can *make them behave*;

they know they are in our power, where they ought to be, and they *walk straight.* I never would go round the mill and *request* a hand to do this or that; I would give him my order, and if that didn't do I would give him something else. I have been in the United States, and I wouldn't stay there. You can't find a man, woman, or child there, that don't feel as good as his employer.'

"This same spirit pervades the whole body of proprietors and overlookers: there are some exceptions to the general rule, but, as a class, they are overbearing and exacting. I have many times seen a child knocked to the floor by a blow on the side of the head, which stunned him. I have often seen little girls and women *kicked* unmercifully in the mills, for the slightest mistakes, that an American superintendent would overlook, or only reprove in a kind way. Beating and kicking are the most common ways of administering reproof; and, of course, you will find a down-cast look and a slavish air about the operatives.

"The children never have a stool or chair to sit on, when they have a short moment of rest from their work. In our factories we let all the hands have a chair to rest in during these intervals. When we think, that in following a pair of spinning-mules in Manchester, a child must walk over 20 miles in a day; and with the improved machinery recently introduced, the distance is increased to 25 or 26 miles; and that the child has frequently to walk several miles to and from the factory, we see the cruelty of not allowing them a seat to rest on when their work is for a moment suspended.

"And I think the morals of the English operatives must be very depraved. I saw multitudes of women with their persons most immodestly exposed, at their work; and heard a good deal of lewd conversation between the different sexes. Many of the children, also, in some of the mills, are nearly naked. Indeed, it is impossible, I think, to preserve much purity among persons accustomed to such habits.

"Some of the English operatives receive nearly as high wages for their work as we pay; but they work harder to get their money, and it will not go more than half as far (nor that, I think) in procuring the necessaries of life. I went into the houses of many of the hands, and, almost without exception, they were filthy, gloomy places. Few of the comforts of life were to be seen there; and the stench was dreadfully offensive. Animal food they seldom eat, potatoes and the coarsest bread being almost their entire food: and but few of them have enough of this.

"The operatives nearly all look unhealthy—pallid, sallow, and worn-out; destitute of spirit, and enfeebled by privation and hard work. The apprenticed children are very often treated with greater cruelty than slaves, and are, perhaps, much worse off." (This, too, is the language of a warm *abolitionist.*)

"The hand-loom weavers are as bad off as they can be: they work nearly all the time they are not asleep, and, being obliged to compete with powerful labor-saving machinery, receive only a few pennies a day for their work. They are a very miserable class of laborers.

"I saw no factories where the work seems to cut down the operatives, and bring them to the grave *so quick* as the worsted mills. The rooms are heated up to 120 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer; they are not ventilated, as the fresh or cool air would injure the fabric in its process of manufacture; and thus the hands are obliged to work in apartments heated like furnaces. I am a pretty strong man, but I never step into these rooms without feeling the perspiration start in one second from every pore. I could stay in none of them more than two or three minutes; and as soon as I came out into the fresh air again, even in the warmest days, a chill went over me. No person can live long in these factories. The children nearly all die of consumption in a short time; and I never cast my eyes upon so pale and emaciated a set of human beings in my life.

"I would lay it down as a general principle, that the English operatives are *sacrificed to the spirit of trade.* I think the English people are as much infatuated with it, and will practise as much cruelty and injustice towards their operatives in securing the interests of *trade*, as do the Southrons in raising cotton. The truth is, that in England, while the rich and the noble have all that the heart can desire, *the poor*

*man there is a slave.* It is an insult to the spirit of freedom and to the common sense of mankind, for England to talk about the *liberty* of her people. *In England, nothing makes a man free but money.*" Vol. I. pp. 206—210.

Mr. Lester devotes to the subject of the Corn-Laws a letter which he addresses, in his second volume, to Mr. John C. Spencer. We would extract the whole of it, if in our power. We must content ourselves with a few quotations from it, and even for that purpose are compelled to postpone our usual monthly account of the new works which have accumulated on our table,—with which we conclude our notice of this book, recommending it, with all its faults, to as extensive a circulation among American readers, as either author or publishers can desire:

"By this bill the English landlord defends himself against all the world, and enjoys a monopoly in the sale of bread-stuffs so long as he has any to sell; and when *famine has bought him out*, he permits grain to be imported all but duty free. It was designed by the framers of this law, that it should not fix so high and permanent a duty as would absolutely exclude foreign grain in times of great scarcity, or famine; for then the people would have risen, as a last resort, and thrown off the government; and the monopolists nicely calculated how hungry the people could be kept from the beginning to the end of the year without rebellion. To secure to him the entire monopoly of grain, the law allows the landholder to charge about double its ordinary price on the Continent and in America; this sliding tariff growing less and less, and tapering to a point of nominality, as famine, with her thousand horrors, approaches.

"This brief sketch will give some idea of that deep-laid scheme to reach the daily wages of the laboring man of England, in driving competition to a distance by excluding foreign grain, except in periods of great scarcity bordering on famine." . . . . .

"*What do the corn laws cost the English people?* It is estimated that the consumption of grain of all kinds in the kingdom is sixty million quarters per annum. Twelve years ago M'Culloch supposed the amount to be only a little less than this; and since then there has been a great increase of population. The consumption of all other kinds of agricultural produce is, without doubt, equal to the total consumption of grain. Supposing the effect of the corn-laws to be to raise the price of grain only 10*s.* a quarter higher than it would be were foreign grain freely imported, it follows that the burden of the bread-tax is equal to the enormous sum of three hundred million dollars a year: a sum exceeding the whole expenditure of the government, including the interest of the national debt.

"But it can be shown to the satisfaction of every reasonable man, that the corn-laws *nearly double the price of grain.* Mr. G. R. Porter, of the Board of Trade, in his valuable work on this subject, states that the average price of wheat in Prussia for the last twenty-two years has been only 31*s.* 2*d.* a quarter, while the price, during the same period, has been 61*s.* in London." . . . . . .

"The testimony of some of the most respectable physicians has confirmed the opinion, that multitudes starve to death in England every year.

"Says the learned and humane Dr. Howard, in a recent work on this subject: 'The public generally have a very inadequate idea of the number of persons who perish annually from deficiency of food; and there are few who would not be painfully surprised if an accurate record of such cases were presented to them. It is true, that in this country instances of death from total abstinence only casually occur; yet every medical man whose duties have led him much among the poor; who is familiar with the extreme destitution which often prevails among them, and the diseases thereby occasioned, is too often a witness of fatal results from gradual and protracted starvation! *Although death directly produced by hunger may be rare, there can be no doubt that a very large proportion of the mortality among the laboring classes is attributable to deficiency of food as a main cause, aided by too long continued toil and*

*exertion, without adequate repose, insufficient clothing, exposure to cold, and other privations to which the poor are subjected.'*

"He states that 'their houses are almost destitute of furniture; comfortless and uncleanly; too often damp, cold, and ill ventilated. Many live in dark cellars, in the midst of filth and putrefaction, by which the atmosphere is rendered foul and unfit for respiration, a due circulation of air being impossible. Their families are ill fed, scantily clothed, and badly lodged, three or four persons being frequently crowded together in the same bed, which is often filthy and deficient of covering. They live much on innutritious and indigestible food, and often use articles of bad quality, or such as are rendered unwholesome by adulteration, or by being too long kept.'

"It is easy to see how all these potent causes of disease become aggravated whenever there is a scarcity of bread or of employment, both of which are either directly caused or terribly augmented by the corn-laws. The scanty furniture and clothing of the poor become at such times still more scanty, all that can possibly be spared being sold or pawned for food; their houses and beds become more crowded from more living together to save rent; their dwellings are worse ventilated, for every cranny by which air could enter is choked up, that they may be warm without the expense of fuel; because of their debilitated condition they drink more gin to raise their depressed spirits, the quantity taken being more injurious; and while deep despair settles upon them, hunger gnaws at their vitals.

"Dr. Howard says, that if the horrible results of the corn-laws upon the health of the poor could be fully known, it would send a chill to every heart in Britain. The catalogue of miseries he enumerates is truly frightful. He states, that while many, under the keen cravings of hunger, make their cry heard in the ears of their fellow-men, many more, in the sullen despair of poverty, hide away in their cellars, where they lie in a listless, lethargic state, until death comes to their relief. But, says he, 'In estimating the mortality among the destitute poor from scarcity of food, we must not forget that the result is still the same, whether the privation is so complete as to destroy life in ten days, or so slight and gradual that the fatal event does not occur till after many months' suffering.' . . . . . .

"But let us look for a moment at the condition of 'the happiest peasantry in the world.' The operatives are not the only nor the worst sufferers from the corn-laws. It can be proved, that in some of the richest counties of England the average earnings of the peasantry are far less per head (man, woman, and child) than the average cost of *merely feeding the inmates (man, woman, and child) of their work-houses!* Look abroad among the thatched hamlets and little villages of England; over its waving fields of grain and verdant plains of pasture; among those scenes, which seem like enchanted grounds to the traveller from the top of the coach: you could find in almost every house a confirmation of the words of the working-men of Sheffield in their address to the English people:

"'IN ENGLAND, THOSE WHO TILL THE EARTH, AND MAKE IT LOVELY AND FRUITFUL BY THEIR LABORS, ARE ONLY ALLOWED THE SLAVE'S SHARE OF THE MANY BLESSINGS THEY PRODUCE.'

"It will assist the reader in forming a correct idea of this subject, if we consider the *demoralizing tendency of the corn-laws*, in connexion with the distress they occasion.

"Says the Devonshire Chronicle, 'It is become a subject of deep regret to find the many repeated acts of robbery committed among sheep, pigs, poultry, and potatoes, besides breaking open houses, abstracting part of their contents,' &c.

"It should be no matter of surprise that men, whose average earnings are only eight shillings a week (finding themselves), have been driven to acts of robbery to eke out their own and their families' subsistence. Lord Chief-justice Hale, who wrote in the time of Charles II., says, 'If the laborer cannot earn enough to feed his family, *he must make it up either by begging or stealing.*'

"When the great National Anti-Corn-law Petition, signed by half a million, was presented in Parliament, Mr. Wakeley, a member of the House, stated, that for many years, to his certain knowledge, the laborers of Devonshire (the garden of

England) had *received less than seven shillings a week as the average price of their labor.*

"Says the eloquent and philanthropic editor of the Anti-Corn-law Circular: 'We have had a conversation with a gentleman who has just returned from a tour in Devonshire, and we find his account of the deplorable condition of the peasantry of that rich and beautiful county more than confirms the appalling statements we gave some time ago. Our informant has travelled over Ireland and Scotland, *and he says that even there he never saw equal wretchedness.*' . . . . . .

"In passing through one of the manufacturing towns, I was arrested by this revolting announcement:

"'Two guineas reward. An unnatural mother last night, about seven o'clock, left her female infant on the steps of the cellar under No. 2 Back Cotton-street, Allum-street, Ancoats-lane, apparently not more than half an hour old. The child was, with the exception of a cap pinned over her mouth, and being laid on a white factory bat, quite naked and unwashed from its birth.'

"*Unnatural mother! I* should have exclaimed, had I not known she was driven to it by oppression. Is it possible to suppose that the feelings of a mother towards her dear infant, in a civilized country, could be so smothered by any thing short of absolute and clamant necessity? Is it to be imagined, had trade been free, and corn untaxed, and bread thereby cheap, that fond affection, whose depth only a mother's heart can tell, and which even the wild beasts of the forest never lose for their young, would have ceased to draw her with cords of love to her child, or that she would have left it on the steps of a cellar to perish?

"It was but half an hour old! What could have driven her so soon to forsake it? DEAR BREAD! It was quite naked and unwashed from its birth! What terrible necessity could have stifled the cries of mighty Nature, and tramped out in a mother's breast the glowing fire of maternal devotion? The jewelling of the peer's coronet, the diamond necklace of the young countess, the race-horses of the squire, all bought with high rents, artificially enhanced by protective duties, which make DEAR BREAD. This is the answer.

"A time will come when the cries of Nature will speak in a voice of thunder to all the hollow forms that make up the sum of institutions in modern British society; and when humanity, no longer insulted, and religion, no longer unheard, shall constrain dukes to go a foot, and duchesses to go without earrings, ere infants 'not more than half an hour old, naked and unwashed from their birth,' shall be left to perish on the steps of cellars, because the mothers have not food to supply their *own clamorous necessities.*" . . . . . .

"I know you often boast of your generosity to the poor; but, good Heaven! speak not of that. Are not your wines purchased with widows' tears? is not your venison sauced with orphans' hunger? You are the taunt of the world! You roll your chariot wheels over the crushed hearts of your fellow-men.

"Shame, too, upon England for bearing these things so long; and tenfold shame upon you who batten upon these cruel laws. You are plunderers of the poor; and whether you be duke, earl, marquis, or viscount, cease robbing the helpless, or abandon your pompous titles. It matters little what nickname a robber has; the world only thinks the worse of you for being a duke, when you steal from God's poor." . . .

"The Rev. Daniel Hearne, a Catholic priest, at a meeting of ministers at Manchester, said: 'The meeting could scarcely form a conception of the misery and destitution prevailing in the district, of which he was a witness on this occasion. He went lately to administer the consolations of religion to a poor dying woman. On arriving at her bedside, she seemed to be alone; he asked if she was. 'Johnny!' said she, and immediately a sack in the corner of the room began to move, and then another began to move; and out of these tumbled the poor woman's sons, their only bed being the inside of sacks filled with shavings.

"'He had about 25,000 of his flock living within half a mile of his chapel. Scarcely a single Catholic, unless in cases of sudden death, breathed his last without sending for the priest; and of these—and he spoke from personal observation—*at least one half died from starvation!*'"

## MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

The events of the past month continue, in a marked degree, to illustrate the great struggle that is going on between the real substantial business of the country, upon a cash basis, and the efforts of the paper credit system to sustain itself. In former articles we have endeavored to point out the evidences of the present great commercial prosperity of the country, in contradistinction to the distress and bankruptcy that are overwhelming all paper credits. The cries of the speculators, jobbers, and stockholders, whose misfortunes are great, have been mistaken for evidences of distress among the industrious masses of the people. This is a great error. The mercantile business and real wealth of the country were never greater than at this moment, when this pseudo credit may scarcely be said to exist. A curious illustration of this fact may be found in the state of the public revenue. At the late extra session of Congress, it is well known that a loan of $12,000,000 was authorized for the use of the general government, at a rate of interest not to exceed six per cent. At the time this loan was created, the receipts into the Treasury for the year were estimated by Mr. Clay and others not to exceed $12,000,000, and Mr. Clay notified Congress that a new loan of $16,000,000 would be required at the present session. These measures grew out of the fact that the business of the country was underrated, and the ability to borrow money overrated, as is evident from the result; for while the government has offered its loan in every possible shape, it has been unable to obtain more than $5,432,726. On the contrary, the receipts from the customs have exceeded the estimates near $5,000,000. The receipts in New York for the third quarter of 1841 exceeded those of the corresponding quarter in 1840 by fifty per cent. This is a remarkable fact; and when we take into consideration that these imports have not been the proceeds of money borrowed abroad, but are in exchange for exports of our produce, it in an eminent manner corroborates our view of the state of the commerce of the country. The evidences of the increased internal trade are strongly indicated in the comparative returns of the tolls on the New York State canals, and also of the Welland canal, which are as follows for the season of 1841 as compared with 1840:

Tolls on the New York State Canals, and on the Welland Canal, for 1840 and 1841.

| | 1840. | 1841. | Increase. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Erie Canal | $1,597,334 | $1,812,668 | 215,333 |
| Champlain do | 102,627 | 117,728 | 15,300 |
| Oswego " | 29,522 | 38,169 | 8,646 |
| Cayuga and Seneca do | 18,848 | 23,544 | 4,696 |
| Chemung do | 4,958 | 9,396 | 4,438 |
| Crooked Lake do | 1,793 | 2,012 | 288 |
| Chenango " | 14,001 | 18,762 | 4,761 |
| Seneca Valley " | 6,930 | 9,926 | 2,995 |
| Oneida Lake " | — | 460 | — |
| Seneca River Tow Path | — | 834 | — |
| Total | $1,775,767 | $2,033,504 | $257,757 |
| Welland Canal | $72,132 | 75,335 | 3,203 |

These figures demonstrate the improved condition of the inland trade of the country over that of last year; and by examination of the points at which the greatest receipts are made on the line of the Erie canal, we find evidence that the causes are general ones, operating upon the whole business of the Union. For instance, the receipts at tide-water, which show the quantity of merchandise sent inland, present a great increase, and likewise the receipts at the extreme end of the canal, showing the quantity of produce received from other States, indicate an increase, while a great decrease is manifest at those intermediate points

where the produce of New York State enters the canal, showing that the effect of the policy of the State government has been, as far as in its power lay, to retard the business of the State, while the effect of the financial and commercial policy of the late federal administration has been to improve the trade of the whole Union, and of course to throw into the treasury of the State of New York an increase of revenue for the use of that great channel of communication, the Erie canal, between the Western States and the Atlantic cities.

The effects of the increased imports have been felt in the foreign exchange market, and were an operating cause to produce those shipments of specie that have been so extensive; but another cause has also been the fact that large amounts of stock have been sent here for sale, the proceeds to be remitted home in specie. Notwithstanding these extraordinary demands, and the fact that no supply has been afforded by foreign credits, the rates of bills have fallen to a point that has caused shipments of specie nearly to cease. The rates of bills are as follows:

RATES OF FOREIGN BILLS IN NEW YORK.

| | *Oct.* 15. | *Nov.* 15. | *Nov.* 22. | *Nov.* 30. | *Dec.* 16. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| London | 9¾ a 10 | 10 a 10¼ | 9⅞ a 10 | 9¼ a 9½ | 9 a 9¼ |
| France | 5 17½ a 5 16¾ | 5 20 a 5 21 | a 5 25 | 5 23¾ a 5 25 | 5 25 a 5 26 |
| Amsterdam | 40⅜ a 40½ | 40⅜ a 40½ | 40¼ a 40⅜ | 40 a 40¼ | 39¾ a 40¼ |
| Hamburg | 36½ a 36¾ | 36⅛ a 36⅜ | 36⅜ a 36⅝ | 36½ a 36⅝ | 36½ a 36¾ |
| Bremen | 78½ a 79 | 78½ a 78¾ | 78 a 78½ | 78 a 78¼ | 76½ a 77½ |

The shipments of specie from New York and Boston have been near $6,000,000 since August last, and produced in the earlier part of the present month a strict curtailment on the part of our city Banks; that is, they discounted considerably less than their current receipts. They were induced to this course not so much from any real inconvenience arising from the drain for specie, as from fears as to its probable extent and duration. For the past week, however, the supply of bills having increased, they have again extended their discounts to the amount of their receipts. It is a fact, that notwithstanding the large exports of specie, the amount of the precious metals held by the Banks here is quite as large as that held at the same time last year, and the sum held by the Boston Banks, according to the official returns, has increased $150,000, showing conclusively that the drain has been entirely from the suspended sections, where it is rejected in favor of irredeemable paper as a circulating medium.

The continued fall in stocks, and the depreciation of property, have at last begun to attract the attention of stockholders to the manner in which the banking institutions are managed. It is a well known fact, that men of limited means worm themselves into the direction of moneyed institutions, and become themselves heavy borrowers of the Banks' means, on long time, wherewith to conduct their individual business. It is by these means that the resources of the institutions become gradually locked up in unavailable securities, and they are eventually stuffed with real estate, and depreciated stock taken for debt. The substantial class of stockholders, who are desirous of doing a regular business, and who invest their funds in banking, not because they want to borrow, but because they wish to lend money at the best possible rates, are arousing themselves to the necessity of purifying the institutions from the control of borrowing directors. At the annual elections which usually take place at this time of year, great efforts are making to produce that result. It is the only course that will preserve the remains of the Banks through the ordeal which they are to pass during the coming year.

The distrust has been a good deal heightened by the many failures that have taken place in country Banks, from causes partly explained in our last article. Those causes have brought about the failure of the following Banks:

BANKS IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK FAILED.

| FREE BANKS. | Capital. | Circulation. | SAFETY FUND. | Capital. | Circulation. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Staten Island, | $168,300 | $19,702 | Comm'l Bk. N. Y. | 500 000 | 121,370 |
| James Bank, | 106,000 | 32,350 | " " Buffalo, | 400,000 | 246,000 |
| Bank of Olean, | 120,000 | 53,378 | " " Oswego, | 250,000 | 216,096 |
| Washington Bank, | 100,000 | 19,235 | Clinton Co. Bank, | 200,000 | 193,666 |
| Alleghany Co. " | 100,000 | 95,722 | Bank of Buffalo, | 200,000 | 195,000 |
| St. Lawrence " | 136,675 | 109,535 | Wayne Co. Bank, | 100,000 | 144,392 |
| Total, | $704,975 | $329,922 | | $1,650,000 | $1,116,474 |
| | | | | 704,975 | 329,922 |
| Grand Total, | | | | $2,354,915 | $1,446,396 |

This presents an annihilation of near two millions and a half of Bank capital, and a withdrawal of $1,500,000 from the aggregate paper circulation. Besides these, the New York Banking Company, with a capital of $352,745, and $104,800 of circulation, and also the United States Bank in New York, with a capital of $200,000, and $140,000 of circulation, have proceeded to wind up their affairs, and have withdrawn their notes from circulation. Consequently the entire reduction of capital employed in banking is $2,908,220, and the diminution of circulation $1,691,196. This rapid reduction of banking capital is a marked feature in the financial history of the day, more especially when compared with the state of things existing three years since, when credits of all sorts were rapidly created. Those credits, more especially the Free Banks, were started expressly to stay the revolution in the value of property which began in 1836; but such has been the irresistible force of the cash system set on foot by the late federal administration, that the credit of sixteen sovereign States, added to that of the late National Bank, backed by innumerable smaller institutions, has been crushed in its course. The Free Banks have generally their capitals secured to be paid on bonds and mortgages at very high values, therefore but very little real capital exists among them; and that little, from the nature of their organization, is invested in stocks, which have greatly depreciated in value. These facts, added to the general untoward state of banking business, which affects all institutions alike, have created a greater degree of distrust toward that class of Banks than toward the others, consequently their bills are at a discount of five per cent., while the Safety Fund range from 3-4 to 2 per cent. discount.

The great depreciation and present position of State stocks is perhaps the most important feature in the financial world. In our article for November we briefly sketched the causes that led to the existing state of things, adverting to the buoyancy created in August last by the expectation that Congress would do something for the relief of the indebted States, and the subsequent depression consequent upon the disappointment experienced in that quarter. During the month of November, the results of the election in Mississippi, where party politics seemed to a great extent merged in the question of repudiating or paying the bonds issued on the credit of the State, deciding against the legality of the debt, and therefore against paying them, were received, and under their influence the prices of the stocks of all the indebted States sank heavily. Subsequently expectation was raised that the annual Message of the President of the United States would contain some recommendation by which they might be improved, and for a time prices remained firm. That message was received, and contained only a weak hope that the States would ultimately pay. Accordingly stocks again gave way, and later accounts from abroad, exhibiting accumulating difficulties there, have accelerated a fall. The following is a table of their market values at different periods since the passage of the land distribution act:

PRICES OF LEADING STATE STOCK IN THE NEW YORK MARKET.

| | Rate. | Redeemable. | Aug. 30. | Nov. 15. | Dec. 16. | Fall from Aug. to Dec. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| United States, | 5½ | 1844 | 100 a 100½ | 97⅛ a 98 | 97⅛ a 98 | 2 per cent. |
| " " | 6 | 1844 | — a — | 99 a 100½ | 99 a 100 | ½ " |
| New York State, | 6 | 1860 | 100 a 100½ | 97½ a 100 | 90 a 90½ | 7 " |
| " " " | 5½ | — | 91¼ a 92 | 85 a 85¼ | 82 a 82¾ | 10 " |
| " " " | 5 | 1845 | 93 a 95 | 90 a 91 | 89⅛ a 91 | 4 " |
| " " " | 5 | 1846 | 93 a 95 | 90 a 91 | 85 a 87 | 8 " |
| " " " | 5 | 1847 | 93 a 95 | 90 a 91 | 85 a 87 | 8 " |
| " " " | 5 | 1850 | 91 a 92 | 90 a 91 | 85 a 87 | 6 " |
| " " " | 5 | 1855 | 86 a 87 | 81⅛ a 81¾ | 80 a 81½ | 6 " |
| " " " | 5 | 1858 | 86 a 86¼ | 81⅛ a 81¾ | 80⅛ a 81 | 6 " |
| " " " | 4½ | 1859 | 75 a 77 | 77 a 80 | 70 a 75 | 4 " |
| " " City, | 5 | fire | 84½ a 85½ | 80 a 82 | 80 a 83 | 2 " |
| " " " | 5 | water | 84½ a 85½ | 80 a 80½ | 77 a 78½ | 7 " |
| " " " bonds, | 6 | 1 year | — a 100 | 98 a 100 | 97 a 97½ | 2½ " |
| Brooklyn City, | 6 | 20 " | 100 a 105 | 97 a 100 | 95 a 100 | 5 " |
| Pennsylvania, | 5 | — | 79 a 80 | 70 a 71 | — a 58 | 22 " |
| Ohio, | 6 | 1850 | 94 a 95 | 90 a 93 | — a 92 | 3 " |
| " | 6 | 1856 | 94 a 95 | 90 a 91 | 84½ a 85 | 10 " |
| " | 6 | 1858 | 94 a 95 | 90 a 91 | 84½ a 85 | 10 " |
| " | 6 | 1860 | 94 a 95 | 90 a 91 | 81 a 83½ | 12 " |
| " | 5 | 1850 | 84½ a 85 | 80 a 83 | 77 a 80 | 5 " |
| Kentucky, | 6 | — | 84 a 85 | 80¾ a 81½ | — a 77 | 8 " |
| " | 6 | bonds 4's | — a — | — a — | — a — | — " |
| Alabama, dollar, | 5 | 1865 | — a — | 64 a 66 | 50 a 55 | 15 " |
| Arkansas, | 6 | 25 years | 59 a 62 | 50 a 60 | 30 a 45 | 12 " |
| Indiana, sterling, | 5 | — | 56 a 57 | 40 a 43 | 26 a 27 | 30 " |
| " dollar, | 5 | — | 55 a 55½ | 43 a 43½ | 27 a 28 | 28 " |
| Illinois, sterling, | 6 | 1860 | — a — | — a — | — a — | — " |
| " dollar, b'k loan, | 6 | 1860 | 56 a 56½ | 43 a 45 | 29 a 30 | 27 " |
| " sterling, | 6 | 1870 | — a — | — a — | — a — | — " |
| " dollar, | 6 | 1870 | 55 a 55½ | 42 a 43 | 27½ a 28 | 27 " |

The immediate cause of this fearful fall has no doubt been the increased importance which the doctrine of repudiation has assumed, in connexion with the actual dishonor and embarrassment of the several States, as well as the increased discredit abroad, which has already induced the return of a large quantity of stocks for sale, soon probably to be followed by a still larger amount. The States of Mississippi, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and Indiana, have actually failed, and the prospect of renewing their payments at an early day would seem to be very small. Mississippi has failed in its interest; Michigan and Pennsylvania have dishonored a portion of their debts, principal and interest. A debt of the last mentioned State for $900,000, which fell due in June last, remains to this hour unpaid. In February next, nearly $1,000,000 of interest falls due, to meet which, the State has in its treasury $1,000,000 of paper currency issues of the banks, redeemable in State stocks. This paper is at thirty-five per cent. discount. Consequently there is actually but $650,000 to meet $1,000,000 of interest, $2,000,000 of floating debt, and $900,000 of a dishonored principal, making $3,900,000; and the citizens are already burdened with town and county taxes, which, although very onerous, yield not a dollar toward the State debts. Indiana failed last July, and Illinois will probably fail in January. The finances of these two States have, of all the States in the Union, been worst managed. They have depended upon borrowing altogether, and that at the most ruinous rates; consequently their debts have fearfully accumulated. The following are their present debts as compared with the close of 1840 :—

| | 1840. | 1841. | Increase. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Indiana, | $12,538,000 | $15,160,000 | $1,622,000 |
| Illinois, | 16,185,560 | 19,125,560 | 2,960,401 |

This immense increase has been effected simply by pledging bonds at a high rate, to raise money to meet present necessities: the people have not received one dollar of the money. For instance, to raise $333,000 in July, General Whitesides, for Illinois, pledged $840,000 with a broker in Wall-street. That broker, to raise the money, hypothecated the bonds in small sums with other brokers. Those brokers, becoming short of money, pledged the bonds in their turn with other brokers. The bonds thus passed from hand to hand, absorbing money, until a panic ran the prices down, and the lenders, not being covered, called in their loans,

and many bonds were sold actually. The State thus pays at the rate of twenty per cent. per annum for money, besides obligating itself to pay three dollars for one received when the loan falls due. Mr. Noble performed the same operation for the State of Indiana. To raise money for the civil list he pledged $250,000 of bonds, at thirty-five cents on the dollar, with a broker in Wall-street. This is borrowing money at the same rate as the State of Illinois. It is easy to perceive that no people, even the most prosperous and wealthy, can long sustain such operations; more particularly those of new States, where the population is an agricultural one, thinly scattered over a great extent of territory, living in log huts, and dependant for their means upon distant markets, which are commanded by productive States more contiguously situated. A just and matter-of-fact consideration of these circumstances, apart from political views, leads the mind to the conviction of the inability of the State to pay at present, no matter how favorable may be the will. The distress that must inevitably grow out of these defalcations, both at home and abroad, will be very great; and if a calamitous war is not the ultimate result, it will be because of the forbearance of the foreign creditors. All these evils, present and prospective, have grown directly out of the evil influence of the paper system, as governed by the late National Bank. That institution has been the cause of those extravagances, individual, corporate, and state, that have led to the contraction of debts, measured only by the ability to borrow, without reference to the means of payment. The States of the Union, almost without exception, have authorized the creation of loans without providing for the payment of the interest by taxation. The internal improvement system of the State of New York has been by far more successful than that of any other State, and yet, by the policy of the late party in power, which was to create debts depending solely upon the revenue of the works to meet the interest, the credit of the State was nearly wrecked, and New York State five per cents. having been sold at 78, have recently risen to 83, under the belief that the new government will put a check upon the supply. By this course the credit of the State will gradually be restored, and the supply upon the market be absorbed by the investments of capitalists at home. For nine or ten of the other States of the Union there seems to be no other course at present likely to be pursued but that which they have authorized in the Banks, viz., suspension. Unlike the Banks, however, they cannot continue in credit and still refuse to pay their debts; but utter disgrace must attend their defalcations.

These are the melancholy fruits of the credit system. It has produced these results in this country first, because here it first reached its maximum. The indications abroad, by the advices recently received, are, that a general explosion there must soon take place. The enormous amount of credits that is balanced upon the insignificant and diminishing amount of specie held by the Bank of England is tottering to its base. In the same manner that State and corporate credit was stimulated here by the late National Bank, until every market became glutted with their securities, has the manufacturing business of England been stimulated through Bank influence, until every quarter of the globe is "stuffed" with their fabrics. The East India markets, that have of late years been the most important, are said to have now stocks sufficient for two years' consumption on hand. The imports into New South Wales of the manufactures of Great Britain, had amounted to £270 for each man, woman, and child in the settlements. Bankruptcy and distress, with stagnant markets, are the result. The manufactures of the coarser description of cottons in the United States have driven those of British manufacture from the markets of Eastern Africa, the Persian Gulf, the Eastern Archipelago, and China, and seriously compete with them in the South American and Mediterranean markets. The consequence in

England is, a continued decline in the exchanges, and diminution in the bullion held by the Bank, while the trade of France, based upon a specie currency, is yearly progressing. Once already, within two years, has the paper system of England been saved by the support of the Bank of France, and the time is rapidly approaching when fresh assistance will be necessary. The probabilities are, however, that France will not involve itself in difficulty by attempting to sustain the tottering fabric of the British credit system. It is matter of great congratulation to the people of these United States, that while this revolution is going forward throughout the commercial world in favor of the cash system, we have been saved from the infliction of a new Government paper institution.

The fiscal agent shadowed forth in the annual message of the chief magistrate, exhibits a vacillation between the old and the new system: while it rejects the unlimited powers claimed for a regular Bank, it still clings to the exploded doctrine that "the exchanges" of the country want "regulating," and weakly supposes that that regulation can be effected by authorizing the government agents to go into the market and invest its funds in mercantile bills. To do this it must raise the price of bills upon the mercantile buyer, and must charge a still higher rate upon the sale of those bills to other parties. The inevitable effect of such a monstrous innovation upon the course of trade, would be fresh derangement and new disasters. It has been alleged that the plan proposed is similar to that hinted at by General Jackson in his message of 1830. There is, however, a wide difference between the two plans. That of the present chief magistrate would make the federal government a bill-broker with a borrowed capital; that of Jackson expressly excluded the "purchase of property," whether bills or otherwise, but permitted the sale of bills in the transmission of the government funds in co-operation with the mercantile exchanges. This is all that the government or a Bank can do in "the regulation of exchanges." Two-thirds of the revenue are collected in New York. If the government wishes to expend a part of that revenue in New Orleans, it may consistently authorize the treasury branch there to sell bills drawn on its New York funds for the amount that it wishes to transmit, and no more. If this took place at a moment when exchange was high, by increasing the supply it would lower the price. The new plan, however, seeks to authorize the government to borrow money in order to invest it in mercantile bills, in opposition to the regular dealers in that description of paper, and in connexion therewith to issue two descriptions of paper currency, one in the form of treasury notes and the other in that of certificates of deposite. All this provides nothing for the equalization of the currency. At New Orleans bills can be purchased on New York freely at par for one per cent. for specie; but for the paper currency of that section, they command six to seven per cent. If the government undertakes to sell bills, it must do it on the same terms; the currency in which they are paid for remaining the same. The paper issues of the government would be immediately absorbed as a medium of exchange, and would not enter into the currency. The probability is that the measure will not be adopted by Congress, at least that part of it which leans toward the revival of a government paper currency.

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NOTE.—Our usual monthly notices of New Books are excluded by the pressure of other matter. They will be given in our next.

The engraving in the present Number is from a portrait painted a few weeks after the Battle of New Orleans, for the late Commodore PATTERSON, now in the possession of I. HUNT, Esq. of New York. Though a very faithful and characteristic portrait of the original, no engraving had ever before been taken from it.

ERRATUM.—On the 28th page of the present Number, the following three lines, between the 8th and the 9th, have been accidentally omitted:—

Shall lead rejoicing to the sunny strand
Of the bright Athenian land!
But never, never more, for wretched me—

# LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

An interesting fact, which may be known to very few, if any of our readers, and which is doubtless unsurpassed in the annals of literature, is the great historical work which has recently been completed by the late Mr. Wiffen,—the admirable translator of Tasso, and other popular works, which comprises the Family Records of *every* descendant of the ancient and distinguished House of Russell, compiled from authentic sources chiefly in the possession of the family. This very beautiful production, which includes the *Portraits of every member of that Peerage*, direct and collateral, painted by one of the most prominent artists of the age (Harding), is comprised in one folio volume, printed in a style of sumptuous magnificence; *only one single copy of which was printed off*. This unique bequest by the late Duke of Bedford, under whose personal superintendence it was commenced and completed, was designed by him as an heir-loom in the family, and to be deposited in the Library at Woburn Abbey, from whence it was on no account to be removed. It may not be amiss to add, that this interesting object is to be exhibited to visiters every Monday, on suitable application; and as this noble mansion, frequently called, from its singular magnificence, "*Royalty in Miniature*," is within fifty miles of the English capital, no tourist from this country should omit paying a visit to so interesting an object. The cost expended in the production of this single volume is said to have been 3000 guineas!

Historical Mission.—J. Romeyn Brodhead, Esq., who was appointed by the New York Historical Society, agent to consult European archives, in reference to the history of this State, writes home that he has been very successful in his mission. At the Hague alone he has procured copies of 3000 pages of manuscript, illustrative of colonial history from 1614 down to 1673. He has met most generous courtesy from the government, and was preparing to examine the archives of the Dutch West India Company, at Amsterdam.

The most costly undertaking ever attempted by a single individual, of a literary character, which unquestionably the world has yet seen, is the magnificent work on the aborigines of Mexico, by the late Lord Kingsborough. This stupendous work is said to have been produced at the enormous cost to the author of 30,000*l.*, or $150,000. It is comprised in seven immense folio volumes, embellished by many hundred superb illustrations, colored so exquisitely as to represent the originals with the most faithful exactness. These productions are of such extraordinary dimensions as to be almost importable. This unprecedented instance of munificence in the patronage of literature, is rendered the more astonishing from the lamentable fact of its having proved the ultimate ruin of its projector. Not only did this enthusiastic nobleman undertake to defray the entire expense attending the publication, in every item of which, as it might have been expected, he had to meet the most exorbitant charges, but he actually determined on having but a very limited number of copies printed, we believe only fifty, after which the lithographic stones from which the plates were taken were destroyed. These copies were appropriated for *gratuitous* presentation to the several Royal and Public Libraries of Europe, and it is gratifying to find that they safely reached their destination. It is greatly to be regretted, however, that no copy has ever yet reached any public institution of this country, to which it would undoubtedly become of incalculable value. It is painful to add, that this noble patron of literature and the arts actually died in debt, about four years since, a sad instance of self-immolation to his munificence, in a prison in Dublin. It is rather remarkable that in a recent interesting work on American Antiquities, by Mr. Bradford, no allusion even is made to this great authority. We have heard it credibly asserted that a copy of Lord Kingsborough's superb work is now in the hands of Mr. Hooper, the London bookseller, which is valued at *eighty guineas*. Will Congress take the opportunity of possessing themselves of the costly treasure?

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## AMERICAN LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The new work by Mr. James, "Life and Times of Richard Cœur-de-Lion," recently announced as in press by J. & H. G. LANGLEY, is now ready. The work forms two handsome duodecimo volumes.

The same firm have just finished a new and beautifully printed edition of "*The Dublin Dissector*," &c. This is one of those works whose intrinsic worth is such as cannot fail of winning its way to universal favor.

They have also now ready a beautiful juvenile, entitled "Robin Hood and his Merry Foresters," which, besides being very finely printed, is adorned by a series of lithographic drawings, admirably colored, and handsomely bound and gilt.

The reception which the recent work of Mr. D'Israeli, "The Amenities of Literature," has met with on both sides of the Atlantic, has been all that his most sanguine admirers could desire. The American reprint has already passed into a second edition, and this we understand is nearly exhausted.

Shortly will be published, a new Grammar of the German Language, by C. J. Hempel, Esq. It is intended to supersede the necessity of all other elementary works for the acquisition of that language, being provided with copious extracts from the most appropriate German classics for reading exercises, and also with a lexicon of all the words used in the work. This Grammar is constructed upon the strictest principles of induction, and appears to contain all the printed instructions necessary for a complete knowledge of the language. The high commendation which it has already received from judicious critics induces us to suppose that it is destined to supersede every work of the kind at present in the English or American market.

J. S. REDFIELD has just issued the *third* volume, completing the series of "Pictorial Illustrations of the Bible." Also "A Memoir and Beauties of Wesley."

WILEY & PUTNAM have nearly ready the following—

The Queen's Prisoner.

Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry and Geology, by J. T. Johnston.

Flora of North America, by Drs. Torrey and Gray, Part 2d, vol. 2.

The Zincali, or the Gipsies of Spain, by George Barrow, 1 vol.

Chapters on Churchyards, &c., by Mrs. Southey (late Caroline Bowles), 2 vols. 12mo.

Hints to Mothers on Health, by Dr. Bull; 1 vol. 12mo.

The Life of Shakspeare, by the "English Opium-eater;" 1 vol. 12mo.

A New Tale of a Tub, with illustrations, 1 vol. (now ready).

D. APPLETON & CO. have just completed a new Historical Juvenile, entitled "Joan of Arc," by the author of "Evenings with the Chroniclers," embellished with 26 plates.

They have also in press a new book of Travels, in two vols. 8vo, with numerous illustrations, entitled "A Winter in Egypt, and Rambles through Arabia Petræa and the Holy Land, during the years 1839 and 1840;" by James E. Cooley.

A new volume of their Devotional Series, entitled "Golden Grove," &c., by Jeremy Taylor, 1 vol. 16mo, is also in press; and a volume of religious Poetry, portions of which have already appeared in the Churchman, entitled "Christmas Bell," is now, we believe, in the hands of the binder.

The same firm have just issued an interesting little volume, entitled "Gems from Travellers," comprising local illustrations of Scripture, &c., with numerous cuts, and handsomely bound and gilt.

DAYTON & SAXTON have now ready a new volume, by the author of "Constance," entitled "Virginia, or the Lost and Found." Also now ready, a new work by the celebrated Peter Parley (S. G. Goodrich), entitled "Sketches from a Student's Window;" and "The Northern Harp," uniform with "The Southern Harp;" Mrs. Marcett's Book for Young Children, with cuts, &c.

S. COLMAN will immediately issue a new and very fine edition of Percival's "Elegant Extracts in Prose," in 3 vols. 8vo. This valuable standard work, which has been for many years out of print, will, from its established reputation, be welcomed by a large and discriminating class of the reading community.

The same publisher has in press and nearly ready a work which is said to be characterized by its great power and humor, entitled "The Effinghams, or Home as I found it;" 2 vols. 12mo. The author preserves the strictest incognito, and conjecture will doubtless be busy in attempts to disclose the secret.

HERMAN HOOKER, Philadelphia, has published a work in the usual form of music volumes, entitled "The Amateur's Musical Library, a Collection of Piano Forte Music."

J. WHETHAM & SON, Philadelphia, have in press, and shortly will publish, Select Works of the British Poets, from Southey to the present time, embracing nearly all the Modern Poets, forming the third volume, which will complete the series.

JAMES MUNROE & CO., Boston, have in preparation the following:—

Twice Told Tales, in 2 vols. 16mo, by Nathaniel Hawthorne; new edition.

Offering of Sympathy, by Rev. F. Parkman, D. D.; 3d edition.

Herodotus, in 2 vols. 12mo. from the text of Schrveighaeuser, with English notes, by C. S. Wheeler, A. M., Instructer in Greek in Harvard University.

Study of the Greek Classic Poets, by S. T. Coleridge, 12mo.

Egmont, translated from the German of Goethe; 1 vol. 16mo.

Pictorial Natural History, illustrated by 400 engravings, by S. G. Goodrich, author of Peter Parley's Tales; 1 vol. 12mo.

Peirce's Algebra, 2d edition, revised.

Curve's Functions and Motions, containing the Integral Calculus and Analytical Mechanics, 12mo, by Professor Peirce of Harvard University.

Grandfather's Library, edited by S. G. Goodrich, author of Peter Parley's Tales.

Three Months on the Sea, or a Voyage to India, illustrated by engravings.

The Common School Grammar, by John Goldsbury, 12mo.

GOULD, KENDALL, & LINCOLN, Boston, have just published a new edition of Dr. Wayland's Political Economy, 1 vol.

They have in press, "My Progress in Error, and Recovery to Truth, or a Tour through Universalism, Unitarianism, and Skepticism," 1 vol. 16mo.

Hymns for the Vestry and Fireside.

The Claims of Jesus, by the Rev. Robert Turnbull; 18mo.

Onesimus: or, the Apostolic Directions to Christian Masters in reference to their Slaves, &c., considered; by Evangelicus. 18mo.

S. G. SIMPKINS has in press a new and original little book of Poems for Children, with cuts, entitled "Fresh Flowers for my Children," by a Mother.

TICKNOR, of Boston, has just pub-

lished a beautiful edition of the Poems of Motherwell.

MORTON & GRISWOLD will soon publish "The Surgeon's Vade Mecum," a Manual of the Principles and Practice of Surgery, illustrated with numerous wood engravings. By Robert Drouitt. From the second London edition. With notes and additional illustrations by Joshua R. Flint, late Professor of Surgery in the Louisville Medical Institute.

They will also publish "The Principles of Descriptive and Physiological Botany." By Rev. J. S. Henslow: adapted to the use of schools.

CAREY & HART, Philadelphia, are preparing for publication, among others, the following important works:—

The works of Rev. Sydney Smith, complete in 2 vols. 8vo.

Mr. Griswold's Poets and Poetry of America, with portraits and other illustrations, in 1 royal 8vo vol.

Travels in Turkey, Greece, and the Holy Land, by E. J. Morris; 2 vols. 12mo, with plates.

Recollections of the American Stage, embracing notices of authors, actors, and auditors, during a period of forty years, by William B. Wood; 2 vols. 12mo.

A Life of Edward the Black Prince, by G. P. R. James; 1 vol. 8vo.

History of the Conquest of England by the Normans, translated from the French of A. Thierry.

Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, with an introductory essay, &c., by T. Tyrwhitt, Esq.; 4 vols. 12mo.

Miscellanies, by Leigh Hunt; 1 vol. 12mo.

Gems from the Poets, edited by S. C. Hall; 1 vol. 12mo, finely printed.

Miscellanies of Reginald Heber, late Lord Bishop of Calcutta.

History of Fiction, by John Dunlop, author of "History of Roman Literature."

Miscellanies, by Lord Jeffrey, collected by himself.

Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of T. Noon Talfourd; 1 vol. 12mo.

LEA & BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, have just published—

The Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Oxford, with a splendid portrait of the author, containing nearly 200 Letters, now first published from the originals; handsomely bound in various bindings.

They will publish—

The Select Works of Jeremy Bentham, revised and edited by Dr. Bowring.

The Man of Fortune, by Mrs. Gore.

Jesse's Memoirs of the Court of England, from the Revolution to the death of George II., in 2 vols.

A Winter in the Azores, by Joseph Buller.

A Selection from Debates in the House of Commons, from 1768 to 1774, reported by Sir H. Cavendish, and edited by J. Wright, embracing that portion referring to this country.

The Anatomist's Vade Mecum, by Wilson, with wood cuts.

Wheaton's International Law, a new and revised edition.

KAY & BROTHER, Philadelphia, have in press a new edition of Wordsworth's complete Poetical and Prose Works, in 5 vols. 12mo, which will be beautifully got up.

They will publish in a few days a new and enlarged edition of Meig's Midwifery, in 1 vol. 8vo, illustrated with numerous engravings.

A Practical Treatise on the Diseases peculiar to Women, illustrated by cases from Hospital and Private Practice. In three parts. By Samuel Ashwell, M. D., with notes by an American Practitioner. In press by JOHN J. HASWELL, Philad.

D. H. WILLIAMS, Boston, has in press a new edition of Virgil, containing the Latin text of the Æneid, Georgics, &c., with copious English notes, adapted to Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammar, and prepared for the use of colleges and classical schools, by Francis Bowen, A. M. 1 vol. 8vo, 600 pp. This work will include some highly important improvements, by incorporating the notes of some modern German critics, as well as the commentaries of older grammarians, &c.

TAPPAN & DENNET, Boston, will publish shortly a work in 2 vols. 12mo, entitled "Foreign Travels and Life at Sea, including Incidents of a Cruise on board a Man-of-War," &c.

"The Great Awakening," or an account of the extensive religious revivals in the times of Edwards and Whitefield. 1 vol. 8vo.

Mr. OWEN, of Cambridge, Mass., has in press, Lectures on Modern History, from the third London edition, with a Preface, list of Books on American History, &c., by Jared Sparks, LL. D.; 2 vols. 8vo.

Organic Chemistry, in its application to Agriculture and Physiology, by Justus Leibig. M. D., &c., &c. Second American edition, with an Introduction, Notes, and Appendix, by John W. Webster, M. D., Professor of Chemistry in Harvard University; 12mo.

Ballads and other Poems, by Henry W. Longfellow; 16mo.

A Narrative of Voyages and Commercial Enterprises, by R. J. Cleveland, from the original manuscripts, with a Preface by his son, H. R. Cleveland; 12mo.

A Treatise on Mineralogy, by J. W. Webster, M. D.; 8vo.

E. HOPKINS, Hartford, Conn., has just issued a new edition of the Poems of John G. C. Brainard, a new and authentic collection, with a Memoir of his Life, &c.; 1 vol. 12mo, with a Portrait.

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## ENGLISH LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A new work of considerable interest is shortly to be issued from the English press—The Posthumous Papers of Madame D'Arblay, better known as a writer of the popular fictions "Evelina,"—"Cecilia," under her maiden name, Miss Burney. These MSS., which comprise her letters, diary, &c., are said to be characterized by all the brilliancy and beauty of style, correct feeling, and amiability of

heart for which her writings have ever been so deservedly popular.

The "Shaksperian Miscellanies," being a series of essays and annotations on the Shakspeare Plays, &c., edited by Piercy B. St. John, is to be commenced on the 1st of February next, and continued quarterly.

A posthumous work from the pen of the late Theodore Hook, said to be the best he has ever produced, is now ready, entitled "Fathers and Sons." It is embellished with engravings by Phiz.

The author of "Cousin Geoffrey," &c., is about to issue a new novel under the name of "The Matchmaker."

Lieut. Col. Maxwell's work, "A Run through the United States," &c., is now published; 2 vols. 8vo, with plates.

"The Parish Clerk," a novel by the author of "Peter Priggins," &c., and edited by the late Theodore Hook, Esq., is also published.

The popular and prolific authoress of "Mothers and Daughters," &c., has, we observe, two new novels on the *tapis*; one entitled "The Man of Fortune," and the other "The Ambassador's Wife," &c.

A new periodical work has just been commenced, under the title of "Classes of the Capital," being from London life, edited by Wm. Lee. The sketches are finely tinted, &c.

Dr. A. Walker, whose numerous publications on physiological science have won for him such extensive popularity, has just issued a new work entitled "Pathology founded on the Natural System of Anatomy and Physiology," &c.

Preparing for early publication, a Gallery of Antiquities, consisting of the principal relics in the British Museum, from drawings by Arundale and others, in monthly parts.

Mr. Grant, author of "The Great Metropolis," &c., has just completed for publication a new work, "Lights and Shadows of London Life."

A beautiful and embellished edition of Foxe's "Acts and Monuments," is in course of publication; the first volume has just been produced.

A new edition, illustrated by fifty wood cuts and five steel engravings, of Mrs. Hall's "Sketches of Irish Character," with additions, &c., in 1 vol. 8vo.

An interesting work is in preparation on the plan of Mr. and Mrs. Hall's "Ireland," founded on a series of personal surveys of the English counties, commenced during the year 1841, under the title of "England, its Scenery, Resources, and Condition," &c.

Sir Uvedale Price on the Picturesque, with an Introductory Essay on the Origin of Taste, and much original matter by Sir Thomas Dick Lunder, Bt., with sixty beautiful plates, in 1 vol. 8vo, is announced for early publication.

The lovers of "glorious mirth" will be glad to learn that Mr. T. Hood, the inimitable punster of the day, has just presented us with a new volume of his "Comic Annual" for 1842, with numerous illustrations by the author, Leech, &c.

It is rumored in the literary circles, we know not with what truth, that Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer has abjured novel-writing, owing to the indifferent success of his more recent works of fiction. He is now turning his attention to dramatic authorship.

Companion for Leisure Hours; sixteen engravings, 8vo; containing numerous pieces in prose and verse.

The History of the Jews; in 2 vols. 12mo, illustrated with steel and wood engravings.

Shells and their Inmates; with frontispiece in Baxter's oil colors, and numerous embellishments.

Plants: containing, in one volume, the seed, the leaf, the flower, the fruit, the grass; which are also published separately. With a handsome frontispiece and numerous embellishments.

The Wife and Mother; or, Hints to Married Daughters. By a Mother. 18mo.

Bogatzky's Golden Treasury for the Children of God; a new edition, 12mo.

Emilia Monkeiro, a Ballad of the Old Hall Heath, Yorkshire, by W. H. Leatham.

Count Clermont, a Tragedy, and Caius Joranius, a Tragedy, by Archibald Bell.

An Essay on Cephaloscope, and its uses in discriminating the normal and abnormal sounds in the organ of hearing, with plates. By John H. Curtis.

Murray's splendid edition of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," embellished by upward of sixty vignettes, engraved in the first style of the art, from original drawings made expressly for the work by eminent artists, is now published, and presents one of the most elaborately beautiful works ever produced.

A new work of Travels is about immediately to appear, under the authority and patronage of the British government, entitled "Journals of two Expeditions of Discovery in North-west and Western Australia, during the years 1837-8-9, descriptive of many newly-discovered, important, and fertile districts: with observations on the moral and physical condition of aboriginal inhabitants," &c., by Capt. Geo. Grey, Governor of South Australia. In 2 vols. 8vo, with upward of fifty illustrations, &c.

Maxwell's Wanderings through Highlands and Islands of the North, being 2d series of Wild Sports and Legendary Sketches; 2 vols.

Field and Fireside; or, Lady's Yearbook and Mirror of the Month: 30 plates.

English Helicon of 10th Century, with embellished title; 1 vol.; by T. K. Hervey.

Sporting Almanac and Oracle of Rural Life, for 1842; 12 plates. By R. B. Davis.

The beautifully embellished work, Life of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, 3 vols., with splendidly engraved portraits, battle scenery, maps, plans of battles, &c.

The Battles of the British Navy, from the Norman Conquest to the present time, by Joseph Allen, Esq., author of "England's Wooden Walls," 2 large vols. with numerous engravings.

Blackwood's Standard Novels, by Galt and others, are in course of publication in monthly volumes, with illustrations by Phiz, Cruikshank, &c.

THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. X. FEBRUARY, 1842. No. XLIV.

# THE PEACE MOVEMENT.

It will be refreshing to the minds of those engaged in the asperities of political contention, occasionally to turn their thoughts to the movements which have for their object the pacification of the embattled world. Though, to them, the day when "the sword shall be beaten into the ploughshare" may appear far distant, they will rejoice to have presented to them the possibility of a higher and holier state than the world has ever yet exhibited; they will rejoice to turn from "the wrong and outrage with which earth is filled," to bring home the time when men shall learn war no more for ever.

The Peace Movement, at the worst, is looked upon as a harmless abstraction. It has to encounter the indifference rather than the enmity of the world. Unlike other reforms, it does not array our selfishness against it. No one would if he could restrain the tongue or pen of its advocates. Fighting is not loved for fighting's sake. War, by reflecting men, is looked upon but as a choice of evils; as a sad necessity; as the scourge of God upon the guilty nations. It is not now pretended that it brings any blessing in its train; if it ward off some greater evil, it has accomplished the only good result claimed for it even by the most belligerent. The day has gone by when it was classed with the natural evils, — with the earthquake and the storm. It is felt to be a moral evil, the consequence of bitter selfishness, the product of the lusts and passions of men. In itself, for itself, war has now no friends; peace and the peacemakers no enemies. Every one is therefore prepared, not only to listen attentively to the advocates of peace, but to reverence those who have fully imbued their own

hearts with the mild, and forgiving, and self-sacrificing principles which they advocate; especially if they manifest a trustful confidence in man, and a firm faith in the ultimate spread of the truth. The enthusiasm and the high moral aims of such men endear them to us. We love them for their faith, their hope, their zeal, and bid them 'God speed' in their attempts to lessen the miseries of the world, and to take from off the neck of the people every yoke, save that yoke which is light and easy to be borne. We cannot help admitting, that if unsuccessful in the one great ultimate object, they labor not in vain; that if they fail to show us the sun of righteousness already risen, they point us to the purple sky of the east, which betokens a brighter light beneath the horizon, and which is already dissipating the mists and darkness of the night.

To this subject we have long desired to invite the attention of the readers of the Democratic Review. Let us in the first place fix it on the extent of the evil against which the advocates of the Peace Movement contend; let us endeavor to estimate the magnitude of their object, by tracing out some of the consequences of the martial spirit, which in former times reigned in every heart, and which even now, though weakened, retains its dominion. Look to England; the supposed prosperity of this nation is believed to be the result of her military spirit. She has been almost continually, from the Norman conquest down to the present time, in conflict with some other nation. Her military posts raise themselves up in defiance all over the broad surface of the earth; her floating batteries trouble the waters of the whole world. Her military spirit has gone north and south, and east and west, for conquest. The blood of her sons has moistened every soil, the bones of her children have whitened every land. Even now, that she may protect her trade, her warlike energy is employed in the slaughter of the peaceful Chinese! Has not the same spirit which fired the blood of the northern savage, when he overran the island now the "mistress of the ocean," continued to manifest itself through generation after generation to the present day? Is it not the *love of conquest*, seeking good for itself by the destruction of others, which has thus acquired and retained dominion over the remotest parts of the earth? Unlovely as is this trait of character, pirate-like, robber-like as it is, opposed directly to the self-sacrificing spirit of Christianity, till of late few have been so bold as to question it.

We allude not invidiously to England; we have selected her for an example, because it is easier to see the mist which hangs

over others, than that in which we are ourselves enveloped. The same red stream flows in our veins, and this Anglo-Saxon blood is pre-eminent in the annals of warfare. We vaunt ourselves that we are as skilful in shedding blood, and as ready and willing to encounter a foe on the field of battle, as the most warlike. Our homes in this land are mainly by conquest; we fought side by side with England as her colonies; the birth-throe of our nation was in the field of blood; the martial spirit was revived in our last contest with England; and even now there are many among us ready to "let slip the dogs of war" for a narrow strip of waste land on our eastern borders. Could we see ourselves as others see us, we need not look abroad for an instance of the deep imbuing of the spirit of war.

In fact, though the Anglo-Saxon race are lovers of the fight to a degree unsurpassed by any other, the martial spirit has been the master of the civilized world, looking down upon the lives and happiness of the common people as of no worth, regarding them as but the counters in the game. The nations of Europe can hardly be considered as ever at peace. Their nominal peace is but as a truce between contending armies, that they may rest a while and bury their dead; continuing to stand face to face, ready at the signal to rush forward for the destruction of each other. There is no peace for the nations confronting each other with vast armaments, each jealous of its national "glory," proud of its strength to rend and destroy. It is never a settled calm with them. There is nothing to bind down into subjection the conflicting elements. Even when the sun shines out over them, when the storm is hushed, the thick dark clouds still skirt the horizon; let the wind but change, and the whole heavens are hung with darkness. Whether the battle rage or not, is beyond human control. It depends on accident. A mistake in diplomacy, the irritable temper of some public functionary, the caprice of the leader of a party, a mob on the frontier, a foolish mistake of a navy officer, will pronounce the sentence of death upon hundreds of thousands, cause the widow's groan and the orphan's cry. The lusts of the Corsican yoked seventeen populous nations to the battle-car. Human life and human happiness thus, as it were, rest on the turn of the die. There is no security for man. He holds all that he values subject to the will, to the vices, to the mistakes of a few! It is against this galling aristocracy, this worst of despotism, that the advocate for peace contends. He would deliver the world from this abject bondage, and throw down the altars of this blind butcher-god, whose murdered victims have been as countless as the sands upon the sea-shore.

We can readily see how the world has been made subject to the sword. The slavery of the people has descended from generation to generation. The occupation of our far-off ancestors was war — the destruction of human life; their favorite amusement was hunting—the shedding of the blood of animals. The thirst for blood, child after child, was drawn in with the mother's milk, stimulated by nursery rhymes, inflamed in early youth by a warlike literature. The sword was the ornament for the gentleman; the use of it, the only means of distinction. The song of the poet, the smile of beauty, the favor of the king, the blessing of the priest, the applause of the multitude, completed the work of hardening men's hearts, so that they could seek to destroy each other, on any occasion, whenever and wherever the leaders deemed it for their interest that the work of death should begin. This has continued for ages as if there was no way of escape from the curse. It has been submitted to as a pestilence that could not be overcome, as a plague that could not be stayed; nay, not only submitted to, but, catching the ferocity one man from another, by appeals to their patriotism, their chivalry, their contempt of danger, they were made to delight in the carnage of the fight.

Even Christianity has been harnessed to the war-chariot; the religion which with her first breath proclaimed good-will to man, which was nurtured and strengthened by the blood of martyrs who sacrificed their own lives for *others' good*,—which ever spoke in accents of universal love, saying, If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he be athirst, give him drink,—this faith of love and mercy, of meekness and charity, has been forced, with unwilling lips, to bless those on whom resteth the curse of God—those who are "swift to shed blood." Nay, nay! man never has had the boldness thus wholly to corrupt the truth. It is only the war of self-defence, of national protection, over which the pure white robe of Christianity has been thrown. Thus saith the priest—but the soldier has stretched his *Christian* right to battle, to cover his deeds, whether he fought at home or abroad, to attack or repel, whether he contended with his own countryman or with the foreigner, with his next door neighbor or the far-off Indian, on any ground, for any purpose. And none spoke to him of the wrong — there came no voice of warning to his ears. The priest was silent—how could he speak? Was not his very church hung with the trophies of war?

It is true that George Fox and his peaceful followers, and some other small sects, have lifted up their voices against war.

They eradicated from their own breasts the military spirit. But these men were of *the people*, of narrow views, and of plebeian blood. They were despised and looked down upon. Their light could not penetrate the camp, or throw its rays upon the council board. Individuals, isolated men, in every age, have also written and spoken against the horrors of war, and of the opposition of the martial spirit to the spirit of Christ. But in vain. The still small voice was overwhelmed by the shouts and the thunders of the battle-field.

In our own country, Benjamin Franklin has the high distinction of being the first advocate of peace, of being perhaps the first statesman in the whole world, who publicly and forcibly attempted to stem the tide of opinion, and to bear down on the custom of war. He had seen its horrors in the battles of the Revolution, he deplored the mad passions which they excited, and mourned over the wide-spread desolation of this sanguinary contest, and declared that the time would come, when men would no longer thus butcher each other. His sagacity and practical wisdom anticipated the movement of these latter days. We refer for proof, that he had raised himself far above the common tone on the subject of war, to his correspondence with David Hartly, the British minister. It is full of the zeal and philanthropy of the peace-reformer. The following are extracts: — "I received your favor of the 20th Sept., containing your very judicious proposition for securing the spectators in the play-house from the danger of fire. . . . . But what are the lives of a few idle haunters of play-houses compared with the many thousands of worthy men, and of honest industrious families, destroyed by this devilish war! O that we could find some invention to stop the spreading of the flames, and to put an end to so horrid a conflagration." Again he speaks of means to make treaties more durable; still further, in a letter to Hartly, he says: "What think you of a proposition, if I should make it, of a family compact between England, France, and America. America would be indeed happy, if she could be the means of uniting in perpetual peace her father and her husband. What repeated follies are these repeated wars! You cannot want to conquer or govern each other; why then be continually employed in injuring and destroying each other. How many excellent things might have been done to promote the internal welfare of each country; what bridges, roads, canals, and other useful public works, tending to the common felicity, might have been made and established with the money and men foolishly spent during the last seven centuries, by our mad wars in doing

one another mischief. You are near neighbors, and each have very respectable qualities. Learn to be quiet and respect each other's rights. You are all Christians. One is the Most Christian King, the other is Defender of the Faith. Manifest the propriety of these titles by your future conduct. '*By this*,' says Christ, 'shall all men know ye are my disciples, if ye love one another.' Seek peace and ensue it."

They who would further ascertain Franklin's opinions on the subject are referred to his correspondence on the subject of privateering; to his apologue of the angels beholding a naval engagement, in a letter to Dr. Priestley; to his peace suggestions in his correspondence with B. Vaughan, Esq. Beside these, Franklin made many proposals for the improvement of the law of nations, having for their object the overcoming of the war spirit. In this work he found able coadjutors among the fathers of our republic. They were just from the battle, and the poverty and moral degradation of the people, the fiscal embarrassments, the wrong tone of public opinion, impressed them with the necessity of doing what they could to avert other conflicts. "The journals of the Congress of the Confederation," says a sound writer, "are full of such programmes as now emanate only from the bureaux of our Peace Societies." How striking the contrast in the feelings of these patriotic men, with the war mania of many of our present legislators. It would seem that a war in the back-ground, and one in our onward path, present very different aspects. How readily in the midst of God's blessings do men forget the consequences of his frown!

So it ever has been. Peace soon called the public attention from the contemplation of the sufferings of war; and as our country increased in population, and gathered in of the world's riches, the horrors of the battle were forgotten — the pain and weakness of disease fading away from the mind with returning health and strength. It was not until another war with Great Britain that the present permanent Peace Movement commenced. The foundation of the Massachusetts Peace Society was laid in the year 1815. Similar institutions were established in various other parts of the country, and in Europe, and an active correspondence commenced, and has been kept up between these distant associations. The formation of the first Peace Society in England was not, however, in consequence of, but simultaneous with, that in the United States. Dr. Noah Worcester was the founder of the first society in this country; William Pitt Scarlet first excited the attention of Englishmen to this subject. The ground first taken by the Massachusetts Peace Society was in

opposition to war not strictly defensive; but soon this ground was found to be unfit for the purpose; it was not firm enough to bear the intrenchment of peace. Public opinion drove the friends of peace to a higher stand. Every nation had its favorite war to be justified on the plea of national safety. Even Bonaparte fought only on the defensive — as he said. The excused, justifiable fight was always the fight then to be fought — the popular war, the war in which the country was then engaged. Each nation for itself separated its own battles from the mass of crime in which they were mingled, and rejoiced in them, — thus incasing pollution in fine gold, and holding it up for the admiration of the world. The Massachusetts Peace Society was therefore superseded by the American Peace Society, organized in the year 1828, of which William Ladd was the first President, continuing in office till his death. The constitution of this Society declares that *all* war is opposed to the spirit of Christ. Besides the efforts of Worcester, Scarlett, and Ladd, there has sprung up a host of others all over this country, who are continuing the impulse given to the cause. In France the Society for the spread of Christian Morals have devoted a part of their efforts to this branch of reform. Count de Sellon of Geneva also founded a peace society there, and with untiring benevolence devoted himself to this and kindred works. In England the Society for the Promotion of Permanent and Universal Peace continue their exertions resolutely and efficiently, and the labors of the British philanthropists are felt throughout every part of that nation. This is an auspicious beginning of the movement. There is now scarce a town, district, or neighborhood, where the question of the unjustifiable character of war is not discussed. By the pens of Worcester, and Ladd, and Channing, and many others in this country — of Scarlett, Thrush, Clarkson, Dymond, and their coadjutors in England — of great and good men all over the world — the peace doctrines are becoming gradually infused into the public mind. The peace literature is now no small addition to our libraries; the periodical press has teemed with a constant flow of articles on the subject; tracts have been scattered to the four quarters of the globe, and lectures and lyceum discussions have driven the subject home to the fireside of almost every man. A movement so general is not without a strong claim on the attention of the politician. A reasonable success is abundantly proved by the zeal with which these reformers work, for had they found the shield against their attack impenetrable, they would before this have given up their warfare. So far from being discouraged, they never were more confident of success than at present; for

though one of their leaders has been taken from them, his spirit remains to incite them continually to new efforts in behalf of the cause he has bequeathed to them.

But what has been done? we hear asked. What has been effected by all this machinery? You cannot point to the disarming of the nations; not one has adopted in practice the principles of peace; the flow of human blood has not been stopped; the preparation for shedding blood has not been stayed. This is true. But remember, a great change is to be effected inwardly before it manifests itself in the outward conduct. From the position of a nation glorying in war, regarding it as the instrument of her prosperity, the cherished employment for the energies of her most distinguished sons, to the full stature of a Christian people seeking others' good rather than their own, the distance is mighty indeed. It is not to be traversed in one age. The onward path is indeed a long one. It reaches from the battle-field to a far-off Eden, to a paradise upon earth now but dimly seen with the strongest eye of faith. Happy if men have entered this path—nay, happy if they linger at the opening, and then point out to each other the angel forms and "spirits of the just made perfect," who now, with the grossness of the flesh thrown off, are still inviting them to enter the path they loved while on earth.

Light has been scattered on this subject. There has been, we believe, a great change in public opinion. Though the fire has not been quenched, it has been kept in subjection; though the war trumpet is still continually sounding upon the ear, its notes have become harsh and grating to millions. Though the war spirit is not openly rebuked by the people, in every circle it is lamented. The war speeches are heard in silence, or, if applauded by the unreflecting, no echo of admiration comes back to reward the efforts of the "provokers of strife." Though our newspaper press is often full of fight, it has but taken its cue from the noisy patriot who raises the war-cry as of old, forgetting that it has lost its charm among the people. "Maine," said William Ladd, "is my home; I know the people well. I have seen the tears on the cheek of men when they were speaking of the rash resolutions of their legislature—laboring men too, the bone and muscle. I know the feeling of this State; they have not the war-fever. It is the contest of the leaders of the two parties to outdo each other in this noisy patriotism. It is the office-holders and the office-seekers, who raise the war-cry. They are indeed noisy, for one idle grasshopper will make a whole field vocal with his shrill note, while thousands of industrious ants are silently at work."

We would not overrate the results of the Peace Movement, for

that which men acknowledge has been done, is enough to make it cherished, and to encourage its friends in their future labors. The cause is onward. The signs of the times are not to be mistaken. In the court of royalty, at the cabinet meeting, its influence is felt. Collisions of interest, which a quarter of a century ago would have plunged nations into war, are now amicably settled. The custom of arbitration and of mediatorship is almost incorporated into the law of nations. The favorable ear which has been lent to the proposal of the establishment of a Congress of Nations, for the settlement of international disputes, demonstrates that the determination of the wise and good, to lessen the occasions of hostility, is felt by every statesman. There is, indeed, a tempering down of the war tone, a growing spirit of mutual concession among the principal nations, and an increasing repugnance to war among every enlightened people.

We do not claim for the Peace Movement proper the whole merit of this change. Other causes are in constant action. These are the extension of commerce and the frequency of intercommunication—the kindly affections flowing from heart to heart, silently, noiselessly; for every keel that cuts the wave forms a pathway for love to travel in. There is, too, the spread of democratic principles, which go side by side with the principles of peace. Sound democracy ever contends against restrictive systems, national barriers, the setting up of men's lives and means of happiness against the lives and happiness of other men, for the gain of the few. Its charm is that it proclaims good-will to men. Thousands flock to its standard because it is set up on the broad platform of universal brotherhood, while the banner of aristocracy floats over the war-castle, the lord of which but feeds his vassals that they may have strength to fight for him. In Europe the governments of some of the most belligerent nations are not sufficiently strong in the affections of the people for them to encounter safely the shock of war. The governed have not sufficient confidence in the rulers to make it expedient for the nation to measure its strength with its adversaries. Add to this the national debts—the bondage of the many to the capitalist—the price which the people pay for national glory. The over-loaded beast of burden already staggers under the weight; increase it, and he will be broken down altogether. Again; in olden times there were but two classes of men, the nobles and the people; now a third estate has raised itself up—the merchants—strong in wealth, in intelligence, keenly alive to their own interest. They have no war spirit, for the battle is death to them; and their influence is strengthening all over the world. The capitalists, they who hold

the key of the world's treasures, have a growing dislike to national debts. The Jew does not now crouch at the foot of the throne, as he once did; royalty itself, ere it can prepare for war, must go "on 'change."

But it is in this country that the martial spirit has received its greatest check; it is here that the pacific principles will first be adopted. Our political institutions direct the energies of every mind to questions of reform. While we love and reverence our fathers, we are not disposed to think that they attained to all truth. Their path was onward, and we best manifest our duty to them by pressing forward ourselves. They cut down the forest, and planted the grain, but there is no reason that we should suffer the unsightly stumps to remain in the field, because they had not the strength to eradicate them;—they will yield to us, for time has weakened the roots which fastened them to the soil. Our people are not deterred from the discussion of new opinions merely because they are new. The cry of Radicalism does not close the ear to truth. The people will inquire for themselves of this matter; they will not wear any chain because their fathers were thus in bondage. They begin to suspect that the poor man, the strong-sinewed working-man, the labor-blackened artisan, has equal rights to life and to the means of happiness with the rich and educated. They begin to ask some radical questions on this subject. Are we, say they, to be cut off from our usual employments by a declaration of war, and thus driven by a fear of starvation into the ranks of the army, to be changed from freemen into the veriest slaves, whose every motion is controlled by others? Are we to fill the ditch with our bodies that our masters may pass over dry-shod? Nay, say they, it is unequal, unfair that we should be shot at for a shilling a day, while others, whose lives are no dearer than ours, whose wives and children love them no better than do ours, after being educated as officers at the public expense, receive ample pay, and all the glory of the victory. And this too while the owners of the country's wealth, for which we fight, tread on Brussels carpets, and, lolling on soft sofas, are out of harm's way, rejoicing perhaps that a victory has been won, the price of which has been the destruction of ten thousand of us. If a war be needed for the good of our common country, let its dangers and privations be common too. These questions are already asked in whispers all over the land. They will be shouted in the ears of our politicians ere long. We have known a large audience to draw the deep breath of indignation when was read before them the cool calculation of a minister of war, deducting from his efficient force one-third of a large army,

as the consumption by disease alone of a single campaign. It was a mere stroke of the pen — a thing of course — this consigning thousands of men to sickness, wo, and certain death, — and done too with more composure than it would cost a humane man to direct a troublesome kitten to be destroyed. No wonder that the people felt indignation at the low value thus put upon human life!

Carlyle has said that "the common people are always in favor of war, for then there is a demand for the common people—to be shot." Not exactly so with us. It may be so in a starving population, whose only chance for life is in the ranks of the army; in a country from which corn-laws bar out the food of the people, and whose factories are closed by the restrictive systems of the neighboring nations; where a man with a soul is of less value than the dogs in a nobleman's kennel. Thank God that our people are not driven to this extremity. They feel that they have souls, feel that they belong to the family of man, and while their love of their country is not surpassed by any on earth, they know what they can justly and fairly ask of their richer brethren. The time has almost gone by when the whole burden of war, both its suffering and its consequent taxation, can be thrown on them, while the educated, the wealthy, the influential, touch not the burden with the tips of their fingers. For who feels the burden of taxation save the poor man, whose comforts are abridged by it, whose bread for his wife and children is lessened by it? What is the war debt but the mortgage to the capitalist of the very sinews of the people, which must create the value that is to discharge it? This is radicalism indeed, but it is radicalism which has some definite claims upon the attention of the most conservative among us.

What has the statesman to complain of in all this? You have spoken loud and strong of human brotherhood. You have presented before the people a scroll, bearing, in large letters, the words "*equal rights.*" They have rejoiced to read them, but now ask you to unroll your paper, that they may also read down to the very end. They have been taught some welcome truths, and they long for further light. The starving population of Europe are our brethren, and you that have taught us this great truth, that have excited our sympathies toward them, and made us love and pity them, will you now ask us to shoot down these men whom degradation has driven to the army, because the government which oppresses them has also injured us? You have read the people some lessons in the philosophy of war, and they begin to love the study, and have some hesitation in placing themselves

where they must kill or be killed, because of disputes which, if you possessed sufficient magnanimity, sufficient confidence in their practical good sense, could have been at once amicably adjusted.

The experiment of the unfolding of the democratic principle—(we use the word *democratic* as denoting the elevation of the people, the binding them together in bands of a common brotherhood, creating a mutual interest in each other, the prostration of every institution which enables a few injuriously to affect the interest of others)—is opening a new avenue to men's minds, and preparing the people to learn of Him "who spake as never man spake."

We do not pretend that our political institutions are perfect, or that no evil follows the wandering of the people into untried paths, where no ancient land-marks nor guide-posts are set up. We do not pretend that the people are fully enlightened. Far from it. They see yet but partially. Their eyes are not fully opened. Yet with the light they have, they are boldly and earnestly in progress. The public mind is deeply excited. Long established opinions, the customs of ages, are intently examined; and when satisfied of former errors, they have the self-confidence, the moral courage to uproot them. The new truth that has penetrated the masses, is mainly this:—that there is much wo and wretchedness, poverty and degradation, carnage and oppression in the world, not necessarily there; that the wrongs done by man to man are not from the necessity of the case, but from the imperfect structure of society; that the gnawing hunger of a whole population, the abject bondage of many people, the degradation of millions, made machines of that they may be better soldiers—the rivers of blood that have been shed—that all these are not of God's appointment, but the result of the bitter selfishness of the few; and that they, the people, have in times past been made slaves of, that they might be the scourges of each other, not for their own profit or pleasure, but to minister to the lusts and passions of those who control the movements of the nations. They begin to suspect the wisdom which seeks to bring good out of evil, by opposing man to man, and by exciting in him the most ferocious passions for mutual self-destruction. Where is the good of all this? ask the people. To whose advantage is it? The good comes not to us. It destroys us.

If our political institutions are sound, their tendency is to elevate the people, to diffuse the comforts of life among them all, to extend refinement of feeling and activity of mind through the whole mass; to improve the morals, and to call out into full exercise the social feelings, the spirit of love and mutual kindness.

Now war is the opposing principle, the antagonist of all this, and of course conflicts with the spirit of our republican government. One unavoidable consequence of war, is the unequal distribution of property. It absorbs all the wealth of the country to fill still further the coffers of the rich. National experience in Europe proves this. Vast sums of money are extorted from the people to be returned, dollars to the few, cents to the many; and the war debt, as we have before said, is the mortgage of every man's sinews and muscles to the capitalist. War is necessarily an aristocratical state; the same relative distinction extends all over the land as is seen in the ships of war,—the princely state-room for the master, the hammock for the men,—the one enjoying ample space and the free air in his luxurious cabin, the others crowded below in a mass, to breathe the suffocating odors of the hold. It is, we repeat, necessarily so; war cannot be waged without these unjust distinctions. The many must become subject to the few, the money interest must be the lord of the ascendent, and when Peace returns she finds the habit of command in some, the willingness to yield in others, firmly fastened upon the nation. The government, fused in the furnace of war, assumes the shape which the exigencies of war demand; it takes the mould of the battle, and peace only cools down the mass into adamantine hardness, which ever after bears down upon the people with a crushing weight. It was the demand for leaders in the fight which created a nobility, and it is the continuance of the martial spirit which still buoys them up above the level of common men.

We have recurred to this view of the subject to show that our relative position as a nation, that our republican institutions, favor the spread of the principles of Christianity. It is our popular government, our democratic reference to the good of the people, the bold radical spirit among us, which will not rest satisfied with a lie because the lie has been told for ages, which makes our country the proper field for the spread of this reform, and encourages the philanthropist in this blessed work.

We do not pretend, as we before said, that the people are fully enlightened on this subject. There are yet many in utter darkness, many whose prejudices against some one foreign nation have been industriously kept alive. There are others, too, the alarmists by trade, disturbers of the public peace for bread — so reckless of consequences to others, that they are ever ready to hail with joy any commotion which shall break up the present relative positions of men. Still the people have their eyes partially opened; they see present evils, though their vision extends not far away to see the curative means. For instance, in the case

of a war for the disputed territory, they cannot comprehend how the waste of money, life, human happiness, on both sides, can settle existing difficulties. Neither nation can conquer the other; and when at last the attempt at pacification is made, the exasperated feelings created by the war, so far from diminishing, increase the difficulties of an adjustment. They begin to feel too the utter folly of the terms "national honor," "national glory," "national chivalry" — though many of our legislators appear not to have made the discovery. These terms are the watchwords of England — a country in which twenty thousand people at least die annually of actual starvation — where, notwithstanding this, the poor sailor or soldier, whose back bears the mark of the lash, and whose body is maimed, and whose mother and sister are "on the parish," shouts huzza for his king and his country. *Glorious* England! They have some idea too that the spread of knowledge, the thorough diffusion of the comforts of life,— in other words, the *happiness* of the people, is their true glory. They know that this glory is not promoted by war. Experience tells them that the sword has ever been the instrument of the tyrant and oppressor; and he that wields it even in the cause of liberty, too often has found he but obtained

——— "the name
Of freedom, graven on a heavier chain!"

We are aware that the popular indignation was excited and still continues, against those who took part in opposition to the last war; and rightly excited too. A party peace organization, while the country is engaged in fight, has the appearance of a traitorous combination, attacking the government when weakened by the employment of all its resources against the foreign foe. It was not the martial spirit of the country which the Federal party then opposed, but the one result of this war spirit — the actual war then existing. It was not the unchristian nature of every war, but the inexpediency of the exercise of the right *then* to do battle. They did not place themselves on the high ground of the moralist, but on the low ground of the partisan. They did not so much consider the happiness and welfare of the people, as the success and triumph of a faction. Was it not so in the main — though many may have joined the opposition from higher and purer motives? What moral right has any one to oppose his country; to embarrass her operations, when actually engaged in war, if he holds to the right and expediency of ever fighting at all? If it be proper, Christian-like, expedient, for a nation ever to declare war, when that war is declared by the constituted authority, no one admitting the premises has a moral right to be

found in opposition to it. He may oppose the declaration of war, but the declaration once made, it binds all whose consciences permit them to fight in any war whatever. It is supremely ridiculous to suppose that before hostilities can commence, the views of every party, and faction, and individual, are to be consulted.

But on this retrospection we have no desire to dwell. We are now dealing with the present and the future, from which we will not divert our attention to rest it upon either the faults or the follies of the past. We desire simply to add our voice to the general approval of all the good and the wise, for the encouragement of the noble movement of philanthropy denoted in the title to the present article. Within the limits it prescribes, we have been able to perform but half of the design with which we commenced; and we reserve for a second paper in our next Number a sketch which we propose to give of the life and character of one of the most remarkable men of the day, recently deceased; well known not only in this country, but over the whole civilized world, as the apostle of Peace of these latter days — the late President of the American Peace Society, WILLIAM LADD.

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## PARTING WORDS.

BY MRS. C. E. DA PONTE.

SPEAK not of me when hourly 'mid the gay
And giddy throng, who circle round thy way,
And proffer homage to that gentle eye,
In whispered words and love's bewildering sigh.
No, lady, not in scenes of such delight,
Nor in thy halls with dance and song at night,
Speak thou of one who doth not mourn his lot,
By all but one true heart to be forgot.

Ah, no, not then—but in some lonely hour
When fades the sun, and dew is on the flower,
In such a time as falls that soft repose
Fair evening sheds, and only evening knows;
As thy sweet eyes turn then their pensive light
To worlds which burn beyond our mortal sight—
Let thy young heart, from earthly visions free,
Give one fond thought to memory and to me.

## MR. CAMP'S "DEMOCRACY."*

This is an admirable little volume—with but one fault; namely, that being a little volume as it is, it had not been made a little smaller. That is to say, that if the three or four concluding chapters which the author has appended to the main body of his work, in the form of a "Part II.," had been omitted, we should have been able to omit the qualification we feel now bound to add to our approval of its general excellence of matter as of manner. It is evident that these chapters formed no part of the plan on which Mr. Camp had projected the lucid, logical, and beautiful essay on the general principles of Democracy, which constitutes his "Part I." The latter was pronounced, we presume, by the Publishers, insufficient, in a mechanical point of view, to fill up the requisite bulk to give the volume admission to their Family and School Libraries; and the author has had to eke it out as per order—no longer under the inspiration which had before guided his voluntary pen, in a labor of love, performed in a manner not unworthy of his elevated and elevating theme; but under that kind of requisition, for a given number of pages, supplementary and distinct, usually the least favorable to an author's success. The First Part is an essay on the abstract theory of Democracy, than which we know of none so complete, connected, compact. The author has rendered a valuable service to his country and its political literature. Mr. Camp's pages are rich with thought, strong, clear, and well arranged, equally in their logic and their language. There is very little in this part of the volume which has not alike our concurrence and our admiration. There are many passages, teeming with important and interesting truth, and evincing profound reflection by an active and original mind, upon the grand subject of political science, which we had marked for extraction. The cheapness and facility of access of the volume induce us, however, to prefer to recommend the perusal of the whole — notwithstanding the serious drawback to its value which we find, on some of the superfluous pages, he has been unwisely induced to append to it. One extract alone we shall not omit, with which Mr. Camp closes that part of his work which we have taken pleasure in thus highly commending. We insert

* Democracy. By George Sidney Camp. New York: Harper & Brothers, Cliff-st. 1841.

it for the purpose of showing that he is not insensible to a point of view in which we have more than once attempted to present the great Truth of Democracy, in the pages of this Review:—

But we have, in these modern times, a more powerful guarantee for the public morals. We have the Christian religion, which Greece and Rome had not. Its code of morals is perfect. Its sanctions are as powerful as it is possible for the imagination to conceive. It is never satisfied with the improvement of its disciples; it will never cease to make converts, until it embraces the universal race of man. If humanity had a downward tendency, this religion would arrest its progress. It is implicitly believed by us that its achievements will be equal to its aims, and that it will go on conquering and to conquer until it shall have restored our race to its primeval purity. On the contrary, rites and ceremonies constituted the chief part of the religion of the ancients; and those rites and ceremonies, so far from improving, corrupted their votaries. The most disgusting and abominable orgies formed a part of them; while theft had a patron in Mercury, drunkenness in Bacchus, licentiousness in Venus, and every vice a precedent in the conduct of some of the numerous divinities of the ancient mythology. It may readily be supposed that heathenism had but little connexion with the study of morals, which, while that odious system was universally popular, excited no interest among the people, but was confined to the schools of the philosophers. There was thus no renovating principle for human nature; and it was left under all the seductive influence of circumstances, combined with a religion, itself the offspring of the passions and vices of men, to an uncertain dependance on natural temperament and the unaided sanctions of a natural conscience.

But the Christian religion not merely preserves our morals from corruption, and gives them a decided and continuous impulse towards improvement: it tends directly to the institution of democracy. Make men just, and they must be democratic. What will become of usurpation and force, corruption and fraud, as Christianity takes its march over the earth? It respects no abuses, however ancient. It sanctions nothing but what is wise and what is good. It abhors the corruption, extravagance, and vanity of courts. It imbues man deeply with the fear of God, and those who fear God are inaccessible to any other fear. It fills us with a sense of the absolute equality of the species. It teaches us to respect nothing so much as principle. It inspires the most dignified independence. It is democratic in its Author; our Saviour himself came from the common people; he was born in a manger; he was a carpenter's son. It was democratic in its apostles; they were fishermen, poor, ignorant. and despised. It expresses its preference of the poor. Its morals are digested to the comprehension of the poor and illiterate. Its sanctions, no man so stupid but that he can comprehend. It inculcates the liberty of conscience; and no man who is thoroughly impressed with the truth that his Creator has intrusted to him his own eternal salvation, can well doubt that the same wise Providence has fully accomplished him for the subordinate relations and responsibilities of this life, and his own government among the rest. No book ever written makes us so sensible as the Christian revelation of the dignity of man as man, and the frivolity of all those temporary or accidental distinctions with which the world has been so long oppressed.

I cannot refrain from noticing some strong points of similarity between the history of religion and of democratic liberty; nor can I believe these points of resemblance between the fate of truth in religion and of truth in politics, man's chief terrestrial and the summary of man's celestial good, to be entirely capricious and fanciful.

Both have always had the predominance of numbers against them. Both are sustained by principle, and would be annihilated by precedent or authority. Both flourish best on the same soil, and sympathize deeply in each other's successes. Both have always inculcated the same contempt for human authority, the same regard for the poorer and humbler classes, the same disregard of merely adventitious and accidental distinctions, the same paramount authority of principle. Both have for their

basis the law of benevolence. Both have been reproached with the origin and character of their supporters. Both have been stigmatized as the occasion of an extensive destruction of the species. Both have borne the reproach of being disorganizing and anarchical.

The Christian religion is emphatically a religion for the people. It impregnates the masses with something better than humanity. What a religion for *the many!* What a basis for popular government! How elevated and how substantial the hopes of the friend of popular rights, when he feels that the progress of human liberty must keep pace with the progress of Christian illumination, and that the cause of man is thus identified with the cause of his Maker!

In the Second Part, we have no fault to find with the chapter devoted to the refutation of De Tocqueville's favorite idea of the supposed "tyranny of the majority" in America. On the contrary, the fallacy of this criticism, by the celebrated Frenchman, of the Democracy with which he was able to find no other serious fault, is very conclusively exhibited. No such "tyranny" exists. The mental independence fostered by our institutions might have been even more strongly asserted than Mr. Camp has done. The moral and social power of public opinion—quite independent of the political organization—he clearly shows to be a great power only in such cases, and to such an extent, as constitute it necessarily a salutary and useful one; while it has its origin in those fundamental laws of human nature, upon which all other forms of government only impose artificial and mischievous restraints, and to which the freedom of Democracy simply allows the natural and healthy action designed by their Author. "This is not the tyranny of majorities," says Mr. Camp; "it is the nature of man, more prominent only in republics, because government has less force and nature more."

Nor with the chapter entitled "Immigration" have we any other fault to find, than the author's omission to go to the whole length which consistency with his own general principles seems to us to require. He states strongly the benefits which our country has derived, and is daily deriving, from the influx of European immigration; and not only dissipates the idle alarms with which it has been regarded by that most absurd of the political humbugs of late years, "Native-Americanism," but also administers a mild though just rebuke to that sectarian bigotry, which we have recently seen so rife among us, and which would prefer to reject the manifold advantages brought by every immigrant, with a sinewy arm and a humane heart, rather than welcome, in the true spirit of kindly brotherhood, a *Catholic* fellow-Christian. After showing the fallacy of any apprehension from this source in a political point of view, he thus proceeds:—

To urge the influx of Catholics as an evil, in a religious point of view, is a flagrant error. The Protestant Christian, as such, ought to know no particular country. The soul across the Atlantic ought to be as dear to him as that of a native-born American. He ought therefore to rejoice at an event which places the Catholic within his reach, within his means of influence and conversion—at a change to a place where that (in his view) erroneous faith is more accessible, and truth is re-enforced by the strong auxiliary power of majorities. The religious Protestant ought to regard with great satisfaction an event which brings Catholics to his own door, to have their belief rectified if it be not orthodox, and thus converts every Protestant neighbor into a Protestant missionary. He ought not to fear for the cause of truth in an equal competition with error, but rather to invite such competition. The rivalry among religious sects has already redounded much to our secular advantage, and has actually, I believe, made us a more enlightened people. It may well be doubted whether, had the population rapidly settling at the West been all Protestant, the same strenuous efforts would have been put forth there in the cause of education, or so zealously sustained.

Yet, while on this subject, we should have been glad to see Mr. Camp go a little farther than he has done. While exhorting us to welcome the immigrant, even though he come in the rags of that pauperism to which he has been reduced by those oppressions of government in a foreign land, which have already served as the best apprenticeship to enable him to appreciate the blessings of the free institutions of his new home and country, we should have been glad if he had not stopped short at bidding us to "interpose no capricious barriers to their amalgamation" with ourselves, but had urged us to remove, at least to some extent, the barriers already existing, by reducing the unnecessary length of the term of residence now required by our laws of naturalization. We have no hesitation in declaring that we would have no objection to admit the immigrant to every privilege of citizenship within a single year of his arrival, instead of the present period of five years — with the simple qualifications of *bona fide* intention of residence, and the ability to read the newspapers, in which he will have found by that time a sufficient discussion of the leading questions on which the exercise of the elective franchise will require him to form an opinion.

The chapter on "Aristocracy in America" contains much on which we regret that our limits compel us to forego the criticism to which it is justly amenable. We must content ourselves with a few remarks on the chapter to which Mr. Camp will hardly regard it as a very desirable compliment that its doctrines have elicited an approval from his Whig readers as general as their condemnation by those of his own political faith. We refer to the chapter on "The Right of Instruction."

The Right of Instruction Mr. Camp calls a "false pretence." He pronounces against it, without compromise, and without ex-

ception. In his argument in support of this position, there is little that is new, though he states it ingeniously and plausibly. It is simply this:

1. The object of the Constitution of the United States, in the length of tenure of the senatorial office, is to render the incumbent independent of the capricious fluctuations of the popular will. — 2. By his election he becomes a representative, not of his particular constituency, but of the whole Union; and cannot therefore receive a dictation from the one to control his legislation for the others. — 3. It was only at the adoption of the Constitution that any true expression was made of the will of *the people* in this matter. They then determined, not simply that the popular will should, as a general truth, give shape and direction to the action of government, but also that it should be done in a particular manner — through a certain system of political machinery — with various checks upon the action of that popular will itself, for the very purpose of securing an eventual calm, sober, and mature expression of it. And, although they may be very respectable assemblages of men, yet no number of persons among a particular constituency can claim any right to this title as "*the People*," to supersede, by mandatory instructions, that original and still paramount authority. — 4. In the case of senators of the United States receiving instructions from State Legislatures, it is an usurpation of power on the part of the latter to which the former is not bound to pay any regard; both being different sets of representative agents of a common constituency, with distinct duties, rights, powers, and responsibilities, neither in any way amenable to the other, and each bound to confine itself within the strictly defined limits of its delegated authority. — 5. And finally, that the alleged amenability to instructions would deprive the popular minority of an important conservative right, as against temporary minorities, which is secured to them in a long and independent tenure of the representative office.

Now, in all this, Mr. Camp loses sight of the idea which lies at the bottom of any system of representative democracy — namely, the very *representative* character of the agent delegated by the people of every particular constituency to speak their voice and act out their will. The just point of view in which our whole apparatus of legislation should be regarded is, that it is but a set of convenient labor-saving machinery, to supersede the necessity for the assemblage of the great masses of the People themselves, to discuss and dispose of the affairs of their own self-government. This idea would be realized in its high-

est perfection, when, each of the various subdivisions or districts adopted for the convenience of election being represented, each delegate should correctly express the will of the popular majority of his own constituency. The legislation would then be the action of each separate local majority, and of the aggregate national majority; while a sufficient safeguard to the rights of the minority would be found — 1, in the sense of justice of the majority, and the interest of each individual composing it to respect those rights which he himself may, before long, on some other occasion, have to invoke, when himself in a minority; —2, in the fact that the majority of to-day is subject to the appellate jurisdiction of the majority of to-morrow, and that the sceptre of its power is sure to depart from it, if it offend the moral sense of the honest public mind by any marked act of wrong of this character; — 3, in the triple sets of agents through the hands of which every measure of legislation must pass, each independent of the other, and each representing different bodies or portions of the common constituency; — 4, in the universal freedom of every form of public discussion, giving to a minority in danger of being thus injured or aggrieved, such opportunities of remonstrance, and of appeal to the sense of justice as well as to that of the true permanent interest of the majority, as reduce down to the minimum point of probability all such danger as Mr. Camp thinks it useful to guard against in the anti-republican and anti-democratic mode contended for by him. And suppose it to be conceded that an occasional case may happen, that the constituency giving the instructions may be wrong, and the representative disobeying them right, and that before long the majority of the former should come over to the position of the latter; yet this is a case less likely to happen than the reverse, in which unworthy or interested motives should lead to the abuse of his delegated powers by a representative indifferent to a future re-election, or perhaps despairing of it on other grounds; while, as a general rule, unless Democracy is all wrong *ab initio*, the paramount authority in the matter may be much more safely trusted to the honest and disinterested intelligence of the popular constituency, than to any individual agent, however prudently he may have been selected at a former day for his post. The chance of his going wrong is at least quite equal to that of error on the part of the majority of the people on the ground of intelligence alone; while on the ground of the possibility of sinister or unpatriotic influences warping the judgment, the danger — a danger of a formidable and mischievous kind — is wholly on the side of the individual.

In the case of a senator of the United States receiving instructions from the legislature of his State, we have always so far agreed with Mr. Camp as not to regard the right as absolute and unconditional on the part of the legislature. Both represent the people of the State; and it may be possible that the representation by the senator, on some given occasion, may be more correct than that by the other body, though that is not a case of very likely occurrence. For example, the matter on which the instructions are given may not have been at all before the people at the time of the election of that body; or, from an unequal distribution of the districts, the minority which voted against the instructions may represent the majority of the people; or some sinister or accidental influences may have carried away the majority in the body, or a portion of them, into an act at variance with the true will of their own constituents. In such cases the senator must judge for himself, under a high responsibility to his State as well as to his conscience. He may disregard the instructions, if he truly and honestly believe that, in doing so, he best carries out the actual will of the whole people of his State. But the instructions are *prima facie* evidence of that will, which must be conclusive with him, unless he can positively prove the contrary to the satisfaction of his conscientious belief.

We have no wish to dwell further on this topic, and will add but a single remark in conclusion. Mr. Camp's inference of the intention of the framers of the Constitution, as expressed in the long tenure of office, is quite gratuitous. That instrument was a compromise of many variant opinions. Such was undoubtedly the meaning of some, but not of the more Democratic portion of their number; and though the latter consented to the long tenure, it was doubtless under the impression that the working of the system would be in harmony with the genius of that Democracy, which was evidently to be the pervading spirit of the whole. The instructions may be obeyed without resignation, even with a protest of the private opinion of the individual; and (not incompatible with obedience to instructions, which are but rarely given, and only on the great occasions usually deemed worthy of such interposition) all the other benefits supposed to be derived from the long tenure may be obtained without a violation of the great cardinal principle to which all others must stand subordinate, of *popular self-government, by the absolute and perpetual prevalence of the will of the majority.*

# THE IRISH GIRL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOPE LESLIE," &c.

"My peace is gone;
My heart is heavy;
I shall find it never,
And never more."

"Now sit down, Margaret, child, and rest you—here by my bed-side. How comfortable my bed feels!—it always has the right lay when you fix it, Margaret. Come, sit down—the work is all done up, and done as well as I could do it myself—even the outside of the tea-kettle is as clean as a china-cup. It's a mystery to me, Margaret, how you learned such tidy ways in a shanty."

"It's not always that I have lived in a shanty, Mrs. Ray."

"Don't turn your back to me, Margaret—draw your chair closer to my bed. I want to have a little talk with you, Margaret. I feel myself going down-hill, and I don't know how long I may be spared."

"God forbid you should be taken, Mrs. Ray, dear—you that are so good to them that's near and them that's far off."

"You must not flatter me, Margaret," said the old woman, in a tone of voice that indicated anything but displeasure.

"And do you think I'd be after flattering you, Mrs. Ray — you that are mother-like to me. God knows you are kind, and it's James says the same; and you know yourself James, God forgive him, loves no Yankee besides you in the world."

"But I mistrust, Margaret," said the old lady, fixing her faded gray eye on the young creature, "I mistrust James's sister can't say the same." Margaret's cheek, ordinarily pale, turned to a deep crimson. The old lady cleared her voice and continued. "It's no crime, nor nothing like it, Margaret, to love what's good—hem—if what's good is what's suitable." This seemed a mere common-placeism, but Margaret's cheek turned pale again, and a tear trickled over it. "You say you have not always lived in a shanty, Margaret, and that's what I have said to our people. Says I to sister Maxwell, 'Margaret has had as good opportunities as the most of our mountain girls;' says I, 'she can read handsomely—there's few can read like her,' says I—'I wish the minister could read so,' says I—'her reading sinks right down into the heart.'"

"Who is *flattering* now, Mrs. Ray, dear?"

"Not I, Margaret—'tis not our way to flatter."

"Nor ours. God knows, Mrs. Ray, it's what we feel we speak, be it good or bad."

"Well, well, Margaret, I know some does call real kind heart-words flattery, but they are no such thing, I know—we won't talk about that now. As I was saying, judging from your reading and writing, you have seen better days—havn't you, Margaret?"

"Some days they were better, and other days not. I had an aunt was housekeeper at Lady Kavenagh's—and my lady respected my aunt, and she would have me to come and live with her in the house-keeper's room. And Miss Grace took a fancy to me, and taught me to read and write, and so forth."

"Then, after all," said Mrs. Ray, with manifest disappointment, "your parents have always lived in a shanty?"

"They lived in what we call a cabin, ma'am,—thank God."

"Margaret, you forget—I've often told you it's not right to use the name of God in vain as you do. You should not say 'thank God,' when you mean nothing by it."

"Indeed, Mrs. Ray, dear, and I do mean something. I never think of my home in that cabin without thanking God in my heart, and God forgive me if I don't thank him with my lips too. That cabin was my home, Mrs. Ray—there was a kind father and the kindest of mothers always working and earning for us. There it was my little sister—God bless her—died; there was James, my mate, always glad to see me and sorry to part from me; there was never a harsh word among us—we laughed and we cried together—what one loved, the other loved, and what one hated, all hated—hadn't we what's best in castle and palace, and not always found there? I've often thought, wouldn't my lady Kavenagh gladly change with my mother, and rough it with loving hearts and happy faces?"

"Oh, I dare say, Margaret, ladies in the old countries have it hard enough, as every one knows who reads the newspapers—but that is nothing to the purpose. What I want to come at, Margaret, is, would you—*could* you be content to live in a cabin again? —you would hold your head above it — wouldn't you?"

Margaret's form dilated as she impulsively rose from her seat, and raising and clasping her hands appealingly exclaimed: "God strike me dead then if I would!—it was in a cabin that my father and mother that's gone lived—it was in a cabin that James and I grew up together with one heart between us. Oh, Mrs. Ray, dear, God forgive you—it's such a long time ago, I think you have forgotten what a happy thing it is to be a child at home, in your own father's place—be it castle or cabin, it's all the same."

"Don't be affronted, child, and don't cry," said kind Mrs. Ray, wiping her eyes, and somewhat overpowered by Margaret's vehe-

mence; "your feelings are natural, and quite right, but there is no need of such a hurricane. I am sure my sons and daughters love me and are dutiful to me, but it's in a quiet regular way."

"And that's the way of your people, Mrs. Ray, dear, but our feelings come in a storm, and you may as easy keep the winds that come howling over your Becket hills quiet, as keep them still—but it's not always we are feeling, and God forgive me if I have said anything to fret you—you that are so kind to me."

"It's a satisfaction to be kind to you, Margaret, and I don't like to leave my work half done — so sit down again. I'll be candid with you, Margaret, and you must be candid with me, and open your heart to me as if I were your own mother."

"Ah, Mrs. Ray, dear!" Margaret kissed the old lady.

"I am going to use freedom, child — who gave you that blue guard-chain that you wear round your neck day and night?"

"Sure it was William Maxwell, then," replied Margaret, in a voice scarce above her breath. Margaret was learning that some of our feelings, and those of the strongest too, are stillest.

"And what have you hanging by it, Margaret?"

Margaret answered by drawing out a small crucifix appended to the guard-chain, kissing it, and crossing herself. "O, Margaret, Margaret! that's to be a cross to you indeed, I fear — I must tell you the truth, there is nothing William Maxwell's parents have such a horror of as a Catholic, and there is nothing his father despises like an Irish person."

"But it's not William Maxwell that's after fearing the one, or despising the other," said Margaret.

"No, that's true. William is not a serious young man, and he's thought little about religion yet, one way or the other; but when he comes to consider, Margaret, he will feel, as we all do, that it's a dreadful thing to be a Catholic, and pray to saints, and worship images, and so forth. And besides, I know William better than you do, Margaret — I've known him from his cradle — he's my own sister's son, and I love him, and he's a pretty young man, but William has not resolution to go against his parent's will, be it right or wrong. Take care, child, you've dropped your stitches — now, Margaret, child, hear me patiently — consider, to-day is not for ever, and them that's young and soft like you, if their feeelings are cast in one mould, they can be cast over in another."

"Will ye speak right out what you are after saying to me, Mrs. Ray, dear?"

"Be patient, child — slow and sure, you know. We can't have everything just right in this world, Margaret — when one door is opened, another is shut — young folks must be conformable." Margaret sighed with irrepressible impatience, and Mrs

Ray proceeded more directly: "It's my opinion, Margaret, that William can nowhere find a likelier girl than you are. You have just the disposition to please sister Maxwell, and Providence somehow seems to have set you down here, making the place for you, and you for the place, as it were — and somehow you have taken an unaccountable hold of my heart, and I can't blame William; and so I was thinking, Margaret, as the rail-road is almost done, the shanties will soon be broke up, and James will have to look for work elsewhere; you'll have a good chance, as it were, to break up your connexions with all these people, and after a little while you will be no more an Irish girl than Belinda Anne Tracy." Margaret's face was turned quite away, or probably Mrs. Ray would not have proceeded — "and then as to your beads, your crucifix, your confessions, &c., the sooner you give them all up, the better, child, for soul and body too" —

"Say no more, Mrs. Ray; God forsake me if I forsake Him, and deny my parents and my people, and cast off James — heart of my heart! — better for my soul, say ye? and what would be left of my soul, if all faith and love to God and man were out of it? — Oh, Mrs Ray, I would not have thought it of you!" The poor girl wept as if her heart were broken. Mrs. Ray tried in vain to soothe her. She no more argued or persuaded; she was ashamed that she had done either. Her strong innate sense of right triumphed over the prejudices of education and society; and having begun with proposing to her young friend to abjure her faith, and forsake her people, she ended with respecting the loyalty that kept her true to both.

Little need be said in explanation of the relations and history of the parties introduced to our readers. Margaret O'Brien had belonged to one of those encampments of Irish that are found along the lines of our rail-roads, while those great works are constructing by those people who, driven forth from their own land by misery and multiplied oppressions, come here to do our roughest work, and share our bread and freedom. Their shanties, built for transient use, are constructed with the least possible expense and labor; and though perhaps adequate to their ideas of comfort, are a sad contrast to the humblest homes of our own people. There is little found in them besides strong healthy bodies and warm hearts — the best elements of happiness in any home.

Would it not be well for our people to consider more maturely than they have yet done, the designs of Providence in sending these swarms of Irish people among us? Is it not possible that their vehement feelings, ardent affections, and illimitable generosity might mingle with our colder, and (we say it regretfully)

more selfish natures, to the advantage of both? And at any rate, by losing the opportunity of promoting their happiness, of binding them to us by the blessed links of humanity, are we not doing a wrong to our own souls? Can good be effected to them or to ourselves by contemning their nation, and deriding their religion?

Margaret's father lost his life while working on the Western Rail-Road by the blasting of a rock. Margaret's mother was ill at the time — the shock of seeing his mangled body brought home without warning occasioned, as was believed, her death. The report of the melancholy fate of these people spread through the neighborhood, and Mrs. Ray, impelled by her Christian heart, went to look after the orphan girl. She was struck with the loveliness of her countenance, her sweet manners, and the superior decency of her habitation. "Why," said she afterward to the Maxwells, who expressed their surprise that she should take a girl from the shanties into her family — "it wasn't like a shanty! They were not all herded together like cattle, as they commonly are, but the place was parted off into three rooms; — there were bedsteads — rough, to be sure — and there were clean sheets and decent spreads; and they had some chairs; and Margaret a little table with a drawer, all made by her brother, and a work-basket, and everything tidy on it, and a picture hanging over it" —

"A picture! some saint, I dare say," interrupted Maxwell, his lip curling.

"It might be, for aught I know," replied Mrs. Ray, meekly, "but I should not think any one need to be the worse for a saint — the picture of one, I mean, hanging up before them. I assure you, brother Maxwell, everything had a becoming appearance — there was considerable earthen-ware and silver tea-spoons, and it was evident they had lived like folks — and as to the poor orphan girl, she is as neat as the neatest of our Becket girls — Belinda Anne don't exceed her — and she is so pretty spoken and pretty looking — and as I wanted help that would be company too, I was glad to get her; and her brother having to go to work on the next section, was glad to leave her in a suitable place for one so young and comely. I hope you don't think I did wrong, brother Maxwell," concluded Mrs. Ray, who, though very apt to do right from her own impulses, was rather weakly nervous as to the judgment of others.

"You are an independent woman, and must judge for yourself, Mrs. Ray. Everybody knows 'tis my principle to keep clear of the Paddies. I neither eat nor drink with them, and I go not in nor out among them."

"But you *sell* to them," said Mrs. Ray, with a smile that faintly

indicated what she did not say, and what she retained because she was a woman of peace, and rarely struck a discordant note. The complaints she had heard from these poor strangers and wayfarers in the land, of the exorbitant prices demanded by "brother Maxwell," for his pork and potatoes, were fermenting in her mind.

"Yes, I sell to them — I take care of number one. As the Bible says, he that don't provide for his own household is worse than an infidel."

"I take that passage in another sense, brother Maxwell; I provide for my family by buying of them; — I buy Margaret's services, and she throws in her love, and I would not change *bargains* with you."

"And I should not be afraid to show books with you, widow Ray," retorted the sordid man.

"I don't keep any books," replied Mrs. Ray; "her accounts are nevertheless set down, and will probably show fairest at last!"

Maxwell is one of those who bring dishonor on the good name of his people. His industry runs into anxious toil, his enterprise into avarice, his economy into miserliness, his sagacity into cunning, his self-preserving instincts into selfishness. Having one of the largest farms in Becket, his ruling passion is to make it larger. Enjoying and imparting never enter into his calculations; and, as was said of a far loftier person, "he had not so much joy in what he had, as trouble and agony for what he had not." His only son and heir, William, though resembling his father, had an infusion of his mother's more generous disposition — a sprinkling of her more attractive qualities. How the proportions were balanced, and which preponderated, will be seen by his conduct.

Margaret O'Brien was much less hopeful than most young people. Early changes and sorrows had superinduced a reflectiveness and sadness on the natural vehemence and cheerfulness of her character. Life seemed to her a dark and tangled path, and she shrunk from pursuing it. She had not yet learned that there is an inner light, which always shines on the patient soul. She was silent and abstracted all the day after her conversation with Mrs. Ray. She performed her usual domestic duties negligently. "I saw plainly," Mrs. Ray afterward said, "that the poor girl's heart was not in them; but then, sister Maxwell, I was only thinking how pretty she looked, and what a blessing she would be to the man — be he who he would — that should marry her. Well, we are short-sighted creatures."

As the day declined, Margaret became more restless. She was

continually going to the door, and looking up the road. "Who are you expecting?" asked Mrs. Ray.

"It's James I am looking for — he promised he would be down some day this week." Margaret blushed deeply, conscious that, though telling the truth, it was not the whole truth. No James came. No approaching footstep, hoof, or wheel, broke the dismal silence that surrounded the widow's dwelling. Margaret became more and more unquiet, and at last said she would go and meet James: "that would shorten the time; and if I am not at home at tea-time, don't wait for me, Mrs. Ray, dear; it is not very far to the shanties, and if I should be late home, there is a bright moon to-night."

Margaret was already on the threshold. Mrs. Ray called her back. "My child," she said, "don't stay out late — you know I am of an anxious make, and easily startled, and you are not looking yourself, Margaret, since our talk this morning; and I'm not superstitious, and don't really believe in such things, but there has been one of the neighbor's dogs howling unaccountably lately; and last evening I fully meant to put on my purple shawl, and when I came to take it off, it was my black one, trimmed with crape! I don't believe in signs, but they make one feel — and if any evil were to happen to you, Margaret, I should feel just as wounded as if it were one of my own daughters."

"God — the God of the fatherless — bless you, Mrs. Ray, dear, and keep all trouble far from your door." Margaret kissed her old friend, and promised to return as early as possible, and that promise Mrs. Ray afterward said was a great comfort to her, for she was sure "she meant to keep it." Margaret walked hastily up the road, and took a horse-path that, passing through a wood, led by a cross-cut to the railroad.

Winter comes on prematurely in Becket, a high, cold, mountain town. Though it was yet October, the glow and almost metallic brightness of our autumn foliage had passed away. The leaves, the summer's wealth, lay in piles on the ground, or hung in sadly thinned companies rustling on the branches; leaden clouds were driving over the sky, and snow falling in scattered flakes.

Margaret's way lay along a leaping and gushing mountain-stream, which, to the ear of the happy, called up images of courage and joy, but to Margaret it may have sounded mournful and ominous. *May*, we say, but there is reason to think that the poor girl was deaf to the sympathies of nature, that her mind was possessed with one idea, and that it mattered not to her whether the voices of nature were cheering or sad. She did not even pause at "Hardy's rock," though that had been her "trysting tree." This

was a rock easy of access from the road, but precipitous toward the stream, with a broad flat summit. The stream below it was dammed, partly by a natural accumulation of brush and stones brought from above, and partly by art, and it set back in a deep basin. The stream, swollen to a torrent by late rains, had overflowed the margin of the basin, and covered the little strip of level ground around it to the very edge of a steep cliff, whose pines and furs were darkly reflected in it. But a few weeks before Margaret had sat on this rock with William Maxwell, and, while she listened to him, had woven a wreath for her bonnet of the asters and golden-rod that were now withered like her hopes.

Below the dam was a saw-mill belonging to William, and he often came down to it toward evening to see what work had been accomplished during the day. It was nearly two weeks since Margaret had seen him, and in that interval she had heard that, in rustic phrase, he was "paying attention" to a young girl, who, by the recent death of her father, had become sole proprietor of a farm adjoining Maxwell's, and was heiress to herds, pasture-land, and much rural wealth. This young person was the Belinda Anne Tracy, of whom Mrs. Ray had spoken in the morning to Margaret with more meaning than met the ear. Uncertainty was intolerable to Margaret's impatient Irish nature, and "It will now be ended!" she exclaimed, as, listening intently, she heard the tramp of William Maxwell's horse long before she saw him. She was hidden by a projecting point of the rock, and he did not perceive her till he was arrested by her voice, not in a loud, but thrilling tone, pronouncing his name. "Margaret! is it you? I did not think of meeting you, but I was going this evening to see you."

Margaret raised her eyes to his, and a gleam of pleasure shot through them, but they were quickly cast down again, and her lips trembled as she said: "There's many a lonesome evening come and gone since I have seen you, William Maxwell."

"That's true, Margaret—and it is true, too, that a man may be in one place, and his heart in another."

"Where was your heart then, William, when you was after going down to Westfield with Belinda Anne Tracy?"

"With you, Margaret, and with none but you, and that's as true as that I stand here on this solid ground—but one can't—that is—I mean"——

Margaret, with hurried and trembling hands, untied the guard-chain by which her crucifix was suspended, and kissing it, and then holding it up, she said, "I have sworn on this that I would know your true mind, William Maxwell, and if you respect yourself—if ever you respected me—if you respect this sign, of what

is best and holiest—if you respect Him that's above, then tell it to me."

Maxwell felt the solemnity of the adjuration, and dared not evade it; and it may be that he was glad to be forced, by a superior will, to make a communication for which he had been in vain trying to summon resolution for the last two weeks.

"Margaret," he began, in a faltering voice, "it is true, as I have told you many times, I do love you as I never did, nor ever shall love another. I never spoke a false word to you—you are my first love, and you will be my last—but—but—there are others to consult—I am not free to follow my own wishes—the truth is, Margaret, my father has feelings about your people, and he never will give them up. He took a solemn oath before me and my mother. 'I swear,' he said, 'I'll cast you off for ever, if you marry one of the Paddy folks!'—my mother, you know, is sickly, and I am her only child, and if it went to this, it would break her heart, and so she told me—and, Margaret, if I can't marry you, I don't care who I marry—and so, this being the true state of the case, and no help for it that I can see, I have made as—as good as an engagement with Belinda Anne Tracy."

Margaret kept her eye steadily fixed on him till he had finished. She then drew the guard-chain from the crucifix, threw it away, and pressing the crucifix to her bosom, turned off without speaking a word. William followed her. "Margaret, Margaret," he said, "do let us part friends—you cannot be more sorry than I am—only say you forgive me!" But he spoke in vain; Margaret made no reply, except by motioning to him to leave her; and perhaps glad to escape from the piercing rebuke of that sweet countenance—more in sorrow than in anger—he mounted his horse and rode away; bearing with him—to be for ever borne—the conviction that the heaviest visitation of his father's anger would have been light, in comparison with the sense of a violated faith to this loving, true-hearted orphan-stranger.

Maxwell had but just disappeared when Margaret met her brother James. "Is it you, Margaret?" he said: "God's blessing on you, then! but what are you fretting at?"

"I'm not fretting, James, dear."

"Now, Margaret, what's the use of telling me that, when you don't so much as lift your eye to me, and your cheek is as white as that bit of muslin round your neck? Is it Mrs. Ray that's been after chiding you?"

"Mrs. Ray! No, no, James; she's every way like our own mother to me."

"Margaret, my sister, my child—for you've neither father nor

mother but me—I never yet spake his name to you; if it's William Maxwell that frets you,—if it's true, as the boys say, that he's false to you, I'll break every bone in his body."

"James! you'll break my heart speaking so. Oh, James, dear, keep God's peace, I pray you; it's you only in the world I love now. It's a black world. Good night, James. You are far from your place, and you have been hard at work; don't go further with me."

"I would not leave you, Margaret, dear, a step short of Mrs. Ray's, but I have promised Mr. John Richards to meet him above the bridge there. I'll come down to-morrow, and remember, Margaret, we two are alone in the world; and for my sake, and for the sake of them that's in their graves, keep up a brave heart. Good night."—"She did not answer me," thought James. He stopped and looked after her till she was hidden from him by a turn in the road: "God's heaviest curse will surely fall on him if he's broke her heart, and she so young, and innocent, and beautiful to look upon!" Such blistering thoughts were in James's mind till he joined Mr. Richards.

In the mean time Margaret retraced her steps along the margin of the stream till she reached again Hardy's rock. The heavy clouds had rolled down over the setting sun, and left the eastern sky, where the full moon was rising, cloudless. The moonbeams glanced athwart the firs, silvering their branches, and fell on the summit of the rock: the water under it was still in deep shadow. It was on this rock that, two months before, the moon shining as it now shone, but then on summer beauty, and poor Margaret,

> "With hinnied hopes around her heart,
> Like simmer blossoms,"

that, returning from a fair at Pittsfield, she had plighted faith with William Maxwell. Again she felt herself drawn to that spot—probably without any ill design—with only an intolerable sense of disappointment and misery. The scene brought back with intense vividness her past happiness. What it is to remember that under the pressure of present wretchedness, most have felt, and one has described in words never to be forgotten:

> "Nessun maggior dolore
> Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
> Nella miseria."

James met Mr. Richards at the appointed place. After a few moments he said: "James, you are thinking of one thing and talking of another. What is the matter?"

James confessed he was anxious about his sister—that she

seemed very unhappy—and he was sorry he had left her to go home alone. Mr. Richards is a young engineer of most kind and active sympathies. James had worked under him on the railroad, and he particularly liked him. He at once entered into the good brother's feelings. "Let us walk down the road, James," he said: "you can easily overtake your sister, and we can as well talk over our business walking as standing here." Accordingly they proceeded. When they reached the little bridge we have mentioned, Mr. Richards involuntarily paused and looked down the stream, which here and there seemed playing with the moonbeams. "Why, there is your sister, James," he said, "sitting on Hardy's rock."

"The Lord bless her, and so she is!" said James.

The words were scarcely out of his lips when Margaret slid down the steep side of the rock into the pool beneath. James uttered a wild scream, and both young men ran down the road together at their utmost speed. The place was soonest accessible by the road, but that was winding, and the distance was full an eighth of a mile. When they reached the spot, a white muslin scarf Margaret had worn was floating on the water. Both jumped in. James, impelled by the instinct of his affection, forgot he could not swim, and Richards, to his dismay, saw him sinking. He dragged him out, bade him remain quiet, and plunging in again, he very soon brought up Margaret's body. But the time had been fatally prolonged by poor James, and every effort to restore her was unavailing. A company of Irishmen coming from their work below joined them. They entered into the scene with hand, heart, and tongue. "Ha!" said one of them, "it was Judy yesterday was afther saying, 'He'll never marry Margaret'—maning William Maxwell. It's that Thracy girl, with houses and lands, he's afther. Curse the Yankees, there's no sowl in them!"

"It's not William Maxwell at all," said another, "he's a dacent young man; it's his father's rule upon him!" Richards bade them all be silent, saying it was no time now for such a discussion. "Sure that's rasonable," said one—"And sure I did not mane you at all, Mr. Richards," said the man of the sweeping anathema, "for it's an Irish heart you have, any way, and that's what all the boys say."

James seemed to hear nothing. He was rubbing and kissing, alternately, one of Margaret's hands that was firmly closed, and he at last succeeded in taking from it the crucifix which it firmly grasped. Just at this moment a man had alighted from a wagon, and was looking on. "The Almighty be praised!" cried James, pressing the disengaged crucifix vehemently to his lips. Mar-

garet having died with it in her hand was to him a token of infinite good.

The looker on, at this action of James, turned to his companion in the wagon, saying — "*It's only a Paddy girl,*"* got in, and drove on. The Irishmen, who till then had been too much absorbed to notice him, looked up, and perceiving it was the elder Maxwell, they uttered curses deep and loud, and threatening summary vengeance, they were following when James interposed. "No, no," he said, with fearful calmness — "lave him to me, boys — when her wake is over will be time enough." Richards saw him turn away, murmur something in a low voice, lay the crucifix on Margaret's hand, and kiss them both together.

Margaret was carried to the dwelling of an Irish friend; a priest was brought, and the ceremonies of their religion were strictly observed.

Immediately after the funeral, Mr. Richards, who had scarcely lost sight of James, took him aside — poor fellow, he looked as if he had lived twenty years in the three preceding days. "James," he said, "tell me truly, did you not make a vow to revenge your sister's death?"

"Sure I did that, sir — on her crucifix, and on the poor dead cold hand that held it. God forgive me — but could I help it? There she lay — dead! — dead! — the sweetest flower that ever blossomed trampled under their feet — when I heard the very man that had done it say, '*it's only a Paddy girl!*' Oh, Mr. Richards, my heart's blood boiled, and my father and my mother it was, and all my people — I heard crying me on to vengeance — and I did swear to take their lives — father and son; and I have made confession of the same to Father Brady."

"And that has saved you from this horrid crime, James?"

"Not that, sir."

"What then?"

"It's just yourself, Mr. Richards — you and Mrs. Ray.—It was just your goodness to me that stilled the howling tempest in my breast — and for your sake, and Mrs. Ray's, I forgave all your people. It was Margaret said — they were almost her last words, 'Mrs. Ray is every way mother-like to me;' and didn't I see the old lady after crying hot ears over her? Sure, Mr. Richards, if there were more like you, and the old lady — God bless her — there would be an end of cruelty and hate, and love would bind all hearts together — even your people's and mine!"

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* This expression was in fact uttered by one of our people, and heard by the brother of the girl at such a moment as we have described.

# CHORUSES FROM THE GREEK TRAGEDIES.

BY H. W. HERBERT, ESQ.

## IV.

### CHORUS OF TROJAN CAPTIVES.

*Μελισσοτρόφου Σαλαμῖνος.—Euripides-Troades—v. 794.*

STROPHE I.

King of that isle, which brightest billows kiss,
Bee-haunted Salamis—
That sea-girt isle, whose sweet and sacred shore,
First spot of earth, the hallowed olive bore,
Blue-eyed Minerva's pale immortal crown,
The greenest leaf of Athens' young renown—
Thou!—thou it was!—thou, glorious Telamon,
Who, girt in panoply of living gold,
Didst sail joint-chief with that strong archer old,
Alcmena's hero son!
What time great Ilion, to destroy thee quite,
In fierce, revengeful spite,
All as they parted from the Doric shore,
The god-like champions swore.

ANTISTROPHE I.

What time unpaid his dear immortal prize—
Those coursers of the skies—
The flower of Hellas all in arms he led,
Moored his stout galleys in the reedy bed
Of Phrygian Simois, and leaped astrand,
A monarch's slaughter in his red right hand!
Then fell the walls Apollo built so strong!
Then to the skies upsoared the crimson flame,
And down to earth the cloud-capped turrets came,
With thunders loud and long!
So Troy was lost of yore!—but once again
The spear has scourged the plain—
The bloody spear!—Twice, twice, both tower and town,
Old Troy has toppled down!

STROPHE II.

In vain!—in vain!
Thou who, in ministry of the golden cup,
With silent steps and slow,
Soft gliding to and fro,

Dost fill Jove's goblets up
With bright nectarian rain—
In vain!—in vain!
Child of Laomedon,
Hast thou thy godhead won?
Since Troy, which did thee nurse,
Hath felt the fiery curse,
While all sea-shores rung
As with a bird's lament for her lost young—
These for their spouses weeping,
For their dead children these,
Or for their mothers dear untimely sleeping!
The dewy baths, that did thy boyhood please,
The old gymnasia, where thy feats were done,
And all thy youthful glories won,
Are past and gone!
But thou thy young and sweetly-peaceful cheek
By Jove's immortal throne dost sleek
In pleasures all divine;
Although the Grecian spear has razed to earth
The very walls, that saw the birth
Of Priam's noble line!

ANTISTROPHE II.

O Love!—O Love!
Thou, who the Dardan halls didst seek of old,
Aiding with all thy fires
The heavenly gods' desires—
How didst thou make us bold
By ties with those above?
O Love!—O Love!
Now hast thou lost thy name
Of Love, to be Jove's shame!—
And now this blessed light
Of white-winged morning bright,
With radiance all serene,
The ruin of this wretched land hath seen—
Seen hapless Troy's undoing!
Although this white-winged morn
To her own arms did win by sweetest wooing
A genial husband of our country born,
And courts him still to her voluptuous bed—
Whom erst her four-horse chariot red,
To heaven upled
By the sweet daystar, fondly rapt on high,
Leaving fair hope—too soon to die—
Hope to his friends behind!
Thus Troy has learned how much is worth
Celestial love toward things of earth—
A gust of empty wind!

## V.

### CHORUS OF TROJAN WOMEN AFTER THE SACK OF TROY.

*ἀῆρα, ποντίας ἀῆρα.—Euripides; Hecuba—v. 444.*

STROPHE I.

Whither, O breeze, O sea-breeze wild and sweet,
Which o'er the azure wave
Speedest the ocean-roving galleys fleet,
Wilt hurry me a slave?
Say, in whose bondage shall my spirit pine?
What prison-house be mine?
Whether shall it be upon the Doric strand?
Or in that Phthian land,
Where old Apidanus, sire of the brightest rills
That seaward sparkle from earth's ancient hills,
Bathes every meadow green and shadowy dell,
As Grecian minstrels tell?

ANTISTROPHE I.

Or, wafted by strong oars that sweep the spray
To those Egean isles,
Must I a life of sorrow wear away,
Where the Greek Daygod smiles
On waving palm-trees and on laurels green—
That spread their sacred screen
Latona's pangs maternal to embower,
And Phœbus' natal hour!
Singing, amid the Delian damsels bright,
Thy horned bow, and shafts of silver light,
Thy golden coronal, Diana fair,
And long translucent hair?

STROPHE II.

Or, must I broider robes of saffron die
In chaste Minerva's shrine—
Hard by Athena's sacred ramparts high—
Yoking the car divine,
In many a blazoned thread of brightest hue?
Or picture fair that fierce Titanic crew,
Whom scathed and ruined by his thunderous blast
Jove quite o'erthrew,
And from heaven's height to deepest hell down cast?

ANTISTROPHE II.

Wo! wo is me for my lost children's lot!
Wo for my parents dear!
Wo for my country! for each hallowed spot
Sacked by the Argive spear,
And wrapped in smoke, a realm's funereal pall!
While I—a slave at foreign despots' call—
Leave lovely Asia prostrate by the wave,
Fierce Europe's thrall—
And beg for bridal bower a quiet grave.

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## "QUEEN MARY,"

### AN AUTHENTIC PASSAGE FROM THE EARLY HISTORY OF GEORGIA.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," "GUY RIVERS," "THE KINSMEN," &c.

The circumstance we are about to relate forms a curious episode in the history of our sister State of Georgia, and had nearly proved as tragical in its results, as it was certainly romantic in some of its aspects. It is well known that Virginia and Carolina had their respective orders of nobility;—the former its Knights of the Horseshoe,—the Ultra-Montane order; and the latter its Palatines, Caciques, and Landgraves;—but Georgia had her Queen!—a dame of supposed royal descent, and, unquestionably, of very royal ambition. This person was an Indian woman, originally known among the whites as Mary Musgrove; subsequently, as Mary Matthews, and, finally, as Mrs. Mary Bosomworth. She was a woman of some influence among the Muscoghee Indians; and being naturally very intelligent, was selected by General Oglethorpe as an interpreter between the whites and her people, at an early period after his settlement of the colony. He distinguished her by many favors; allowed for her services one hundred pounds sterling per annum; and employed her as a principal agent with, and messenger to, the nation. She delivered his talks and presents to the tribes; perhaps settled as well as expounded the terms of his treaties, and, in all respects, was a person whose importance, in her own eyes, was but the natural consequence of the position which she acquired in the equal esteem of her own and the white people. Of her personal

charms we are not advised. The bald, ascetic chroniclers of that day do not condescend to make them a topic of inquiry or even remark. But, whether much or little, she contrived to enslave the affections of no less a person than a reverend divine at Frederica, — one Thomas Bosomworth, a preacher of the Church of England, and chaplain to Oglethorpe's English regiment. It is very clear that this person was not insensible to her political influence at least; and, from the sequel, it may not be harsh to infer that worldly considerations had some weight in rendering his judgment peculiarly sensible to the attractions of her beauty. Whether from insanity, or an ambition so very wild as to look very much like it, he projected such a scheme of selfish aggrandizement as threatened, at one time, the entire destruction of the Colony. His aim was nothing less than to establish a claim of sovereign right in the soil, by virtue of his marriage with Mary, his wife, in whose veins it was made to appear that the blood of royalty flowed predominant. His process was not without a sort of ingenuity, such as distinguishes most of the proceedings of monomania.

One of the Indian chiefs, or kings, as it was the courtesy of that period to style them, was chosen to facilitate this purpose. This chief, named Malatchie, was a Muscoghee warrior, very brave, and very stupid; but in very high esteem among his people. He was easily persuaded by the ambitious parson to suffer himself to be formally crowned and anointed, after the European fashion, as Emperor of the Muscoghees! Of the particulars of this solemn farce we have no accounts. A clever description, by some quaint humorist, would be a rare piece of pleasantry to the modern reader. We know, however, that the affair took place at Frederica, some time in December, 1747, in the presence of a very large number of Indians, many of whom were chiefs and principal persons. Perhaps there were very few among them, Malatchie himself not excepted, who knew the nature of the strange ceremonial in which they were busy; but, taking into account the good cheer and the strong drink which came along with it, it is not hard to believe that they would not have been unwilling to have made a dozen emperors, — nay, to have become each of them a prince in his turn. Whether Parson Bosomworth himself, or some less important personage, poured the sacred unction over the head of the dusky sovereign whom he thus inducted into his new honors, is not written. We are left to conjecture the minor fooleries of this farce. The main fact is precisely as we have related it.

But, whatever of form may have been wanting to the ceremony itself, it appears that the reverend chaplain took particular care that the manifesto, declaring the event, should fail in no respects, whether of publicity or precision. The document which was put forth on this occasion has been fortunately preserved; and may, at some future day, bother the heads of antiquarians, and suggest some new difficulties among the American archæologists. It ran thus:

"FREDERICA, (Georgia,) Dec. 14, 1747.

"Know all men by these presents, that we, Simpeopy, war-king of the Cowetas; Thlockpalahi, head warrior of the said town; Moxumgi, king of the Etchitas, (or, as now written, Hitchetas;) Iswige, head warrior of the Etchitas, and Actithilki, beloved man of the said town; Ciocolichee, king of Osuchee, (Osweechee;) Appalya and Ischabogy, beloved men of Nipkey; and Himmopacohi, warrior of said town; Tokeah, war-king of the Chehaws; Whyanneachee and Etowah, warriors of said town; Mahelabbi, beloved man of the Cussetahs, and Scheyah, warrior of said town; and Estchothalleatchi Yahulla (Yoholo) Mico (chief or king) of the Tuskigas; having full power, by the laws of our nation, to conclude everything for the towns we represent, do hereby acknowledge Malatchie Opeyo, Mico, to be our rightful and natural Prince. And we likewise further acknowledge that, by the laws of our nation, we think ourselves obliged to stand by, ratify, and confirm every act and deed of his, as much as if we ourselves were present; and we therefore make this public declaration to all subjects of the Crown of Great Britain, that Malatchie Opeyo, Mico, has full power and authority, as our natural prince, to transact all affairs of our nation as firmly and fully, to all intents and purposes, as we, the whole nation, might or could do, if we were present. In confirmation whereof, we set our hands," &c.

This document was signed by the parties whose names it comprises, in the presence of some half-dozen white witnesses, proved by one of them, and put on record in the Secretary's office in South Carolina, as rigidly authenticated as if its value were equally great and unquestionable. Visionary and absurd as the whole matter may seem, this rare fooling was soon discovered to be the fruit of certain very selfish and deliberate purposes. Bosomworth, by whom it was devised, seems to have suffered from that inferior form of madness, which, in all its phases and fluctuations, never loses sight of a general, governing, but narrow and sneaking cunning. It is scarcely possible, however, in regarding his subsequent proceedings, to consider him as other than insane, even in the moment of his keenest policy. Charity, at least, would have us presume so. Having gone through the first scene of the drama to his satisfaction, — having declared and crowned

the emperor of the Muscoghees, — his next step was to persuade him to such an early exercise of his new powers of royalty, as to procure an adequate reward for the happy genius in whom the excellent scheme originated. Accordingly, a deed of conveyance was drawn up in common form, by which the new emperor of the Upper and Lower Creeks, in consideration of "ten pieces of stroud, twelve pieces of duffles, two hundred weight of powder, two hundred weight lead, twenty guns, twelve pair of pistols, and one hundred weight vermilion," conveyed to Thomas Bosomworth, and Mary his wife, "all those tracts of land known by the names of Hussopee or Ossabaw, Cowleygee or St. Catharine's, and Sapelo Islands, with their appurtenances, &c., warranting the same to the said Thomas and Mary, so long as the sun shall shine, or the waters run in the rivers, for ever. Signed on the 4th day of the Windy Moon, (14th Dec.)"

Parson Bosomworth, who was not unwilling to become Prince Bosomworth, having procured his grant of land from the new Emperor — the work of his own hands — proceeded to assert his title, and secure possession. But, before this, that he might strengthen his claim in every possible way, he put in circulation, for the first time, the pretensions of his wife Mary to sovereign, or next to sovereign rights, among the Muscoghees. She was now discovered to be an elder sister of Malatchie himself — the Emperor; and sprung, like him, from the Indian sovereign who had previously exercised the supreme dominion among the tribes. From this moment, she assumed the title of an independent Princess; and among the friends and followers of Bosomworth, and such of the Indians as they could manage, she was now only known as "Queen Mary." She disavowed, with documentary formality, all allegiance to the King of Great Britain, or any other king, and renounced every connexion with him or his representatives, other than such as should result from treaties, offensive and defensive, and such alliances as sovereign princes find it politic to establish, on equal terms, from time to time, with one another.

The matter did not end here. The practical results were yet to come. Her next proceeding was to bring the Indians together—which she did in very considerable numbers; and to announce to them her novel pretensions. In a long speech she set forth, and possibly convinced them of the policy, if not the justice of her claims; and, with more effective art, insisted upon their own. It was not difficult to convince her subjects that they had been robbed and wronged by the English. The loss of their territories

was a favorite theme to those who, profligate and wandering, cannot appreciate the value of a fee-simple, and, probably, in disposing of their lands, never imagined that the purchasers bought more than that temporary use of them which they themselves enjoyed. Mary's eloquence proved singularly imposing. She had a talent for speaking, was artful in a high degree, and her audience and herself being equally susceptible to fiery words, in consequence of the fiery draughts which had been employed to open the proceedings, she soon wrought herself and them into a condition of unexampled fury. Her remedy was that of a sovereign. She disdained the arts of peace and solicitation. Her remedy was the *ultima ratio regum*, and she determined to carry on the war with no ordinary vigor. The effect of her speech was all that she desired. It was instantaneous and overwhelming. The savages were fired at her alleged injuries and their own. They flew to arms, and, to a man, pledged themselves to perish in the recovery of their common rights.

In ordinary cases, it would not be difficult for a clever Indian orator to excite his people to phrensy, and lead them into injudicious war. That this woman should so succeed in this insane purpose is not a matter which should appear either unnatural or strange. She had actually derived her consequence among her people from her employment by the whites. As a confidential messenger of Oglethorpe to the tribes, conveying the presents which were sent them annually, she, in fact, acquired an influence over them superior to that of their most favored chieftains. The warrior naturally blessed the hand which brought him the tomahawk and rifle, beads, blankets, and vermilion. She favored those who obeyed her; to offend her was to forfeit, in whole or in part, a share in the spoils and treasures which she brought. She did not overrate her power upon their minds, and easily moved them, as we have seen, to take up arms at her summons.

Prepared thus for the last resort, "Queen Mary" was not, however, disposed to forego entirely those stated forms, in which her reverend husband had shown himself so very expert. Escorted by a large band of savages, she set forth, in a sort of royal progress, for Savannah, solemnly to demand from the President and Council the restoration of her inheritances and the recognition of her sovereign title. A herald was despatched in advance, to announce her coming, who was instructed formally to demand the delivery, without loss of time, of all her land south of the Savannah. The same special messenger was commanded to denounce fire and sword in the event of a rejection of her claim. In other

words, the whole force of the two grand divisions of the Creeks, the upper and lower nation, was to be brought down upon the trespassers, in support of their rightful Queen.

The affair now, in spite of all its absurdities, began to put on a serious aspect. The troop of savages by which she was attended gathered force as it proceeded; and these, inflamed by her artful addresses, were now beyond their own, and possibly her control. The whole military strength of Savannah, in this emergency, amounted to less than two hundred men. The president (Stevens), alarmed at the approach of the ambitious lady, and her furious escort, hastily convened his council. They knew, and justly dreaded, her influence over the Indians. They also knew their own weakness; and their resolution was taken to temporize with the Pretender—to affect attention to her claims, and, lulling her caution to rest, by gentle and persuasive measures, at length seize upon her person when they could hope to do so with safety. Meanwhile, they were not neglectful of the necessary measures of defence. Orders were sent hastily to collect the neighboring militia, and bring them to the city, while that of the town was secretly collected and judiciously disposed, in preparation for the dernier resort to arms.

Such was the happy use made by the proper authorities of the intelligence which they gained from the herald who brought the summons of "Queen Mary." Had she marched forward, the surprise would have been complete, and this narration would have found a far different and far darker termination. But the advance of the Pretender had this characteristic of a royal progress, that it was slow, if not stately. Bosomworth, who attended her, seems to have been full of conceit; and swelling with the idea of his new dignities, he approached with staid pace, in order to give an opportunity to his messenger to meet him with the answer of the Council. Perhaps, also, the advance was something embarrassed by the usual effects of strong drink among the chiefs. At all events, the important moment was gained, and while the herald of "Queen Mary," attended by a messenger from the city, delivered an evasive answer from President Stevens, the whites were burnishing their muskets, and sharpening the edges of their sabres. When the savages reached Savannah, they encountered the militia of the town, under arms and ready for their reception. A brave fellow, Captain Noble Jones, at the head of a select corps of cavalry, by a timely show of intrepidity, compelled the savages to ground and deliver up their arms, as the only condition upon which they should be permitted to enter the city. Taken by sur-

prise, when, perhaps, they expected to find the citizens unprepared for so decisive a measure, they were compelled to submit; which they did with great reluctance. They were deprived of their arms, but the indignity increased their fury, and they appeared among the citizens with a sullen ferocity which denoted a resentment too deep to be concealed, and which, under any additional excitement, could yet find weapons enough to make itself dangerous.

The reverend prince, Bosomworth, in his canonical robes, with his queen beside him (it is not said what kind of robes she wore), followed by the kings and chiefs, marched through the streets (20th July, 1749), making a most formidable and frightful appearance. When they came to the parade, the militia were under arms to receive them, and gave them a ceremonious salute of fifteen cannon They were then conducted to the house of the president, where a consultation ensued with the Indians on the subject of the claims of Thomas, and Mary his wife. From this conference they were excluded, and the Indian chiefs alone were desired to declare their objects. But this they declined to do, unless through their queen and usual interpreter. They said that "she should speak for them, and they would abide only by what she said. They had heard that the whites were to send her like a captive over the great waters, and hence their coming in such a body to protect their queen; they were unwilling to lose her; they meant no harm, however, and demanded the restoration of their arms, which Captain Jones had taken from them," &c. To this last demand the Council gave their consent; the arms were restored, but all ammunition was rigidly withheld from them. With this proceeding the conference of the day finished. The Indians quartered themselves for the night in the streets, and, deprived of ammunition, did no mischief. But they meditated it not the less, and were unwisely permitted, in the mean time, to have communication with Queen Mary. In the morning, the effect of this indulgence was very soon made evident. They filled the city with clamor and tumult, marched through the streets, to the re-awakened terror of the people, striking and shaking their arms, and lashing themselves, by their own violence, into the necessary degree of rage for the desired mischief. The women and children of the whites, dreading every moment to be scalped, added to the uproar by their cries of apprehension; but the men steadily kept progress with the savages, armed to the teeth, and with silent firmness, and a watchfulness that could neither be frightened nor laid asleep, soon rendered it apparent to the savages them-

selves that their objects could only be obtained after a bloody struggle.

While the militia were thus employed in watching the proceedings of the great body of the Indians, a portion of their chiefs were engaged with the Council in discussing the business on which they came. It so happened that a false report was put in circulation without, that, during this discussion, the President of the Council had been murdered by the chiefs. This report aroused the fury of the whites, and nearly brought about the catastrophe which it was the equal policy and wish of the Georgians to avoid. It was with great difficulty that the militia could be restrained from commencing the affray, by a general fire upon the savages. Such a proceeding would have deluged the town with blood. The citizens might have conquered in the end, but with what horrible loss! The Indians were the most numerous. Deprived of ammunition, they had yet their knives, tomahawks, and rifles, and after the first fire, in close conflict, hand to hand, the advantage would have remained with the most numerous party. The small corps of cavalry which the Georgians had would alone have compensated an inequality, which was otherwise too imposing to render a conflict of the sort desirable.

A more peaceable policy was adopted, and succeeded at least as well, perhaps better. The reverend gentleman who had been the parent of the mischief, in his royal or religious robes, and in the very odor of his new dignities,—the royal unction yet smelling strong upon his brow,—was privately seized and carried into confinement. Irreverent hands grappled his sacred person, and, like another Montezuma or Atabalipa, he was required, in his own person, to be security for the good conduct of his uproarious subjects. Our Georgia brethren had not read, without profit, the history of Spanish conquest; but in employing some portion of the policy of their exemplars, they forbore the last and worst. Prince Bosomworth was subjected to no greater evil or indignity than the one mentioned, unless we should find it in the humiliating transfer of so royal a person to the common lock-up of a county prison.

The frantic fury of "Queen Mary," at this abuse of her husband's liberties and person, was now beyond all description, as it was beyond all restraint. She raved in all the blind rage of impotent malice. She denounced all manner of vengeance upon the Colony—commanded all white people to depart from her territories in a given space of time—cursed Oglethorpe and his fraudulent treaties, and with the voice and action of a demon, stamping the earth beneath her feet, she swore that the whole world

should soon be made to know that the land was her own, and she the Queen thereof. The Council, fearing that by communication with the Indians she would succeed in awakening in their minds a reckless fury like that which prevailed in her own; and probably discovering, by this time, that while the Indians remained under her governing influence, they could hope to make but little progress in their deliberations with them, now adopted the further resolution to secure her person also. Availing themselves of a favorable opportunity, they laid hands upon her sacred Majesty, and sent her to sympathize with her husband in a corresponding limbo.

This done, the matter of conference and expostulation was found to be more easy: a feast was prepared for the chiefs and leading warriors, and the fury of an Indian, like that of an Englishman, being more easily pacified after you have pacified his hunger, the moment was carefully watched when to address them through the medium of interpreters, who had been carefully procured for the occasion. We need not enter into the details of this conference. It is enough to say, that the object of the Council was to disabuse the minds of the Indians on the various subjects which Bosomworth and his wife had contrived to pervert and misrepresent. Fine speeches were made and fine gifts indicated, and the feast and conference were concluded, to all appearances, with a result equally desirable and happy. The chief men growled their satisfaction at the dinner and dessert—admitted that they had been deceived by Bosomworth; and even Malatchie, upon whose head the reverend gentleman had poured the sacred oil, renounced solemnly all relationship to Mary the Queen. When asked why he had acknowledged her as a Queen of the great Creek nation, and surrendered his power to a despicable old woman, he replied, in an answer which opened the eyes of the whites more fully to their own impolitic proceedings. He said that the "whole nation acknowledged her as such, for that nobody could distribute the royal presents but herself, or some of her family, heretofore." The President of Council answered this argument in the most effective manner, and closed the discussion by proceeding to make, in person, a general distribution of presents. While preparations were in progress for this distribution, the Council, believing things to be now secure, imprudently suffered Malatchie, whose capriciousness of character was proverbial even among the Indians, at his own request, to see Bosomworth and wife in their place of retirement. In this interview the arts of "Queen Mary" succeeded in undoing all that had been done.

While the savages, gathered together, were actually receiving the gifts from the hands of the President, he came forth and addressed them in the language of hostility and hate. With a frowning visage and furious gestures, he delivered a speech, in which he repeated all the extravagant claims of Bosomworth and wife—declared that the lands were possessed by Mary, long before General Oglethorpe came to the country—that she was Queen and head of the Muscoghees—that by her consent only were Englishmen first permitted to settle on them—that she was still their rightful owner—and that her words were those of three thousand warriors, who were now ready to raise the hatchet in defence of her rights. When he had concluded, he drew from his pocket a written paper, which he delivered to the President in confirmation of what he had said.

This production was evidently from the hands of Bosomworth, and served to convict him more effectually of disgraceful and dangerous designs. It contained a preamble reciting a great number of names of Indians, who were styled kings of the upper and lower Creek towns, and who were most probably their chief men and leaders. But two of these were present on this occasion. The speech of Malatchie formed the contents of the paper. The President answered him by a brief recital of the first acquaintance of the whites with Mary. This scrap of history may very well be given without much condensation :—

"Friends and Brothers:—When Mr. Oglethorpe and his people first came to Georgia, they found Mary, then the wife of John Musgrove, living in a small hut at Yamacraw. He was a white trader, and had a license from the Governor of South Carolina to trade with the Indians. Mary was then in a poor, ragged condition, neglected and despised by your people; but General Oglethorpe, finding that she could speak both of our languages, made her his interpreter between us—put good clothes upon her—gave her presents, and made her a person of consequence. The people of Georgia thought well of her, and she was useful to them until she married this man, Bosomworth. From that time she has proved a liar and a cheat. She is no relation of Malatchie, as we all know; but the daughter of an Indian woman of no account, by a white husband. General Oglethorpe bought no lands of her, for she had none to sell. He treated for them with the old and wise men of your nation. At that time the Muscoghees had a great deal of land, of which they could make no use. They parted with a portion of it to their white friends, and were glad when we came among them to supply their wants."

After this preamble, which is very simple, clear, and strictly true, the speaker proceeded to show that the present discontents of the Indians had been infused into them by their pretended

Queen, at the instigation of her white husband—that their objects were purely selfish—that he, Bosomworth, had demanded from Council a third part of the royal bounty, which had been designed for the Indians only; and that his purpose was, really, to rob them of their rights rather than to maintain them; and so forth.

The effect of this conference—time having been gained, and "Queen Mary" being in durance—was again pacific. Malatchie was quieted for the nonce, and the aspect of affairs once more grew bright and promising. The Indians declared their eyes to be opened, and talked in the customary figures about chains of friendship, and the union of their hearts and hands, so long as the sun shone and the rivers ran. They begged that the pipe of peace might be brought; and the pipe of peace, as they well knew, seldom came unaccompanied with the pipe of rum. This, too, made its appearance on the present occasion, and the hall of council became the hall of feasting. Liberal gifts of various commodities, arms and ammunition excepted, were at the same time distributed among them. All seemed satisfied—discontent slumbered—things began to go merry as a marriage bell, when, to the consternation of President and Council, the Queen rushed headlong in among them. She, it seems, had not been denied a share of the potent beverage which her people had found it so pleasant to discuss—and her keeper having possibly shared it also, she contrived to escape from her place of honorable confinement. Completely intoxicated, she now darted into the hall of Council, and flying at the President, threatened him with all the vengeance of a sovereign, for his traitorous attempt to seduce her people from their allegiance. The worthy gentleman, though utterly confounded by her appearance, was not displeased that she confined her onslaught to the feminine weapon only; and however annoying that of itself might be to delicate auditories, he at least was perfectly content that she forbore the use of others which were at her finger-ends, and much more potent.

He encountered her on her own ground, if not exactly in her own fashion, and replied as calmly as he could to her denunciations and assertions. This course, had his audience been European, would have shown very bad taste in President Stevens. He might have incurred the imputation of being quite as much of an old woman as the assailant. But the having the last word is a matter of no small importance in the disputes of savages; and the President was bound, for the equal safety and honor of the colony, that he should not be outdone by the Queen in eloquence.

The Indians listened with due gravity to the pros and cons of

the disputants, until "Queen Mary," finding her English less copious than that of the President, slided very naturally into the Muscoghee, and addressed herself to the spectators. But this was not to be permitted, and her adversary threatened, if she did not keep her tongue, he would have her restored to her place of confinement. Such a threat was as injudicious on the part of the President as the requisition was impracticable on her part. She repeated it to Malatchie, with some gross exaggerations and harsh comments; and with so much art that the capricious savage started to his feet, seized his weapons, called upon his people to follow his example, and dragged the queen into a ring, which, at his signal, they formed instantly around her. At the same signal the tomahawk of a ferocious savage hung above the head of each astonished member of the Council.

Here was a fine *coup de théatre*. Nothing less was expected by the President than his own and the instant massacre of his companions; and, for the moment, the triumph of "Queen Mary" seemed complete. But before the signal could be given, or the sentence of slaughter spoken — perhaps some little concern for their own escape leading to unwonted moderation on the part of the Indians — the same Captain Jones, whose intrepidity had made itself conspicuous to the savages on their first coming, darted into the council chamber, at the head of a select body of his men. With a fearless grasp, which the savages did not dare to remove, he seized upon the factious woman, and transmitted her once more to a secure apartment, where, free from interruption, she could meditate upon the instability of earthly empires, and the strange uncertainty of all sublunary affairs.

The Indians were awed into submission. They stood confronted by strong men, arms in their hands, and anger in their eyes. The tragic part of the drama was concluded by this proceeding. Their fury subsided into sullen disaffection, which expressed itself in looks rather than words. From their hostility, however, there was nothing present to apprehend. Still it was necessary to soothe and conciliate them, and this labor, so often defeated, was to be begun anew. But the task was now not so hard as before. The parson and his wife no longer accessible, the Indians sobered by their fears, — and, possibly, growing a little wiser from the obvious imbecility of their late counsellors, — the business of pacification was comparatively easy. The President and Council found an auxiliar in the prosecution of this task, in the person of an excellent and sensible young warrior, named Ellick, who, less conspicuous, or more easily persuaded than the rest, joined

his eloquence to that of the President, in bringing about the terms of amnesty. He disclosed to the Council sundry of the intrigues of Bosomworth, which had not been suspected; and it is more than probable that it was by his advice that the two ringleaders were kept without communication with his people. Hopeless now of their former objects, and easily persuaded to desert the cause in which they had been thus baffled, they stole off for the forest in separate bodies under their several leaders. Malatchie lingered to the last; but finding himself unable to procure any farther interviews with "the Queen" — his putative sister — he too followed their example; and the people of Savannah, tired out with the duties of an unremitting watch for several days and nights, were thus happily relieved from the terrors of an insurrection, which was no less threatening than strange and unexpected. Had Bosomworth been endowed with as much courage as art, his success must have been complete; and the affair, whatever might have been the future fortunes of the traitor, must have ended in the present destruction of the infant colony. Had he advanced suddenly upon Savannah, without the silly proceeding by herald, which prepared the citizens for his approach — seized the magazine, and provided the savages with ammunition — their numbers were quite sufficient to have overpowered the militia, when a general massacre must have ensued.

The sequel of the affair may be given in few words. It does not appear that the colonists meditated any punishment of Bosomworth or his Queen. They were suffered to go to England, where they urged their claim legally, under the grant of lands from Malatchie and the other chiefs. This was litigated in the courts of that country for several years. The final decision was partly favorable to their claim. The court of St. James granted them the Island of St. Catharine, and gave instructions, at the same time, for the sale of the residue of the lands in question, — the proceeds of which were applied to the extinction of their titles. Bosomworth returned and took possession of his island, where he resided, sole if not sovereign, for some years, in company with his Queen. She, in process of time, shared the fate of all mortal queens. Her husband, whose taste in wives seems to have been peculiar, afterward married his chambermaid. The three lie buried in the same graveyard of St. Catharine, and they are supposed to sleep together without commotion.

## NIAGARA.

"Great Fall, all hail!
Canst thou unveil
The secrets of thy birth;
Unfold the page
Of each dark age,
And tell the tales of earth?"

When I was born
The stars of morn
Together sang—'twas day!
The sun unrolled
His garb of gold,
And took his upward way.

He mounted high
The eastern sky,
And then looked down on earth;
And she was there,
Young, fresh, and fair,
And I, and all, had birth.

The word of power
Was spoke that hour!
Dark chaos felt the shock;
Forth sprung the light,
Burst day from night,
Up leaped the living rock.

Back fell the sea,
The land was free,
And mountain, hill, and plain
Stood forth to view,
In emerald hue,—
Then sang the stars amain.

And I—oh Thou!
Who taught me how
To hymn thy wondrous love,
Deign to be near
And calm my fear,
O Holy One above!

I caught the word
Creation heard,
And by His power arose:
His goodness gave
The swelling wave
That ever onward flows.

By His command
The rainbow spanned
My forehead; and his will
Evoked the cloud
My foot to shroud,
And taught my voice to thrill.

But who is he
That questions me?—
From whom hast thou thy form,
Thy life, thy soul?
My waters roll [storm,
Through day, night, sunshine,

In grateful praise
To Him,—I raise
A never ceasing song
To that dread One,
To whom stars, sun,
Earth, ocean, all belong.

Thou too adore
Him evermore
Who gave thee all thou hast!
Let time gone by
In darkness die,
Deep buried in the past.

And be thy mind
To Him inclined [thee,—
Who made earth, heaven, and
Thy every thought
To worship wrought,—
This lesson learn of me.

# POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

## NO. XXVIII.

### George M. Dallas.

(*With a fine Engraving on Steel.*)

Mr. Dallas was born in the city of Philadelphia, on the 10th of July, 1792. He is the elder son of Alexander James Dallas, one of the most accomplished advocates and distinguished statesmen that have adorned the legal profession of the United States, or sustained, in important posts of public trust, the principles and policy of the republican party. He received the rudiments of his education at a school in Germantown, and afterward at the Friends' Academy in Philadelphia. At the age of fourteen he was entered in Princeton College, and continued there until 1810, when he was graduated with the highest honors of his class. He delivered their valedictory address, which is still remembered and adverted to in the college history as a striking example of feeling, eloquence, and taste. Indeed, as a public speaker, he gave early promise of that excellence which has since been displayed in many of the prominent situations to which his talents have elevated him; and a published oration, delivered when he was but seventeen years of age, and preserved in the Port Folio, strikingly attests the maturity of his powers.

On leaving college, Mr. Dallas commenced the law, in the office of his father at Philadelphia; and although, in the intervals of that severe study, the more attractive forms of literature and poetry were not unfrequently cultivated, he yet persevered with unceasing application in making himself a thorough master of the great principles of the profession of which he has since been so distinguished a member. He was admitted to the bar in 1813. Soon after the declaration of war with England, he had enrolled himself in a volunteer corps; and when, in the year 1813, Mr. Gallatin was appointed by President Madison a member of the commission that repaired to St. Petersburg for the purpose of negotiating a peace, under the mediation of the Emperor Alexander, he accompanied that minister as his private and confidential secretary. During a residence of more than a year in Europe, Mr. Dallas had an opportunity of visiting Russia, France, England, Holland, and the Netherlands. While in England, a family connexion with Lord Byron brought him into frequent association with that great poet, who then, at twenty-five years of age, was receiving in London the general and enthusiastic admiration which the appearance of his two beautiful poems, the Giaour and

*Engraved by F H Pearson*

G. M. Dallas.

*Late Editor of the U.S. Magazine & Democratic Review*

J. H. Cuthbert, New York

the Bride of Abydos, could not fail to call forth. It was in consequence of a remark of Mr. Dallas, upon the popularity in America of Childe Harold and some of his previous poems, that he declared in his journal that these were the first tidings that ever sounded to his ears like fame; and that popularity in a far and rising country, caused feelings very different from the ephemeral praises of the crowd of fashion then buzzing around him. Through another relative, the humane and eloquent jurist who was then the Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, it was Mr. Dallas's good fortune to be thrown, not unfrequently, into the society of some of those eminent lawyers who have, by the brilliancy of their genius, and devotion to philanthropy and philosophy, made their profession yet more distinguished than it was in previous days. Romilly, whose beneficence flowed in a current so transparent, copious, and strong; Brougham, with his far-reaching, inquisitive, and undaunted utilitarianism; Mackintosh, who could wisely and kindly apply to the heated actions, and in the busy forums of men, the rules of conduct which he had deduced in the patient reflections of a guileless life—these were men whose society, even transiently enjoyed by one much younger, could not fail to leave impressions equally permanent, useful, and gratifying.

In August, 1814, Mr. Dallas returned to the United States, bearing the despatches from the American commissioners then holding their sessions at Ghent, which announced the prospects little favorable to a speedy peace that are known to have resulted from the earlier conferences with the British envoys. On his arrival, he found his father transferred from the bar of Philadelphia to the head of the Treasury Department—a post requiring, in the complicated state of the finances, and amid the pressing exigencies of the war, all the resources of judgment and talent for which he had been already distinguished, but which he was now destined to display through a brilliant administration of two years, under circumstances and in a manner that secured for him a yet larger share of the applause and confidence of the people of the United States. His son remained with him for a time at Washington, to assist him in the arduous duties of the treasury, and then returned to Philadelphia, to resume, or rather to commence, the actual practice of his profession—an event that was almost immediately followed by his marriage with an accomplished lady, the daughter of Mr. Nicklin, an eminent merchant of that city.

The death of his father, which occurred shortly after he re-

tired from the administration of the Treasury Department, took from Mr. Dallas, in the outset of his career at the bar, not merely the benefit of professional assistance seldom equalled, but those kind and endearing associations which could have grown up only in intercourse with one whose genius was not more brilliant than his affections were warm. Self-dependant, however, he applied himself with the more ardor to the practice of the law, and being appointed in 1817 the deputy of the Attorney General in the city of Philadelphia, he soon gave evidence of that skill in conducting criminal cases which has since always distinguished his occasional attention to that branch of his profession. When, in the following year, charges were introduced into the assembly of Pennsylvania against Governor Findlay, which resulted in a legislative investigation, Mr. Dallas acted as his counsel, and the firmness and ability which he displayed throughout the whole proceeding, placed him at once, by general consent, in a rank in his profession that has seldom been attained by so young an advocate.

It is scarcely necessary to remark, that the exigencies of a legal life could not withdraw Mr. Dallas from the deepest interest in political topics. Deriving, from the conduct and counsels of his father, and from the associations of his earliest youth, as well as those of later years, a strong attachment to the principles and views of the Democratic party, he had never failed to co-operate with his fellow-citizens in the measures which were calculated to advance them. The more tranquil administration of Mr. Monroe, succeeding to the fierce political conflicts which existed during the war with England, did not present many questions that rallied party controversies on national affairs; but the election of Governor Heisler in Pennsylvania had brought the Federal party into power in that State, after a long period of Democratic ascendency, and no one embarked with more zeal than Mr. Dallas in endeavoring to effect the restoration of the policy which he believed to be essential to a sound and just administration of the affairs of the commonwealth. These efforts resulted in the triumphant re-election of Governor Shultze, the candidate of the Democratic party.

But while unanimity, followed by success, thus attended the course of his political associates in the State, the elements of division among the Democracy of the Union began to be apparent in regard to the individual who was to succeed Mr. Monroe. Early personal associations, as well as a just appreciation of his distinguished talents, had led Mr. Dallas to unite with a large

portion of his political friends in Pennsylvania in a desire that the vote of the State should be given to Mr. Calhoun; and the success with which that statesman had conducted the administration of the War Department for the eight previous years seemed to give a certain pledge, notwithstanding his comparative youth, of the ability he would display in any executive office to which the voice of his countrymen should call him. When, however, the general sentiment of the republican party throughout the Union expressed a desire to confer on the venerable patriot who had so long and so faithfully maintained their principles in various posts of civil trust, and so brilliantly augmented the glory of his country in the field of battle, Mr. Dallas, with sentiments toward General Jackson in which the friends of Mr. Calhoun in Pennsylvania at once participated, took the lead in suggesting that the younger candidate should be presented to the American people for the second office, while the united and harmonious voice of the Democratic party should name General Jackson for the presidential chair. In every measure that resulted from this determination, Mr. Dallas bore a prominent part; the eloquent address in which the Democratic convention of the State presented their reasons for the course they had adopted, is generally understood to have proceeded from his pen; and when, in November, 1824, the unusually large majority of more than thirty thousand Democratic votes showed the enthusiastic feeling of the people of the State, there were few among them whose zeal had been more honorably and actively displayed than his in producing that gratifying result.

The choice of the House of Representatives having given the Presidency to Mr. Adams, the succeeding four years only contributed to create the yet stronger concentration of public opinion in favor of General Jackson; and when he obtained, in 1828, the suffrages of fifteen states, the majority in Pennsylvania had been increased beyond fifty thousand. It was during this interval that Mr. Dallas received from the people of his native city an honorable mark of their confidence by an election to the mayoralty; an office which for many years past has, in consequence of the usual ascendency of the Federal party, been seldom bestowed upon a person of his political opinions. On the election of General Jackson, he was selected by him as the chief representative of the Executive Government of the Union in the same city, by being appointed to the office of District Attorney of the United States. To the same post his father had been appointed by Mr. Jefferson, through the whole of whose administration he

continued to fill it, and from that office Mr. Madison called him to the head of the Treasury. His son occupied the post for a much shorter period, but in the two years during which he discharged its duties, several cases of public interest and considerable magnitude gave full scope to his abilities, and contributed their share to his reputation as a professional man, which each year continued to augment.

At length, in the year 1831, a vacancy having occurred in the representation from Pennsylvania in the Senate of the United States, the legislature selected Mr. Dallas to fill that honorable post. Thus, in entering for the first time a legislative body, he found himself in the highest and most important assembly that exists under the provisions of the American Constitution. A new field was given to his talents as a statesman and an orator. Having at the bar of Philadelphia few equals in forensic eloquence, and being perhaps without a rival, certainly without a superior, at home, on any occasion of public and especially political discussion; he was now required to match himself with men trained by exercise as well as possessed of distinguished ability, in a scene which forbade the logical precision of a court, and yet could scarcely call forth or permit the animated current of spontaneous declamation so often successfully indulged in the lesser assemblages of his fellow-citizens. His speeches in the Senate of the United States, throughout the period that he remained there, were heard with attention that gave evidence of his complete success. Those that have been more carefully reported, display, on a variety of topics, striking political views, and they abound with passages of animated eloquence. The most interesting subject of general discussion, was that which made the winters of 1832 and 1833 more memorable in our legislative history than any period since the war with England. The principles on which a revision of the tariff of duties was to be made gave rise, in the former session, to long and warm debates, which, in the following one, led to those that involved the serious question of a right of one or more of the States to nullify a law making such revision on principles that it might regard as contrary to the provisions of the constitution. On both occasions, Mr. Dallas took part in these debates. On the former, after an eloquent picture of the situation and resources of the United States, he touched with a powerful, but friendly spirit, the various causes to which, independently of the policy of protection generally advocated by the northern statesmen, might be imputed the distresses that were supposed peculiarly to affect and injure the agricul-

ture of the South. Following then the course of general opinion, as well as the declared policy of Pennsylvania, as evinced in the repeated votes of her legislature, he presented, in a manner not often surpassed in force and clearness, by those who have treated the matter in the same light, the views then entertained on the best mode of adjusting the delicate question, so as to save the South from any real injury, and yet preserve from destruction the labor and pursuits of the Northern and Middle States. When the heightened excitement of the following year produced that gloomy epoch in our fraternal annals, which was marked by serious discussions on the extent of force that the general government might exert upon the opposing laws of the States, and the consequent actions of her authorities and people, he sustained that power in the Union which he believed to be essential to its preservation, and warranted by the spirit and terms of the contract, but deprecated, in so doing, every measure not clearly necessary for those objects. On all questions appearing to involve any differences of policy or interest among the States, Mr. Dallas appears uniformly to have leaned to that course which he deemed most calculated, even at some sacrifice, to preserve the harmony of the whole.

On the 3d of March, 1833, the term expired for which he had been elected to the Senate. At his own request, his name was withheld from the legislature as a candidate for reëlection. He was desirous to return to the bar, from which such an occupation necessarily withdrew him; and his doing so was speedily followed by his appointment to an office, whose duties, while not unconnected with politics, were far more in accordance with his professional pursuits. He was selected by Governor Wolf as the Attorney General of his native State, and he continued to hold it with increasing reputation, and with a degree of approbation and confidence on the part of the whole community never exceeded, nor often equalled, until the change in the executive administration of the State, by the election of Governor Ritner, of course induced him to withdraw.

Mr. Dallas had scarcely retired to private life, when he was made the object of one of the most remarkable proceedings that have ever characterized the political course of the party opposed to Democratic principles during any of the intervals of their temporary ascendency. Under the pretext of inquiring into the character and acts of secret associations, several of the leading members of the republican party were summoned to Harrisburg in the middle of the winter, and, in defiance of the positive pro-

visions of the Constitution of the State, a right was assumed by a committee of the legislature to investigate their private and social conduct as members of Masonic societies. Of the persons subjected to this strange inquisition, Mr. Dallas was one. He obeyed the summons issued under the apparent sanction of the House of Representatives, and appeared before the committee; but when asked to take the oath by which he was required virtually to acknowledge the right of instituting an inquisition so unheard of, into the private and harmless conduct of himself and his associates, he refused, in a short but most impressive address, and displayed, in terms that led to the abortive termination of the disreputable affair, its injustice, illegality, and folly. He perceived, on this occasion, the secret operations that soon ripened to so fatal a result, by which the Bank of the United States was imposed, by corrupt and dishonest means, on the people of the United States, and especially of Pennsylvania, as a State institution. He lent the aid of his influence and talents to resist it while he remained at Harrisburg, and on his return to Philadelphia, awakened his Democratic brethren, in public discussions, to a full sense of the danger whose near approach had been carefully concealed. The history of that disastrous measure, and the means by which its success was achieved, if not yet developed in all their details, are yet generally known. In consequence of it, the State was plunged into the long train of disasters from which its citizens have not yet been able to extricate themselves, and of which the effects, extending far beyond their immediate objects, have produced the most deplorable results on the business, prosperity, and even character of the American people. Even after the shackles had been fixed, Mr. Dallas was among those who sought to relieve the community from so fatal a thraldom. Taking advantage of the approaching convention, when the people of the State were to meet with every attribute of original sovereignty not restrained by the Constitution of the United States, and of which the assemblage was promulgated by the vote of the people before the act in question was passed, he called to the consideration of the inhabitants of the State, in an able and eloquent letter, the propriety of examining into the frauds that had been perpetrated, and relieving the commonwealth, by an edict of that body, from all fraudulent invasions of its rights, due care being taken to protect and indemnify individuals concerned in the institution from any pecuniary loss.

The political history of the following winter was marked by the election of Mr. Van Buren to the Presidency, and one of the

earliest of his acts was to offer to Mr. Dallas the post of envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Russia. In that country he remained till October, 1839. The only portion of his official correspondence while there that has been made public, is his discussion with Count Nesselrode, relative to the territories and commercial intercourse of the two nations on the coast of the Pacific Ocean. It developes several points connected with the rights of the respective governments on those shores, presented with great clearness and interest, and destined, no doubt, at a day not very distant, to become subjects of still more general and minute examination. The claims and rights of the Americans are sustained with great ability and spirit. To those objects of inquiry which, in such a country as Russia, would naturally attract an intelligent mind, Mr. Dallas devoted great attention. Into its history, and a study of the habits, manners, and character of its people, he plunged with a natural enthusiasm, and collected a variety of facts tending to elucidate all these subjects. In a public address, delivered not long after his return to the United States, he sketched with a vivid and brilliant pen several of these topics, but it is to be hoped that from the materials he has collected, a work of a more extensive kind may be hereafter given to the public. It is one which is rendered peculiarly interesting, from the nature of the friendly relations that have existed, and that circumstances will probably long preserve. He remarked with great truth, in the address referred to, that " such, for more than half a century, has been the strangeness and perversity of other international pretensions, that this Republic and that Despotism, though widely separated, recognise the wisdom of closely cementing their mutual amity. The freedom of the seas, the rights of neutrality, the searchless shelter of the flag, were early links of sympathy and confidence which the forecast of Mr. Jefferson strove to rivet. To these ties are since added others, springing mainly from a common consciousness that, while there can seldom if ever be points of enmity, their geographical relation on opposite flanks of rival and ambitious powers, gives to their declared friendship a vast efficiency in discouraging assaults or encroachments upon their own security, pursuits, and independence. It is but a reasonable curiosity which seeks to understand a nation, more likely than any other to be the permanent and pacific ally of the United States."

Since Mr. Dallas's return from Russia, he has devoted himself exclusively to the practice of his profession ; and though it is generally understood, that not long after that event, a seat in his

cabinet was tendered to him by Mr. Van Buren, he has, so far, adhered to his determination to remain in private life. That he will be long permitted to do so, we cannot think, unless he shall strenuously resist the wishes and the judgment of his fellow-citizens. To the confidence reposed in him, founded in his adherence, from earliest youth, to the accepted doctrines of the republican party on every great national question, he adds a brilliancy of genius, a spotless personal life, and qualities so calculated to win the affection and regard of all with whom he is called into association, that his native State, placing him as she does in the highest class of her favorite sons, will scarcely consent that the riper years of his life shall be withdrawn altogether from her service, and that of the people of the United States. Adorning and filling, as he would with eminent distinction, the most exalted offices that his fellow-citizens can bestow, their hope is certainly as general as it is reasonable and just, that none of the accidents which hang upon all human footsteps may withhold him from the honorable discharge of those public trusts, which are conferred by the willing suffrages of a free people, upon those among them who have been found to be the most deserving.

In personal appearance and deportment, few men blend more simplicity and dignity; and as a public speaker, his manner is singularly prepossessing. Though not hasty or unusually rapid, his lively imagination and success in happy illustration give to his speeches, even when least premeditated, an attractive variety, aptness, and ease, and make him one of the most fortunate of orators in occasional addresses to popular bodies, as he has been one of the most successful in scenes requiring the highest talents for debate. To letters he is known to have always been as much devoted, as the occupations of an otherwise active life would permit. His numerous political papers give evidence of an excellent style; and it is not many years since his occasional contributions in the various branches of elegant literature were to be found in the publications of the day. If the wish may be fairly indulged, that one, whose public life has hitherto been so useful, may not be hereafter withdrawn from a participation in public affairs, the hope may be expressed with equal justice, that literature may yet receive from his pen many of those contributions, in which genius and taste are brought to illustrate the dictates of a judgment always enlightened, and the honest sentiments of a generous heart.

# ON ASSOCIATION AND ATTRACTIVE INDUSTRY.

BY ALBERT BRISBANE.

*Second Article.*

In my former article I glanced at the misery which exists in the world, and showed, I trust, that there is an amount of suffering and wretchedness in it which calls loudly, and in tones which should not be disregarded, for alleviation.

Political and administrative Reforms absorb completely the attention of the leading and influential men of society, and are the only measures which they propose to remedy the poverty, misery, ignorance, degradation, and other evils which disgrace our civilized societies. I ask, in all earnestness, Can political and administrative reforms reach those deeply rooted social evils, which blight the existence of so many of our fellow-creatures? Can they give food to the hungry? shelter to the houseless? clothes to the unclad? fire to the cold? Can they give labor to the poor workman out of employment? education to the child that is growing up in ignorance? Can they relieve the toil-worn mass of the overburdening drudgery, and of the cares and anxieties, which are wearing them out? Can they correct the abuses of the present false, ill-requited, and repugnant system of labor? Can they do away with the tyranny of capital, when wielded by the avaricious and selfish, and the *industrial* oppression of the mass which results from it? Can they check the deceptions, adulterations, monopolies, and other frauds of commerce, and the tricks and injustice of the law? Can they do away with vice, crime, and drunkenness, and the causes of despair which plunge men into them? In short, can they do anything for the real and positive welfare of mankind? The experience of the past answers that they cannot; and however good may be the intentions of politicians and legislators, it is as evident as that the sun shines in the heavens, that, with the means they wield, they can do nothing towards remedying the miseries, privations, sufferings, and social wrongs from which the mass desire so ardently to be relieved. Charity towards our fellow-men, pity and commiseration for the poor, the ignorant, and the down-trodden, who cannot plead their own cause, should impel us to seek for effectual remedies, and rest not until such are discovered. The world is perfectly callous to human misery; it has become accustomed to it, as it becomes accustomed to anything hideous, which it sees constantly; it must be aroused from its apathy, and its attention directed to this great and melancholy subject.

I will propose a remedy; it is ASSOCIATION, based upon ATTRACTIVE INDUSTRY. It will not be vague and indeterminate in its operation as are political reforms; it will be positive and practical. It will do away with poverty, and secure abundance to all, because it will increase production four-fold, introduce vast economies, and establish an equitable division of profits. It will give education, intellectual development, and independence to the mass, because it will abolish indigence, of which ignorance and dependance are two results. It will do away with the slavery of labor, by rendering industry honorable and attractive. It will put an end to the tyranny of capital, by uniting labor and capital in the same hands. It will check the monopolies, adulterations, and other frauds of commerce, by establishing a system of wholesale trade. It will avoid the immense number of law-suits and litigations which now occur, by introducing a system of truth, probity, and unity of interests. It will do away with vice, crime, brutality, and degradation, by giving to the passions a true and harmonious development.

The principles of the system of Association which I shall explain were discovered by CHARLES FOURIER, who devoted a long life of labor and study to the profound and intricate problems of the social elevation and happiness of man. The only means by which these ends can be attained, is a reorganization of society. *Our evils are social, not political, and a social reform only can eradicate them.* Political reforms act merely upon the surface of social interests; and if we wish to obtain the means of effecting any real and permanent good, we must enter frankly into an examination of the grand question of a social reform. As it is new, it will of course be disregarded by those who are wholly engaged in the routine of the present, and whose ambitions or pecuniary interests are linked in with existing political and social institutions.

The doctrine of Association appeals for support to those who are tired of the controversies of the day, and wish some great object to which to direct their efforts; to those who take a stronger interest in the *race* than in the individual, and to those who feel indignant at the misery and injustice which oppress mankind. Let them not despair of a great reform being effected, for as a God of justice rules in the universe, who gave us the varied wants, and implanted in us the deep aspiration for happiness, which we feel, he did not intend that we should wear out an existence in poverty and suffering, and be tormented eternally by desires unsatisfied. The justice of God is a guarantee that we can attain happiness upon this earth, but reason tells us that there is one condition to be fulfilled; which is, that we discover and organize a true system of society.

Before entering into an examination of the mechanism of Association, that is, of its system of industry, of property, commerce, education, &c., I will endeavor to do away with some deeply rooted prejudices which exist relating to the passions, and to the destiny of man upon the earth. It is generally supposed that the passions are bad,—are even inherently vicious and depraved. Those who entertain the most liberal views of human nature, suppose that they are incapable of order and harmony, and have no faith that a society can be organized in which they will direct men rightly.

As to the destiny of man, the mass are led instinctively to conclude, from the disappointments, anxieties, and miseries which are their lot, that man was put upon the earth to mourn and suffer; that it is a place of trial; that the evils which afflict him are results of his depraved nature, and that as a consequence they will always exist. A minority may entertain different views upon the subject, but those even who have expressed the most advanced opinions on this great question, suppose that man was placed upon the earth to combat, to overcome difficulties, and to suffer; and to give elevation to their view, they add that his dignity consists in, and his powers and talents are called out by combating, by overcoming, and suffering.

To correct these errors, I will explain briefly the nature and mode of action of the passions; I will show that they are good and perfect in themselves, but that they may be perverted and misdirected by a false system of society—which is now the case—and that, when perverted, they engender evils of all kinds, and appear depraved and vicious. I will also glance at the question of the Destiny of Man upon the earth, and examine why he was created and placed upon it, and will explain one of the great laws upon which Association is based,—the law of *Attractions proportional to Destinies.*

### TWO-FOLD MODE OF ACTION OF THE PASSIONS.

The first objection which will be raised against Association is, that the passions are obstacles, that they cannot be harmonized, and that the nature of man must be changed, or a new being created. This is a mistaken prejudice. Let us endeavor to show that the passions are good, that God has created rightly what he has created, and that he has given them to us for wise and useful ends, provided we discover a system of society adapted to them, and in which they can act and develop themselves according to their true nature. If they who criticise the passions

were charged with the task of creating them anew, they would find that they had a perplexing work on hand; they would soon discover that they had misconceived the question, and that the problem was, not to *change the passions*, but merely to *change their present false development.*

So little is known of the passions, that it has not been discovered that they are subject to a law, which may be termed the Law of *Duality of Movement;* or, in other words, that they are capable of *two modes of action*, or *a double development*, one of which is true, the other false; the one harmonious, the other discordant. When the passions are rightly developed, they produce harmony, order, justice, unity; when they are falsely developed, they engender discord, injustice, duplicity. The passions remain in both cases the same; it is their effects only which are changed; and they appear good or bad according as they are truly or falsely developed.

The first great error which should be avoided in the study of those springs of action within us, *is to take the bad effects of the passions for the passions themselves.* The false results which they produce, when perverted by a defective system of society, should be carefully separated from their real nature, their true essence.

Everything in nature is subject to this two-fold mode of action. I will illustrate it with a single example. The notes of music are in themselves good and perfect: no musician would wish to, or could, change them; but the notes of music may produce discords as well as harmonies—that is, they are capable of two modes of action. If they are played upon rightly, they produce harmonies; if falsely, they produce discords. The notes are in both cases the same; they are unchanged; *it is only their effects* which are changed. What is true of music is true of the passions. The social system holds to the passions the same relation that the musician holds to the notes of music: the former are the elements of social harmony, as the latter are the elements of musical harmony. If an unskilful musician produces discords, we do not blame the notes of music: we separate the discords from the notes, and blame the musician. Let us be as impartial towards the passions: if a false system of society perverts them, and deranges their natural action, *we should separate the bad effects which they then produce from their true nature, and blame the society which perverts them.* But this impartiality the world has not exercised: being ignorant of the law of Duality of Movement, it has thrown all the blame upon human nature, and exculpated our false societies. The world believes the present system of society good, and the passions bad; it endeavors in consequence to reform man, instead of reforming de-

fective social institutions. The political and scientific leaders of mankind have endeavored from the earliest times to force the passions to adapt themselves to the forms of society which were established, but at no epoch have they thought of adapting the social organization to the passions. The time has now come to pursue a different policy; we must study with care the nature, the tendencies and requirements of the passions, and deduce from them a system of society suited to them. Do we not adapt our food to our stomachs, our mode of living to our physical organization? If so, why not carry out the system, and adapt our form of society to our intellectual nature? Man is the standard by which we should judge of the goodness or badness of social institutions, but heretofore human nature has been required to conform to and judged of by existing forms of society.

Our societies are the work of politicians and legislators; the passions are the work of God. Now either the passions are bad, or society is false, for evil prevails, and to a melancholy extent; which of the alternatives shall we choose? Reason answers that it would be more natural to suspect society, the work of man, than the passions, the work of God. If the passions are in themselves good and perfect, but at present merely perverted, then order, justice, and harmony can be established on the earth, for the false societies, which cause their perversion, can be reformed and replaced by others; but if the passions are in themselves inherently bad, then there is no hope of a change for the better, for legislators, philosophers, and moralists, have been striving unceasingly for the last four or five thousand years to repress and keep them in subjection, but all in vain. They have made use of the most violent punishments, such as scaffolds, gibbets, prisons, exiling, branding, &c.—of moral persuasions and of reasonings upon self-interest, to attain their end; but without effect: for we find in our modern civilized societies as much fraud, injustice, vice, and crime, to say the least, as in antiquity. While the passions have remained unchanged, society has changed a hundred times, and is still constantly changing. These facts should make us doubt the infallibility of our present social institutions, and induce us to examine closely whether they cannot be reformed.

In the benighted question of the passions, the law of Duality of Movement will, however, overcome all those difficulties which have heretofore confused the minds and confounded the judgments of men. It will show that while the passions are in themselves good, they may be perverted, and that the evils which they then produce are not inherent in them, but are deranged effects, which may be corrected. It will also prove that hatred, envy,

jealousy, revenge, and such emotions, are not original passions in the human heart, as is generally supposed, but perversions, or false developments of certain true passions. They are diseases of the soul or mind, as cancer, scrofula, consumption, the gout, and rheumatism are diseases of the body. We know that the human frame is a very perfect piece of mechanism; still it engenders disease, when its organic laws are violated: we do not blame, however, the body; we blame the false mode of living, which deranges its organization.

The world is full of moral and physical disease, and it is difficult to say of which there is the most. Men lead a mode of life on one hand which violates all the laws of health, while society deranges entirely on the other the action of the passions. Under the influence of this compound derangement and perversion, what are the beings which we see around us? Are they men such as God intended they should be? No, they are abortions of humanity—perverted souls in diseased bodies.

It may be laid down as a general rule, that when the passions are suppressed, smothered, thwarted, or disappointed, they take a false direction, or receive a perverted development, and turn to enmity, antipathy, revenge, jealousy, regret, melancholy, despair, insanity, &c. To explain this more clearly, I will illustrate it with one or two examples. The passion of love, for example, is one of the most beautiful of the intellectual elements of human nature. It secures to the human race a high order of delights, and it leads, if properly developed, to a deference of the stronger for the gentler sex, to courteousness of manners, to politeness of language, elevation of sentiment, to generosity, and to the finest *passional* harmonies. But if it be thwarted and disappointed, it may lead, on the other hand, to the deepest antipathies, to jealousy, despair, suicide, infanticide, and other terrible results.

The noble passion, Ambition, impels man—if it acts according to its true nature—to the performance of high deeds, and the pursuit of what is great and elevated; it excites to honorable action, to dignity of conduct, to admiration of true merit, and to the fulfilment of numerous important social functions. But this passion is terrible in its false development; if perverted, it leads to hatred, envy, revenge, and other outrages, and if misdirected in the minds of rulers, it leads to tyranny, injustice, war, and devastation.

These examples are sufficient to explain the double action of the passions, and the nature of the law of Duality of Movement. This great law will render an important service to the cause of the social elevation of the human race, as it will inspire the world with that faith which it requires most—Faith in Man. It relieves

human nature from the responsibility of those odious and fiend-like characteristics which result from perversions of the passions, and places it where it should rest—upon our false systems of society. It strips man of the damning contamination of vices which are now believed inherent in him, and inspires the mind with the cheering belief, that to the human race is reserved a noble elevation and a high social destiny, and to the passions a true and harmonious development.

The question of a harmonious development and a true direction of the passions is one of supreme importance. The leading politicians and statesmen of the world may imagine that, in controlling the affairs of State, they are occupied with subjects of a much more important nature; but they are in error. All their measures and their policy turn in the end upon the wants and passions of our nature. In England, for example, the corn-laws, in this country the currency, absorb at present their attention. And what is to be the final result of those measures, if settled even in the most favorable manner? It is to increase, it will be answered, the prosperity and welfare of the people. And what signifies increasing their prosperity and welfare but to satisfy the physical wants and passions? Thus the satisfaction of the intellectual and physical requirements of mankind is the great end of social institutions. This end is not attained in our societies; the rich are miserably poor in that higher order of happiness, which may be termed intellectual, although their physical wants are satisfied; while the mass are harassed by poverty, and enjoy neither intellectual nor material happiness.

### DESTINY OF MAN.

I will now examine very briefly the question of the Destiny of Man upon the earth.

What is the DESTINY OF MAN? Why was he created and placed upon the globe which he inhabits, and what function is assigned him by the Divinity in the scale of creation?

Was he placed upon it to ravage and devastate its surface, to render it a scene of desolation and misery, to war with his fellow-man and oppress him, to degrade his own nature and the creations around him, and to spread suffering wherever suffering can be felt? It would seem so, if we take the history of the past as the standard by which to judge of human destiny. But such could not have been the intention of a wise Creator; he placed man upon the earth to cultivate and embellish it, to perfect the creations upon it, to develop its varied material resources and

harmonies, and to make of it a beautiful terrestrial residence, where he could establish societies, in which would be realized those principles of order, justice, and unity, which govern the universe.

Such is the Destiny of Man: he is the OVERSEER of the globe, and was placed upon it to perform those high trusts. It is a vast and noble domain confided to his care, and his duty is to oversee and supervise it with all the intelligence and wisdom with which the Creator has endowed him.

Man, as Overseer of the earth, has a great work to perform; he must improve and embellish its surface, clear it of its rude forests, cultivate its wild plains and valleys, drain its marshes, reclaim and fertilize its deserts, dike and regulate its streams, perfect the animal and vegetable kingdoms, efface all discords upon it, and establish harmonies in their place, and render it a noble monument of his power and genius.

The earth is now in a frightful condition: vast regions are covered by marshes and deserts, which derange the climate or atmospheric system, and send forth miasmatic exhalations which engender diseases of various kinds, such as the cholera, plague, typhus and yellow fevers; entire countries have been devastated by fire and sword, and are barren, and immense tracts are still covered with wild forests and plains. Not one tenth part of the globe is cultivated, and that little most miserably; wars and revolutions desolate nations alternately, and poverty and want are universal. In the more civilized countries, like England and France, misery is most intense, which proves that the political wisdom of civilization can do nothing for the social elevation and happiness of the vast majority.

It is very evident that the politicians and statesmen who govern the world, have no idea of the great ends which man has to attain, and of the functions which the human race have to perform upon the globe. They are intent solely upon managing the administrative affairs of the nations to which they belong; and so far from taking an interest in the general welfare and elevation of mankind, they do not even aspire to eradicate those social evils, such as poverty, ignorance, vice, and crime, which exist in their own countries. When such contracted views exist, the idea of the human race uniting for any combined operations, or undertaking any great works of general interest, will very naturally appear visionary. But let it not be supposed that the difficulty is in the works themselves; such is not the case; it exists solely in the narrow views and policy of nations, and of their political leaders. Public opinion, however, is beginning to expand: some-

thing is said of applying armies to great industrial undertakings, and the idea of cutting canals through the isthmuses of Darien and Suez has been broached and discussed. Such operations would be the commencement of combined national undertakings, and might arouse a new spirit in the world. They are trifles, which would show mankind their strength.

But let the human race discover their destiny; let them organize a society which will direct rightly their energies in fulfilling it; let them combine and associate, and they could take this globe, now so ravaged and neglected, with its miasmatic swamps, its burning deserts, its rude forests, its uncultivated plains, its bleak and barren ranges of mountains, and its turbid streams — and with the time and labor which are now wasted in war, devastation, idleness, and fraud, they could improve and embellish it, until they transformed it into a magnificent terrestrial abode, worthy of the God who created it, and the genius of man who presides over it.

The human race can perform their trust of overseer well, or they can neglect it. If they perform it well, they are rewarded by happiness; if they neglect it, they are punished by poverty and privations. There are in this vast sphere, where the globe is the scene of action, and the human race the actors upon it, as in the narrow sphere over which the individual presides, rewards and punishments proportional to the intelligence and labor applied.

In assigning to man the noble trust of overseeing and regulating the globe, we do not conceive for him a task beyond his power. The treasures and labors wasted in the crusades, or in the wars of Europe for the last two centuries, would, if rightly directed, have fertilized the desert of Sahara. The efforts and genius squandered in the wars of Napoleon, would have covered Europe with noble works of internal improvement, and communicated to it a life and prosperity which would have changed its face entirely; and the sums which are now spent in the pay of standing armies, would belt the earth with mighty links of canals and railroads. The standing armies of Europe alone have cost, since the battle of Waterloo, or during twenty-six years of peace, about twenty thousand millions of dollars. With such treasures, usefully employed, what could not be achieved?

From the preceding observations, it will be seen that the doctrine of Association assigns to the human race, as their terrestrial or industrial destiny, the noble trust of overseeing the globe and the creations upon it. Association will be the system of society which will enable them to fulfil their destiny, as it will

direct their labors and genius to vast industrial undertakings, and to the cultivation of the arts and sciences, as past societies have directed them mainly to war and devastation, and to political controversy.

ATTRACTIONS PROPORTIONAL TO DESTINIES.

Before commencing a description of the practical organization of Association, which I shall do in the next number of the Review, it is important to show that it is not an arbitrary plan for a reorganization of society, founded merely upon the conceptions and caprices of an individual, but that it is based upon a broad theory of human nature, and a high view of human destiny. In a short article like the present, it is of course impossible to enter into an examination of the theoretical principles upon which the doctrine rests: but still I would wish to show that they are deep and comprehensive. I have for that reason glanced at two questions, and will examine, before terminating this article, a third; they will be sufficient to show that the theory of Association does not stand isolated, but is based upon general and scientific principles. I have in my present article explained very briefly one of the laws which govern the passions, in order to show that they are not inherently bad, and I have touched upon one part of human destiny, the relation of man to the globe or material world.

To enter into a full examination of the theoretical part of the doctrine of Association, which may be considered as constituting its scientific foundation, it would be necessary to explain—

1. The complete system of laws which govern the action of the passions, so as to show that they are capable of harmony.

2. The *social* destiny of man, or the nature of the social harmonies which he can establish, and the ulterior destinies reserved him as a being endowed with the gift of immortality.

3. The causes of the disorder and misery which have existed up to the present time upon the earth—that is, the *causes of evil*—a vast question, with regard to which nothing is known, although a plenty of theories exist on the subject.

4. The relation of mind to matter, and of God to the material universe.

5. The laws which regulate the progress of human societies, and the gradual elevation of man from the savage state, in which he is without industry, art, or science, to Association, in which those three elements of human greatness and happiness will be fully developed and rightly applied. They are considerably developed in the present system of society, called civilization, but they are either misdirected or miserably applied.

To explain these questions fully, would require a volume; some of them are touched upon in my work, entitled *Social Destiny of Man*, to which I refer.

I will now proceed to examine the law of *Attractions proportional to Destinies*, which is an unerring guide in the study of social doctrines, and which, if fully understood, will direct us rightly in devising social institutions.

This great law, discovered by FOURIER, and announced by him in his first work, published in 1808, may be expressed as follows:

THE ATTRACTIONS OF ALL BEINGS ARE PROPORTIONAL TO THEIR DESTINIES.

By attractions are to be understood, the instincts, desires, and passions, which the Divinity has implanted in his creatures, to impel them to fulfil the ends for which he created them.

"The reindeer," observes Fourier, "is destined to live in the frozen regions of the north; God does not give him *attraction* for the verdant fields and the plants of the temperate zone: he prefers the snows of the north, and the moss which they cover: *his attractions, consequently, are proportional to his destiny.*"

The camel is destined to live in the deserts; his attractions are not for the shady groves and the plains of a temperate climate; they are for the sandy wastes and the heats of the desert: *his attractions, consequently, are proportional to his destiny.*

If we transport bees to a barren island, covered with rocks and sands, where no flowers grow, they will not the less feel attractions, and seek eagerly for them, as their destiny is to live upon their sweets.

God endows his creatures with intelligence or reason according to the same law—that is, according to their destiny. Man, who is overseer of the globe, must be endowed with the means of obtaining universal science in order to perform his function properly; animals, which are aids of man, are endowed with a degree of intelligence proportional to their restricted functions.

The Divinity, who creates nothing in vain, assigns to all his creatures a function to perform and a place to fill in the scale of creation. He gives them passions and attractions which impel them to fulfil their destiny, and which are in harmony with it. He adapts their instincts and feelings to the life they are to lead, and gives them a love, an attraction, for the duties which he requires of them; he, by this means, renders each species of his creatures contented with their mode of existence, and secures the

performance of the duties they are to perform freely, spontaneously, and from desire. If man is not satisfied with his condition, it is because he has not discovered a social system adapted to his nature, but vegetates in false societies, which violate all his passions and attractions. If he does not perform the function of overseer assigned him, *it is because Industry, which is the implement or means by which he fulfils that function, is repugnant and degrading.* Human reason has not yet discovered the organization by which Industry can be rendered attractive, and the consequence is, that the human race are oppressed by poverty, harassed by physical debility and disease, and neglect the globe and the creations upon it.

The duty which God owes to his creatures, is to give them attractions, which are in keeping or harmony with their destiny; *as he distributes passions and instincts precisely as he wishes*, he should give them no useless or pernicious ones—none which were false guides, or which, if they lived according to their nature, they could not satisfy.* If it were otherwise—if their passions and instincts were in conflict with their destiny and mode of existence, they would be constantly at war with themselves, and disorder, anarchy, and confusion would exist wherever there were animated beings. Man, it is true, is now in conflict with himself; his passions are at war with his reason, and they clash, and lead him astray; and why? Because the passions, in our false societies, are perverted and falsely developed; and because, in their perversion, they misdirect him, and plunge him into excesses of all kinds. Reason endeavors, and very rightly, to combat their vicious tendencies, but with how little success, the practical experience of the world is there to answer. The passions tend to harmony, and in a true system of society they would direct man rightly. If such a system were organized, reason would not then have to combat them as it now does, but could perform its true function, which is to discover universal truth, and aid man in fulfilling his destiny.

God governs the intellectual as well as the material world; he alone distributes passions and attractions. How then can we suppose that he would give man depraved and vicious passions, which would misdirect him, plunge him into discords and conflicts, tantalize him with desires unsatisfied, and be deceptive and

* It may be asked, why has God made the tiger, the hyena, the rattlesnake, the shark, and other hideous creations? This involves a profound problem, which cannot be explained here; I must refer the inquiring reader to chapter sixteenth of my work—Social Destiny of Man; where it is touched upon.

alluring guides, against which it would be necessary constantly to combat? Should God do so, he would not be the equitable Ruler of the universe, but its unjust Sovereign. Let us have more faith in him; let us believe that the passions, which are his work, are in themselves good and perfect, but that, being subject to the universal law of Duality of Movement, they may be truly or falsely developed; and that, when falsely developed, they produce those discords, vices, and crimes, which have made the world believe that they were inherently depraved. The law of Duality of Movement will prove that the evil which now exists is *perversion*, not inherent *badness*, and that, by giving to the passions a true development, they will produce as much harmony, virtue, and order, as they have heretofore engendered discord, conflict, and injustice.

It will be said, perhaps, that the passions were created good, but that when man fell, they became depraved. In answer, I will state, that the Creator does not give man control over his organic nature; he does not allow the finite being, by acts or will of his own, to vitiate the passions and attractions which he has given him. Man may perfect or degrade God's work, but he cannot change it organically. When he fell, his passions became deranged in their action, and took a false development; but he can regain his original condition, and restore the harmonies which were dissolved.

Men entertain very erroneous ideas of the justice and goodness of God, and the universality of his providence. They see misery, injustice, tyranny, devastation, and carnage upon the earth; and instead of searching for the causes of those evils, which are to be found in the false organization of human societies, they suppose that they enter into and form a part of God's scheme; that it is his wish they should exist; and tacitly impute to him a monstrous mass of injustice, perversion, and degradation, which should rest alone on our false societies. To comprehend the justice and wisdom of the Creator, and his system of governing the universe, we must understand the two great laws: *Duality of Movement*, and *Attractions proportional to Destinies*. We then can separate the evil which now exists, from his goodness, and attribute its long continuance to the true cause—the neglect of human reason to discover a true system of society. Philosophers and moralists, from the days of Plato down to the present time, have been engaged in abusing the passions, abusing the body, and matter; they have wandered blindly in the moral night of their prejudices, and have, with their false doctrines, led mankind astray. They are

truly the blind leading the blind, of whom Christ spoke, and the human race suffer from the error of their leaders.

As the passions and attractions are, when rightly developed, expressions of the intention of the Creator, and true guides, we can, by a careful study of their nature, ascertain the kind of social institutions which should be organized. Society should be suited to the passions, as an instrument is suited to the notes of music, and the passions should flow as naturally and harmoniously from its mechanism, as sound from the strings or keys of a well-tuned instrument. The slightest observation of human nature will show us for example, that man is a social being, and a careful examination will enable us to determine whether he was destined to live in the smallest possible social circle, which is a single couple in a separate dwelling, or in extended social circles, or large associations, where all varieties of characters, talents, and genius could be united, and a broad field opened to the satisfaction of his social sympathies. Selfishness, it is true, may pervert our attractions or deaden our social feelings, and we may then be led to suppose that man is not a social being, but we must study, as I have remarked, the attractions in their true development; when falsely developed, they are deceptive guides, and present only reversed images, which, to understand our true destiny, can only be studied by contraries.

If we wish to study with success the destinies of beings, we must be extremely careful *not to take false, temporary, and perverted passions or attractions, for those true and essential ones, which nature gives.* We shall find in the study of man, for example, that our present false societies so pervert his nature that a vast number of vitiated tastes and depraved attractions are developed within him. We must not commit the error to suppose that there is *a destiny* proportional to those *passional perversions*,—to suppose, for example, that a man who has a love of intoxication, or the false exhiliration which it produces, was destined by nature to be a drunkard;* or that some men were destined to be thieves, because there are individuals in our societies who steal. An intelligent discrimination is necessary in separating *true and universal* attractions from *accidental and deranged* developments of passions. Those true and collective attractions and impulses, which we find existing at all times, and common to all mankind, are oracles of truth—are an index placed within us by a higher hand, which point as unvaryingly toward our destiny as the magnet points

* The love of intoxication is the perversion or false development of a true passion, which is called the *composite*, or passion of enthusiasm.

toward the pole. Our true attractions are expressions of the intentions of God; they are a constant revelation within us of his will, and they interpret to us, with perfect truth, the nature of the social institutions which we should establish.

Had the Creator destined us to the present system of society, which we call civilization, he should have given us attractions for poverty, discord, monotony, and ignorance, for they are the lot of the vast majority: had he done so, we would have found our happiness in them, as we now find our misery. If poverty, discord, ignorance, and injustice, are to be the eternal lot of mankind upon the earth—which is the general opinion, for men believe that things will always go on as they have heretofore gone—how unjust would the Creator have been to have given us profound attractions for riches, harmony, knowledge, and justice, and have tantalized us with unconquerable desires, which could never be satisfied!

Which are right, the attractions, or the social organization,—the attractions which come from God, or the social organization which is the work of men? The attractions are right; and as they are unsatisfied and violated in the present social order, it is a clear proof that it is false, and *is not the social destiny of man.*

The great law of *attractions proportional to destinies* is invaluable as a scientific demonstration of the truth of the immortality of the soul. It is evident that the desire of immortality is a *true and universal* attraction of the human race, for it is found existing among all nations and at all epochs. If the Creator be just *in the distribution of attractions*, would he have given us a desire which he did not intend should be satisfied—an ardent longing, which he intended should be a deception? Would he have given us intelligence to comprehend the scheme of his magnificent universe, and have refused us at the same time the privilege of participating in its higher spheres and existences? The law of *destinies proportional to attractions* answers, no. Had the Creator denied us the gift of immortality, after having implanted in us the idea and desire of it, he would have violated his laws of justice and economy, and have tantalized uselessly his creature Man.

In my next article, I will enter upon an examination of the practical organization of Association.

## LONGFELLOW'S BALLADS AND POEMS.*

This little book is one for which the public ought to be thankful. It is so seldom that a volume of poetry escapes from the American press, — we mean, a volume combining, in no ordinary degree, the three great elements of thought, fancy, and feeling which constitute true poetry, — that when such a work is placed in our hands, we should feel grateful to the giver. Mr. Longfellow's first poetical offering was, we believe, made two years ago, under the quaint, and not very appropriate title of "Voices of the Night;" yet, whatever fault may be found with the name of the poet's first-born, but little can be alleged against the bantling itself, which has proved as healthy and vigorous as the parental heart could desire, and, if we can trust the report of those dry nurses the booksellers, enjoys the prospect of a prolonged and happy existence. To drop all metaphor, the sale of Mr. Longfellow's work, on its first appearance, was rapid; and the fact that no fewer than six editions have been called for within two years, warrants us in believing that his poems continue to retain their hold on the public favor.

Though the "Voices of the Night" consisted, in a great measure, of versions from the Spanish and German, yet original poems were interspersed among them, of a character to justify the belief that the author was one of those men to whom Heaven has given no stinted portion of the "sacred fire;" and inspired a hope, in the lovers of good poetry, that he would not suffer the glorious gift to grow dim and die away for want of air. The present publication has ripened this hope into reality; and, what is still better, shows us that the author is capable of a stronger and higher flight than that which he had first taken. The "Ballads," &c., are, in many respects, superior to the "Voices of the Night." In offering this opinion, we would not be understood as wishing to detract in any way from the merit of the poems first published, which, besides their intrinsic worth, will be, hereafter, valuable, as the first free outpourings of a spirit destined to the production of better things.

The little work to which we would now call the public attention comprises four ballads; — a translation from the Swedish of a remarkable poem by Tegnér, the celebrated author of Frithiofs Saga; — and eleven smaller original pieces. One of the earliest

* Ballads and other Poems, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; author of "Voices of the Night," "Hyperion," &c. Cambridge: John Owen. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 132.

forms in which the spirit of poetry assumed a visible existence, was that of the ballad: in England it was in great vogue previously to the breaking out of the wars between the first Charles and his Parliament, which unhappily turned the public mind from poetical and other studies, to the exclusive pursuit of politics and religion; and when the restoration brought with it more settled times, by a strange fatality, the old, manly Anglo-Saxon poetry became gradually warped and twisted into a shape more closely resembling the new French model, which, however classical and admirable in itself, did not certainly deserve to be cherished at the expense of the good old forms of English poesy. It would seem, however, that the gay cavaliers of the seventeenth century, not content with bringing with them from their exile the corrupt morals of a foreign clime, imported also a perverted literary taste; nor was it till after the publication of Percy's Relics in 1774, that the readers of England learned again to relish and appreciate the high merits of a kind of poetry, which, in the hands of a man of genius, may be made expressive of every variety of thought and feeling — the most pathetic as well as the most humorous. We need only refer to Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," and Cowper's "John Gilpin," to prove the truth of this last assertion; and if we look to Germany, we shall find that a mightier spirit than either Cowper or Coleridge believed in the excellence, and sanctioned by his example, the composition of ballads. We allude to Schiller, many of whose smaller and more touching poems were cast in that mould. In the present day, Uhland, and others of the Suabian school, have successfully maintained the European popularity of the ballad; and the author of the pleasing volume before us has, by original productions as well as by translation, labored, and certainly not without effect, to give currency to poetry of this kind in America.

About two years ago, near Fall River, the skeleton of a man was found, on which were still affixed the remains of a metal breast-plate, and other pieces of rusted and time-worn armor. Mr. Longfellow has made this curious specimen of American antiquities the subject of a very beautiful ballad, and to give increased interest to his poem, has connected the supposed story of the warrior of a by-gone age with that of the well-known tower at Newport. For our part, we are so willing to be agreeably deceived in such matters, that, instead of admitting the more reasonable, but less poetical supposition, that the Newport structure was erected by the earlier settlers as a stronghold and place of refuge against Indian attack, we shall henceforth believe it to have been the bonâ fide property of a Northern Viking, who

brought to the western world a practical knowledge of Saxon architecture, long before Columbus had dreamed of another hemisphere, or sought to turn his dreams into realities.

The opening lines of the ballad are spirited; though they bear a stronger resemblance than we could wish to the commencement of the "Ancient Mariner." The poet is supposed to address the armed skeleton, who has sought his presence for a purpose hereafter explained.

"Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December!
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of wo
From the heart's chamber.

To the solemn address of the bard, the spectral representative of Scandinavian chivalry replies, that the purport of his visit is to request that the long forgotten story of his life may be told to the world: and, having, with this end in view, selected the poet as his biographer, he threatens him, in case his wish be disallowed, with "a dead man's curse," and then proceeds, without further preface, to relate the tale.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow."

But the taming of ger-falcons, and the hunting of bears and wolves, were not long to employ the leisure hours, or satisfy the growing ambition of the adventurer. Following the "custom of the country," he became a sharer in those predatory expeditions, which brought the savage Norsemen acquainted with the delightful regions of southern France and Italy. Returned from his career of blood, pillage, and devastation to the frozen land of his birth, the Viking, like other men of the sword, found much satisfaction in "fighting his battles o'er again," and exciting the wonder and commiseration of his audience, by an account of the injuries he had inflicted, and those he had suffered.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor."

Upon one blue-eyed maiden in particular, the tale has its usual effect; admiration and pity soon giving place in her bosom to a softer feeling. The "wooing" was prosperous, and is told, and well told, in one stanza; but the "winning" depended, in some measure, on the consent of the damsel's father—a grim old prince, who, having been a warrior himself, and knowing of what sort of stuff warriors are usually made, believed that his daughter's happiness might be better secured by other means than by a union with the houseless, landless, remorseless Viking. This "royal Dane" is introduced to us in the following energetic lines, which show, also, the manner in which he received the suitor and his suit.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of Old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly."

The lady, however, (as ladies usually do,) differed in opinion from her sire, and availing herself of a dark night, and a ladder of rope, committed her person to the suspicious protection of a roving lover. Their flight being soon discovered, old Hildebrand set out in pursuit, and though too late to prevent the lady's embarkation, was yet in time to give chase himself in a vessel which he opportunely found moored to the shore. The wind, which for a time had favored the runaways, now veered round, and the Viking already heard the triumphant laugh of his pursuers, when he resorted to the following bold, but not very humane manœuvre.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!"

Hildebrand and his followers having been thus summarily disposed of, the Pirate resumed his voyage, and after three weeks of tempest, arrived on that western shore which was destined to become his "last and longest dwelling place." We quote the four concluding stanzas, which explain the whole mystery of the Newport tower, and of the armed skeleton.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to lea-ward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking sea-ward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sun-light hateful!

In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
*Skoal!* to the Northland! *skoal!*"*
—Thus the tale ended.

We have given both time and space to the above ballad, because, looking upon it as a fine, spirited production, and the best of its kind which Mr. Longfellow has written, we wished to call the reader's attention to such portions of it as seem to us to have been composed with the greatest felicity. "The Wreck of the Hesperus" we shall pass by with the brief notice, that, though the story is well told and affecting, yet, neither in interest nor in execution, will this ballad bear a comparison with "The Skeleton in Armor." We have already alluded to the fact, that the opening lines of this last mentioned poem indicate that Mr. Longfellow had Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" present to his mind when he wrote his ballad. There are resemblances in thought and expression, to other poets, which, as impartial reviewers, we cannot help noticing, and wish to see obliterated. "The dead man's curse" is too like "the curse of the dead man's eye" which the Ancient Mariner found so hard to be borne. In "The Wreck of the Hesperus," the ship—

"That shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length,"

was evidently built of the same timber with that,

"Which, like a pawing horse, let go,
Then made a sudden bound."

and the stanza beginning "Come hither, come hither, my little daughter," is, though somewhat altered, taken from Childe Harold's Good Night. When we use the word *taken*, we do not wish to convey the idea that Mr. Longfellow is a wilful plagiarist. He has evidently too many resources of his own to be driven to the necessity of borrowing "meal from another man's grist." His early studies and professional pursuits have made him familiar

* In Scandinavia this is the customary salutation when drinking a health. have slightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation.

with the best poems of ancient and modern times, and probably, also, with not a few of the worst. It is not surprising that a mind so abundantly stored with the thoughts and peculiar expressions of other writers should sometimes mistake the suggestions of memory for inspiration. We notice these trifling errors, not from any hypercritical feeling, but because they are blemishes in poems of which we think so highly that we wish to see them, if possible, without the semblance of a fault.

The two next ballads are translations; the one from Uhland, entitled "The Luck of Edenhall" — the other, "The Elected Knight," from the Danish. With regard to the first, we shall merely observe, that the version is literal, yet spirited — transferring to the English tongue whatever beauties the poem possesses in the German. As, however, we do not perceive many excellences in the original, we may be forgiven if we decline seeking them in the copy. With respect to the second ballad, we agree with the translator in believing it to be "somewhat strange and mystical;" and we leave its meaning to be sought, and its beauties to be admired, by those who are better skilled in reading riddles than we can pretend to be.

The next poem to which we arrive, and the longest and best in the volume, is a translation of "The Children of the Lord's Supper," from the Swedish of Tegnér. As far as regards modern languages, Mr. Longfellow is certainly the most learned poet in America; and we are glad to find that he turns that learning to the best account, by bringing, like the bee to his native hive, those treasures of sweetness which he has found abroad. To translate well requires powers very little inferior to those which are necessary to the production of an original work. The great defect of the majority of translators is, stiffness of style; they give us, perhaps, a true semblance of the body of their original, but it is a body without soul. This error can only be avoided by those whose taste and judgment teach them precisely when to be literal, and when to sacrifice the *letter* to the *spirit*. Mr. Longfellow appears to possess these great requisites in an eminent degree; and such is the grace and facility of his version, (though compelled to make use of an uncommon and difficult measure,) that, were the words "from the Swedish" erased from the title-page, it would be difficult not to mistake the poem for an original production. That this translation has, to Mr. Longfellow, been a labor of love, is obvious from the fact, that the whole of his preface (in itself a poem) is given to such account of the peculiar character and customs of the Swedish peasantry as may enable the reader to understand and relish the many allu-

sions to these with which Tegnér's poem abounds. As the name sufficiently indicates, "The Children of the Lord's Supper" is descriptive of the manner in which a highly interesting ceremonial of the Lutheran church is performed in a country village of Sweden. The decoration of the house of prayer; — the gathering there of young hearts to breathe their first vows, and enter into their earliest covenant with Heaven; — the solemn and paternal address of the aged Pastor, teaching his young flock that Love, and not Fear, is the bond that should bind the Christian to God, — are set forth in language, the beautiful simplicity of which accords well with that of the subject. The poem is too long to be given here in full, and the different parts are so closely interwoven with, and dependant on, each other, that we scarcely know how to do justice to it by an extract. The opening lines, however, may suffice to give the reader an idea of the style of execution, and induce him to recur to the book itself for the remainder of the poem. At all events, they will show with what ease Mr. Longfellow triumphs over difficulties which have often deterred English poets from the composition of Hexameters.

Pentecost, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of the village
Stood gleaming white in the morning's sheen. On the spire of the belfry,
Tipped with a vane of metal, the friendly flames of the Spring-sun
Glanced like the tongues of fire, beheld by Apostles aforetime.
Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with her cap crowned with roses,
Stood in her holyday dress in the fields, and the wind and the brooklet
Murmured gladness and peace, God's-peace! With lips rosy-tinted
Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry on balancing branches
Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the Highest.
Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned like a leaf-woven arbor
Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within upon each cross of iron
Hung was a sweet-scented garland, new twined by the hands of affection.
Even the dial, that stood on a fountain among the departed,
(There full a hundred years had it stood,) was embellished with blossoms.
Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith and the hamlet,
Who on his birth-day is crowned by children and children's children,
So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his pencil of iron
Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the swift-changing moment,
While all around at his feet, an eternity slumbered in quiet.
Also the church within was adorned, for this was the season
In which the young, their parents' hope, and the loved ones of heaven,
Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their baptism.
Therefore each nook and corner was swept and cleaned, and the dust was
Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the oil-painted benches.
There stood the church like a garden; the Feast of the Leafy Pavilions*

* The Feast of the Tabernacles; in Swedish, *Löfhyddohögtiden*, the Leaf-huts'-high-tide.

Saw we in living presentment. From noble arms on the church wall
Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's pulpit of oak-wood
Budded once more anew, as aforetime the rod before Aaron. [silver,
Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves, and the dove, washed with
Under its canopy fastened, a necklace had on of wind-flowers
But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece painted by Hróberg,*
Crept a garland gigantic; and bright-curling tresses of angels
Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, out of the shadowy leaf-work.
Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished, blinked from the ceiling,
And for the lights there were lilies of Pentecost set in the sockets.

To the preceding translation, and a few of the original poems which follow it, we would refer for proof of the truth of the assertion made in the outset of this review, that Mr. Longfellow's present volume is decidedly superior to his first publication. We shall, even at the risk of exceeding the limits assigned to us, quote such of the minor poems as furnish the foundation of this opinion. However, before we do this, we wish to offer a few remarks on what strikes us as an unfortunate peculiarity of Mr. Longfellow's poetry. In each poem, he has but *one* idea, which in the progress of his song is gradually unfolded, and at last reaches its full development in the concluding lines. To borrow an illustration from the art of painting, the poet's subject is first shown to us in profile, then three quarters, and lastly, we have the full face. This singleness of thought might lead a harsh critic to suspect intellectual barrenness; but we see in it nothing more than an adherence to a false system. A greater error into which Mr. Longfellow falls occasionally, is want of clearness: of this fault we shall give an example from the poem entitled "God's-Acre." To the first four lines we have nothing to object, but the remaining stanzas are as foggy as a spring morning in Dutch Land.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
  The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
  And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
  Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
  Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

We think, (though we are not sure,) that by "the seed garnered in the heart to be sown in the grave," the poet intends to express figuratively those human affections which are sometimes

* The peasant-painter of Sweden. He is known chiefly by his altar-pieces in the village churches.

said to cling to their earthly objects after these have been removed by death. In the last line, however, by a strange process of mutation, this seed is converted into "*bread*," and what is more strange, into "*the bread* of life!" To make "confusion worse confounded," in the third stanza, *we*, and not the "*seed garnered in our hearts*," nor "the bread of life," are cast into the furrows of God's-Acre, whence it would seem we rise at the sound of the Archangel's trump, and by a rapid power of vegetation, rise also in a state to be *winnowed* by the aforesaid trumpet, which for that purpose possesses the power of a *fanning mill!* What becomes of the *chaff* cannot be told "to ears polite,"—but the *grain* is transported *to bloom* in "gardens of a second birth!"

Another poem, also, (we mean that entitled "Maidenhood,") seems to have been composed soon after the poet had risen from the perusal of his Danish ballad,—for, like its prototype, it is full of mystery, and not to be understood, but at the expense of more time and trouble than a song can justly claim. Obscurity is an author's worst sin, and one for the commission of which the critics (though literary popes) can give no absolution. Having thus discharged the least agreeable part of our duty, we shall now proceed to place before our readers two of those poems which we believe to present the pretensions of Mr. Longfellow to poetic fame in the most favorable light.

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

Filled is Life's goblet to the brim;
And though my eyes with tears are dim,
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chant a melancholy hymn
With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers,—no garlands green,
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,
Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between
Thick leaves of mistletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,
Is filled with waters, that upstart,
When the deep fountains of the heart,
By strong convulsions rent apart,
Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,
Whose seed and foliage sun-imbrowned
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength, and fearless mood;
And gladiators, fierce and rude,
Mingled it in their daily food;
And he who battled and subdued,
A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press,
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colored waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress
New light and strength they give!

And he who has not learned to know
How false its sparkling bubbles show,
How bitter are the drops of wo,
With which its brim may overflow,
He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light;
Through all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noonday night,
He asked but the return of sight,
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light,—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care,
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!
The Battle of our Life is brief,
The alarm,—the struggle,—the relief,—
Then sleep we side by side.

THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

There are two other poems in this collection, which many of our readers will believe to be in no respect inferior to those we have quoted above. One, entitled "Charles River," seems to have been composed with more of genuine feeling, than anything else in the volume; and proves that Mr. Longfellow can write with great perspicuity, when he chooses to do so. Another, "Excelsior," though a spirited production, carries along with it a false moral, which greatly diminishes its merit in our eyes. A brother critic speaks of it, in a late number of the New York Review, as "representing the ardor, the energy of genius, struggling against difficulties and distress, against temptations without, and passions within, and *dying* at the hard-won goal with the word Excelsior engraved on his heart, and trembling on his lips." The great merit of a picture, whether made with pencil or pen, is its *truth;* and this merit does not belong to Mr. Longfellow's sketch. Men of genius may, and probably do, meet with greater difficulties in their struggles with the world and their own strong passions, than their fellow-men who are less highly gifted; but their power of overcoming obstacles is proportionably greater, and the result of their laborious suffering is, not *death*, but *immortality*.

We shall take leave of the poet with a sincere expression of our admiration for what he has done to elevate the literary character of his country and his own; we trust, that having made so brilliant a début, he will not stop here — but, that in due course of time, he will produce a new volume, to which the critical finger may point as affording further evidence that poetic genius is a plant that does not droop under American skies.

# MONTHLY LITERARY RECORD.

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

History of the Life of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, King of England. By G. P. R. James, Esq., Author of "The History of Charlemagne," "Edward the Black Prince," "Richelieu," "Darnley," &c., &c. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: J. & H. G. Langley, 57 Chatham street. 1842.

Richard was the great type and embodiment of that which the spirit of chivalry made out of the sterling but rather coarse materials afforded by the native character of the Englishman. As a later occupant of the same throne delighted to be regarded as "the first gentleman" of the England of our own day, he was "the first knight" of the England of the twelfth century. James has been living so long in the midst of the records and remembrances of that great epoch of the history of Europe, whose ascendent star was the institution of chivalry, that he could not resist the temptation of drawing at full length the portraiture of the figure which must have been constantly before him as the most prominent and the most complete representative of the whole epoch. To attempt it on his habitual canvass of romantic fiction, with the color of fancy with which his vivid pencil has so often peopled its surface, would have been a presumption not rashly to be ventured on till the world should have forgotten the Richard of the "Talisman," and the Black Knight of "Ivanhoe." Instead, therefore, of writing a romance founded upon history, Mr. James has taken for a history a subject which was in itself a romance. His peculiar qualification for the task is unknown to but few of our readers; and we need say nothing more, than that his performance of it will be found in no respect to disappoint the expectation with which these volumes will be opened by every reader.

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Illustrations of the Law of Kindness. By Rev. G. W. Montgomery. Utica: O. Hutchinson, 41 Genesee street. 1841.

This is a very modest and unpretending little volume, but one which we should rejoice to see scattered broadcast through the land. It is devoted chiefly to the practical illustration of that great law which the world first heard from the lips of Him who spake as never man spake, bidding us to "*overcome evil with good*;" and the author has accumulated a great variety of instances to prove the superior efficacy, even as means of success in the attainment of useful practical results, in the conduct of human affairs, of the gentle spirit of Love, and Mercy, and Charity, over any of the means of coercion, terror, and vengeance, which have been the favorite methods of action of individuals as of governments, ever since the world began. No one, we will venture to assert, can lay down these pages, without being made a better, a wiser, and a happier man, by the few hours which will suffice to travel through them; and there are doubtless many to whom they will for the first time suggest an idea of the true meaning of a great part of the teachings of Christ—as well as some prophetic glimpse, perhaps, of the now unimagined, unhoped for, practical results, in the amelioration of human society, which are yet destined to be the millennial fruit of the divine seed strewn over the earth in the imperishable record of those teachings.

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Rural Sketches. By Thomas Miller, Author of "A Day in the Woods," "Beauties of the Country," "Royston Gower," &c. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1842.

"My table is spread with the humblest fare; my viands served up in beechen bowl and pewter platter. Those, therefore, who can only dine from off vessels of gold and silver, and whose stomachs cannot brook the homeliest food, need not lift up my lowly latch, nor bend their stately bodies to enter my humble door-way." Such is the

modest invitation which greets the reader in the introduction to these very pleasant and natural sketches of country life in England. We have accepted the invitation, and found it no wearisome effort to sit through the rustic banquet, and can sincerely recommend every reader who would be amused with much quiet humor, touched by simple but true pathos, interested in pictures of genuine human nature, drawn evidently by an observant eye from the life, and charmed with descriptions of natural scenery, reflecting well the beauty inspiring them — not to pass by the "lowly latch" of a man of true genius, who has raised himself from the obscurity of one of the humblest of mechanical occupations, in an English country town, to a fame not unfamiliar to our as well as his own side of the ocean.

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CONJECTURES AND RESEARCHES CONCERNING THE LOVE, MADNESS, AND IMPRISONMENT OF TORQUATO TASSO; by Richard Henry Wilde. 2 vols. New York: A. V. Blake, 1842.

"There is scarcely a poet," says the author of this work, "whose life excites a more profound and melancholy interest than that of Torquato Tasso. His short and brilliant career of glory captivates the imagination, while the heart is deeply affected by his subsequent misfortunes. Greater fame and greater misery have seldom been the lot of man, and a few brief years sufficed for each extreme. An exile even in his boyhood, the proscription and confiscation suffered by his father, deprived him of home and patrimony. Honor and love, the favor of princes and enthusiastic praise, dazzled his youth. Envy, malice, and treachery—tedious imprisonment, and reputed madness—insult, poverty, and persecution, clouded his manhood. The evening of his days was saddened by a troubled spirit, want, sickness, bitter memories, and deluded hopes: and when, at length, a transient gleam of sunshine fell upon his prospects, death substituted the IMMORTAL for the LAUREL crown."

It is obvious enough that anything relating to the events of so singular a life would be read with eagerness; but how is the interest increased, when they are told in the terse, elegant, and graceful manner, which distinguishes the style of our estimable countryman, Mr. Wilde. In this work, he has not attempted to write the life of the great Italian poet, but to set history right as to the most important incidents of that life, which have become strangely confused, through the inconsistencies, falsehoods, and ignorance of his many biographers. He does not rely so much, in this effort, upon the conjectures of others, as upon deductions drawn from a careful perusal and collation of all the poet's own writings. A prevailing mystery has long hung round the fate of Tasso. Rumors of a high-placed love were known to his own age, connected with tales of intrigue, treachery, false keys, intercepted letters, feigned madness, and cruel imprisonment. His sonnets abound in inklings of concealed adventures, and suppressed, but melancholy experience. The nature of these hidden transactions, how far they involved high personages of that day, to what extent they contributed to the real or imputed derangement of the poet, are questions that have long baffled literary research. Mr. Wilde, in undertaking partially to relieve the obscurity, does not pretend to have unravelled the knot, yet he has certainly sustained his own positions by a mass of probable testimony, which gives to what he modestly calls his conjectures, the force and weight of direct evidence.

His own theory is, that Tasso was devotedly attached to the Princess Leonora of Ferrara, who seems to have requited his affections, but that the difference in their rank made it necessary to conceal their attachment; that it was most ignominiously betrayed by a heartless friend, who possessed himself of the secret by means of false keys; and that the subsequent severity of Duke Alphonso had its origin in his knowledge of the love of the princess. But we have no space to unfold the whole story. We must, therefore, refer our readers to the volume itself. No one, we are assured who has the least curiosity in such matters, will put it down without reading it. As a specimen of literary controversy it is admirable, written with a fair and candid spirit, in a lively and beautiful style, and with considerable philosophical insight. Its translations are spirited and striking: in short, it does equal hodor to the genius, the

learning, and the impartiality of the author. How we could wish that more of our countrymen, whom circumstances enable to reside abroad, would devote their time and wealth to such honorable labors as have engaged the leisure of Mr. Wilde.

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ANCIENT SPANISH BALLADS; HISTORICAL AND ROMANTIC. Translated with notes. By J. G. Lockhart, Esq. A new edition revised. With an Introductory Essay on the Origin, Antiquity, Character, and Influence of the Ancient Ballads of Spain; and an analytical Account, with Specimens, of the Romance of the Cid. New York, Wiley & Putnam; 161 Broadway, MDCCCXLII.

The celebrity of these translations, culled from the richest and most interesting ballad literature possessed by any existing nation, renders quite superfluous any recommendation of this beautiful volume. They are here presented to the American reader, not only with those graces of typography suitable to their literary excellence and historical interest, but also accompanied and illustrated by the brilliant article in a recent number of the Edinburgh, on the antiquity and spirit of the old Spanish Ballad. The addition of the series of sketches from the new series of the Penny Magazine, on the Romances of Spain, containing a narrative analysis of the ballads relating to the life and exploits of the Cid, with copious specimens, unites with its other contents to give to this edition a greater value, to the judicious taste, than any of the English editions can borrow even from all the richness of decoration which has been lavished on the last.

The days of the old Spanish chivalry were certainly the age of the highest romance known to the history of any of the nations of Europe. A rich variety of elements to produce this result, in a degree wholly unparalleled, were there found in combination. The habits of hardihood and daring enterprise, nurtured by the centuries of unintermitting struggle with the Moors, for the possession of the country,—the influence of the art, science, and literature of that luxurious and polished civilization, of which, over a large portion of the peninsula, the Crescent was the emblem, spreading its humanizing contagion even over the stern warriors whose blades were hilted with the Cross,—the high tone of devotional feeling and of Christian morality, derived from the religious character of these long guerrilla crusades,—the spirit of personal freedom and independence of kingly control, growing out of the isolated position in which each warrior was compelled to maintain himself by his own gallantry and his own resources,—together with that noble pride, and high-toned dignity and courtesy, which have always seemed peculiarly to belong to the genius of the Spanish character, —the union of such materials as these composed a soil, in which it may well be conceived, that the institutions of chivalry could scarcely fail to spring up to a stately luxuriance of growth, which it never knew on any other. Of this, the peculiar spirit of the time and land, the Ballad, in which it sought its natural utterance, conveys to us an idea, which modern description would vainly attempt. How admirably Mr. Lockhart has succeeded in the task, so rarely successful, of transplanting these exotics of another clime to the foreign, yet not wholly uncongenial soil of the English idiom, the applause of the whole world of criticism has long attested. We shall confine ourselves to simply congratulating our readers on the facility with which they may now command their possession, in a form at the same time elegant and unexpensive; and conclude our notice of the volume by the following quotation from the introductory essay already alluded to: "Confidently do we invite our readers to the entire volume, in the assurance that they will better judge of the spirit of the whole, than by any selections of ours, which, at best, show rather the turn of mind of the selecter, than of the original. Mr. Lockhart has conjured up a boundless succession of scenes and actors, who pass before our view in a Banquo glass; Bernardo, the hero of Roncesvalles, the personified principle of the immemorial, inveterate resistance of Spaniards against the invading Gaul—when Christian and Moor forgot their own mutual hatred and death-struggle, in the more absorbing common abhorrence of France. The Cid—'My Cid, he was born in a good hour,' 'the honor of Spain'—the type and

epitome of her national character, whose horse, sword, beard, every part, parcel, and particular, has been made the theme of a poem. Poor Blanche! in her lonely prison, sighing like Mary Stuart for her lost, her much loved France, and murdered by her wayward husband, Don Pedro;—then comes his hour of retribution, the fratricidal wrestling at Montiel, the bloody civil wars, the Roses and Bosworth of Spain;—anon the scene shifts to Granada, to the fairy Alhambra, to the banquet of beauty,—the fountain, jereed, and tournament. Then, dark-coming calamities cast their shadow over joy and pomp; a cry of wo from Alhambra, a hurrying and stirring in the city, a saddling of steeds, a buckling on of armor, a riding up and down; the contest, the defeat, the triumph of the cross, the fall of the crescent, never to rise again. Then is heard the 'last sigh of the Moor,' as, descending from the hillock of Padul, his water-standing eyes looked their last farewell at those red towers, his paradise on earth, now lost forever. Then murmur out the plaintive ditties of fallen Granada, those Morisco wails which were forbidden to be sung, lest the tear that they called up should be brushed away by the clinched hand, which passed rapidly over the brow to grasp the sword of vengeance."

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Life of the Countess Emily Plater, translated by J. K. Salomonski, a Polish exile. J. Leavitt, No. 14 John-st.

"The woman whose life is here narrated," says a contemporary, "took a conspicuous part in the revolution of 1830, by which Poland endeavored to emancipate herself from the tyranny of Russia. At the age of twenty-five, she put on the dress of a man, and having been accomplished in the use of arms, encouraged the peasants of Lithunia to insurrection, and at the head of a considerable force, achieved a victory at Jezeorossy over a superior number of the Russians. She afterward joined the corps of Zaluski, and participated in the severe action which took place at Przystowiany. During the battle, she was in the front line, passing from rank to rank, braving death with as much fearlessness as the hardiest soldier, and animating, by her presence and spirit, the drooping hearts of her worn and depressed companions. Her retreat from that disastrous affair—continually exposed to the fire of the enemy, almost trampled upon by the horses, and covered with mud and gore—was attended by a series of unparalleled sufferings and escapes. She was afterward in several other engagements, conducting herself in all of them with the greatest intrepidity and calmness, and everywhere sustaining, by her enthusiasm, the confidence of the insurgents. The fatigues and excitements of a camp life appear to have been too severe for her delicate frame; and she died about one year after having entered the service, on her way to join the troops at Warsaw, indignant at the base surrender made to Prussia by Chlapowski, the general under whom she acted. Her biographer, who was an intimate personal friend, speaks of her as a woman of noble family, beautiful person, fine attainments, and an exalted patriotism and piety. The history he has given of her possesses all the interest of the most exciting romance."

We have read the work through, and are so much pleased with it, that we shall, if we find time, present our readers with a more extended notice of her singular and romantic experience.

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Twice-Told Tales, by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: James Monroe & Company, 2 vols. 1841.

Who will not be delighted to learn that the popularity of Mr. Hawthorne's book has induced him to prepare another edition? Delighted for two reasons,—first, that there is discernment and taste enough with the American public to perceive the merits of such unpretending volumes as these, and, second, that an author of such singular merit should find an encouragement for the continuation of his labors. What an absurd notion some people—not foreign writers only—have as to the inability of the Americans to appreciate genuine originality and excellence. The truth is just to the contrary. No writer of real power has arisen in the United States who has not been

speedily and even generously recognised. Channing, Irving, Bryant, Bancroft, Cooper, Miss Sedgwick, and others, who have attained celebrity, have been welcomed from the beginning. They were not more skilful in the use of their pens, than the public have been quick to record their claims. We might trace the causes of the fact to the influences of our free institutions, but it is not our intention to dissert on that point now, reserving it for a more extended and elaborate illustration, nor shall we be diverted from what we have to say of the special subject in hand. Hawthorne is a model of simplicity, ease, grace, quiet humor, and seriousness. His short, unambitious tales steal upon us with the silent charm of a melody, heard, now among the singing of birds, and cheerful voices, and now in the pensive twilight, amid the mournful shadows of some dark mouldering ruin. Nothing forced, affected, or vicious, disturbs the harmony of the effect. All of Mr. Hawthorne's tales are short, yet there is scarcely one of them that does not contain one passage or more of striking truth. They are, moreover, all fresh. He has not imported his literary fabrics, nor made them after patterns, to be found in either obscure or noted foreign warehouses. From his own mind, with the accumulated experiences of New England life—he draws his inspiration. It is from New England history and social existence that he derives his hints and materials. New England traditions, New England incidents, New England customs, New England manners, are the staples of his productions. He works them all into his simple narrative with the skill and force of a master. How gentle his manner, how touching his pathos, how delightfully perplexing yet plain his mysteries, and how impressive and profitable his moral suggestions! It is impossible to read him without feeling that you are becoming a better man, fresher in intellect, purer in heart.

We take great pride to ourselves, that some of these tales originally appeared in the Democratic Review; and the reader of them, at that time, will be rejoiced to learn that they can now be had, with many others equally exquisite, in a collected form. We could wish that we might be able to promise them more from the same source!

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Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. By Christopher North (Professor Wilson). Philadelphia: Carey and Hart. 3 vols. 1842.

Professor Wilson is generally understood to be the editor of Blackwood's Magazine, and these essays are gathered from his multiform contributions to that periodical. Few men are possessed of greater versatility of talent. "His learning," says a biographer, "is profound and excursive; his criticism searching and sound; his descriptions of scenery exquisitely true; his paintings of human character and passions admirable; his wit and humor delightful, and no writer of modern times has written so many deliciously eloquent passages, which produce, if we may so express ourselves, gushes of admiration." With all the unquestioned ability, however, of Professor Wilson, it must be confessed that his style is always too rhapsodical, often careless and awkward, and sometimes obscure. He has strong and bitter prejudices, and his sensibilities are uncontrollable. Yet there is a general current of sympathy with all that is great and beautiful in nature and art pervading his soul.

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The Philosophy of Mystery. By Walter Cooper Dendy. London: Longman, Orme, Brown, Green, & Longmans. 1841.

We think the author of this work has fallen into an error in calling his book "the Philosophy of Mystery;" it is in our opinion rather the history of Mystery, and as such is full of interesting detail in relation to the thousand and one questions which have been discussed on the phenomena of the mind. It is impossible, in a short notice, which is all we can give, to impress the reader with the distinctive character of this work. We have no hesitation, however, in saying, after a hasty glance over its contents, that it will be found highly interesting and valuable to all who have made

the philosophy of mystery a study, while to the general reader it will unfold a variety of the most marvellous and interesting facts, that patience, industry, and a powerfully synthetical mind can arrange. In these days, when phrenology, Mesmerism, and the sublimated doctrines of the New Jerusalem church, with the pantheism of Germany, are among the most prominent topics of investigation and discourse, this work will prove of great service to those whose tastes lead them into such researches. We cite from the table of contents some prominent subjects on which the author treats, observing, by the way, that if he has displayed as much ability in the structure of the work as he has discernment in the selection of the material, the general reader will most willingly acknowledge his indebtedness to him. Among the most prominent topics are the following: "Nature and Motives of Ghosts;" "Prophecy of Spectres;" "Phantasy from Mental Association, and from Cerebral Excitement;" "Mysterious Forms and Signs;" "Analysis and Classification of Spectral Illusions;" "Nature of Soul and Mind;" "of Sleep, Sublimity and Imperfection of Dreaming;" "Moral and Material Causes of Dreams;" "Imitative Monomania;" "Abstraction of Intellect;" "Transmigration;" "Analysis of Trance;" "Mesmerism;" "Sibylline Influence;" &c., &c. On all the above subjects the mass of facts corroborative of the author's views are pertinent, and cannot fail, accompanied as they are with critical observations, to awaken as well as inform the curiosity of the reader. The work, we understand, will be published in this country early in the ensuing season by the Messrs. Langley of Chatham street, New York.

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Poems by Flaccus. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1842.

This volume, we are told in the title-page, contains a group of poems relating to the Passaic River, with other musings. Most of them have appeared, if we mistake not, in various publications of the day. They possess considerable merit, but, like most of the poetical effusions of our young writers, bear too evident marks of haste. It, however, gives us pleasure to see authors, as in this instance, strive to connect their writings with the picturesque and beautiful scenes of their country, or with thrilling and worthy incidents of its history. It is a noble ambition, which deserves to be encouraged in all who cherish its impulses.

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The New Tale of a Tub; an Adventure in Verse. By F. W. N. Bailey, Esq., with Illustrations after designs by Lieut. J. S. Cotton, engraved on wood, by J. J. Butler. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1842.

It is no slight praise of this volume to say, that the witty humor of the illustrations goes far to redeem the total want of it in the poem which accompanies them—though the latter truth is evidently one of which its author has not the remotest suspicion of an idea.

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Gems of the Modern Poets, with Biographical Notices. By S. C. Hall. Carey and Hart: Philadelphia.

This is a beautiful reprint of the third volume of the series, entitled "The Book of Gems," published some time since in London, and superbly embellished. The present work contains a choice selection of poetic gems from the most gifted pens of the present day, including the productions of Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, Moore, Southey, Coleridge, Elliot, Mrs. Norton, Keats, Charles Lamb, Hemans, &c., &c., to which the editor has appended a series of interesting biographical notices and critical analyses of each writer. The whole presents a rich galaxy of beauties, and must prove an acceptable contribution to the admirers of elegant literature.

# LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

At the commencement of the New Year, it will perhaps be as well to revert to the past, and make a few remarks upon the progress of art among us. It is certainly gratifying to observe the development of thought and feeling that has started into existence within a comparatively short time. In place of copying the frequent inferior productions of other countries, with scarcely the qualifications of third rate ability to sustain them, we now appreciate the utility in drawing upon our own resources, by the rich and varied Annuals, the result of native skill and ingenuity. It is true, our artists generally cannot compete with those of older countries, fostered by the riches of a wealthy aristocracy, but their productions are fully equal and in most cases superior to the productions of those with which the American public is so well acquainted; and moreover have about them the stamp of freshness that the foreign works are sadly deficient in. Mount's charming little picture of "The Raffle," will illustrate our meaning at once. The Gift, (published in Philadelphia,) the work containing a copy of the painting we have alluded to, is a beautiful volume, and edited with great skill, while the embellishments are deserving especial commendation. There are one or two delightful gems of art from the burin of Cheney, lacking nothing except a little more vigor to render them perfect.

The Token (published in Boston) is another work of a similar class expensively and elaborately embellished by Rawdon, Wright, Hatch, and Smilie of this city, from the designs of various artists; it is useless to recur to the individual merits of each particular engraving where the impress of a certain character is so strongly marked; we would simply suggest that if there had been less pains taken in the execution, it would have been infinitely better: the principal fault is a bank-note looking style that does not exactly suit this kind of engraving. The works we have mentioned are among the most prominent, though there are others that deserve notice at our hands, but we plead lack of time and space to accede to our wishes, and must therefore refrain from remarking at length upon the great improvement visible, hoping that next year further advances will take place both from the publisher and the public, and that the artist in following, ofttimes a precarious, and always an arduous profession, will be placed upon that elevation to which his talents and energy so justly entitle him.

A splendid collection of fac-similes of MSS. of all ages and nations now in existence in the several Public Libraries of England, France, Germany, Italy, &c., is in course of publication at Paris. The work will be comprised in four folio volumes, accompanied by 300 colored plates, and will contain, among others, autograph specimens of the celebrated Dante of the Vatican, the Greek Dioscorides, the most famous specimen of Greek caligraphy which antiquity has handed down to us—the Egyptian Papyri at the Louvre—the Psalter presented by Charlemagne to Pope Adrian—the Prayer Book of Mary Queen of Scots—the Lay of the Mennesingers—the Breviary used by the Emperor Charles V. Also, a Phœnician MS. of 2000 years prior to the Christian era—the Papyri of Herculaneum—and other specimens of Sclavonic, Anglo-Saxon, Lombard, and Oriental Writings.

The library of Nicholas V. contained 5,000 volumes, and probably cost then as much as some of the present day comprising a hundred times the amount of books.

Antiquity.—The press at which the philosopher Franklin worked while a journeyman printer in London, has been placed at the disposal of John B. Murray, of New York, (now in Liverpool,) and will soon be sent to this country.

An Antiquarian of Caen has published a curious little work, called Caen en 1786, describing that interesting old city just as it was before the great revolution, when all its movements were intact.

The first circulating or lending library in Europe was established at Wetzlar by Winkler, the bookseller and printer, towards the termination of the seventeenth century.

Letters from Rome mention that an Italian translation of Sparks' Life of Washington, with a selection from Washington's writings, is about to be published in Italy.

The works of Schiller and Goëthe are now, we observe, being translated into modern Greek.

The Charleston Courier notices a rare literary curiosity in that city. It is a Hebrew Prayer Book thirteen hundred and fifty-seven years old! The Courier says it is an immense volume, written in the Hebrew character, on parchment of the finest quality, altogether with the pen, and with an accuracy and beauty that makes it a masterpiece of penmanship.

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## AMERICAN LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

D. APPLETON & CO. announce the republication, in serial form, of Lover's Handy Andy: also,

The Daughters of Britain, their position in Society, Character, and Responsibility, by Mrs. Ellis.

The Crofton Boys, by Harriet Martineau.

The Young Islander, a Tale of the last century.

The American in Egypt, and his Rambles through Arabia-Petræa and the Holy Land, by J. E. Cooley. In monthly numbers.

The Book of the Navy; comprising a General History of the American Marine, and Particular Accounts of all the most celebrated Naval Battles, from the Declaration of Independence to the present time. Splendidly embellished with numerous engravings from original drawings—by Wm. Croome. One handsome volume 12mo.

Disce Vivere. Learn to Live; wherein is shown that the life of Christ is and ought to be an express pattern for imitation unto the life of a Christian. By Christopher Sutton, D.D.

Philosophical History of Mankind, translated from the German of Professor Herder. 2 vols. 12mo.

The Life of Alexander Hamilton, edited by his son; the concluding vols.

The second and concluding volume of the History of Napoleon, with 500 illustrations.

They have just issued a new edition of Carlyle's "Heroes, Hero Worship, and the Heroic in History," &c. 1 vol.

"The History of a Merchant's Widow," is the title of an interesting little volume from the popular pen of Mrs. Hofland, and is well adapted for youth from its high moral tendency, as indeed are all the productions of this favorite authoress.

Mr. Kinne, author of some very useful works on legal practice, has just completed "A Law Compendium, comprising a series of questions and answers covering almost every possible difficulty which can be supposed to arise; with authorities," &c.

An interesting book is about to be republished in this country by C. K. Moore of this city, entitled "The Protestant Exiles of Zillerthal," detailing the history of their persecutions, and expatriation from the Tyrol, on separating from the Roman Church, and embracing the Reformed Faith. Translated from the German of Dr. Rheinwald of Berlin, by John B. Saunders. This is a volume of great value, as presenting a portraiture of some of the sufferings in the Tyrol, like those given of the Vaudois by Dr. Gilly. The office of the translator has been performed with great faithfulness and skill, and evinces no less acquaintance with German idiom, than the characteristics of a refined and cultivated mind.

J. & H. G. LANGLEY have in press a Practical Compendium of the Materia Medica, with numerous formulæ, adapted for the treatment of the diseases of infancy and childhood; on the basis of Alexander Ure, M.D. M.R.C.S., London. By Charles A. Lee. M.D. A.M., late Professor of Materia Medica in the University of New York.

They have also in progress the new national work already announced, entitled "Washington Illustrated," or the Life of General Washington, private, military, and political, entirely re-written, and compiled from authentic and original documents, including much new and exclusive information derived from the members of the family. The work will be profusely embellished by several hundred exquisite illustrations by the first artists from original designs by Chapman, including a series of highly interesting historical pictures now in possession of J. K. Paulding, Esq., &c.

We are not yet at liberty to disclose the name of the author, but the publishers are enabled to state, that arrangements are nearly completed for ensuring for the work the pen of one of the most distinguished writers of the present age. The work will be issued in the serial form, and will be commenced with as little delay as may be commensurate with the care required for the production of so costly a publication.

The same firm have just completed a new work by Dr. Martyn Paine, author of "Medical and Physiological Commentaries," entitled

Physiological View of the Materia Medica; with an arrangement of the articles in their several groups, according to their relative value. By Martyn Paine, M.D., A.M., Professor of the Institutes of Medicine and Materia Medica in the Medical Department of the New York University. 1 vol. 12mo.

The new historical work of Mr. James, "History of the Life and Times of Richard Cœur-de-Lion," has been highly successful, the first edition of the work being already nearly exhausted.

Mr. O'Sullivan's "Report on the Abolition of Capital Punishment" has also attracted considerable attention. We hope that this important subject, which is now again before the Legislature of this and several other States, will awaken that interest which it so well deserves.

We invite the attention of the Trade to the new and greatly improved edition of "The Madison Papers," which has just been issued by the same publishers. It is a work essentially national in its character, and forms an item of our political history indispensably necessary to the completion of every public and private library. The work is comprised in three handsome volumes octavo, beautifully printed on fine paper, and contains numerous autographic fac-similes of Mr. Madison, and other members of the national convention.

Messrs. WILEY & PUTNAM announce the republication of Cary's translation of Dante.

HARPER & BROTHERS have in press —

Elements of Chemistry; including the most recent discoveries and applications of the Science to Medicine and Pharmacy, and to the Arts. By Robert Kane, M.D., M.R.T.A. First American from the first London edition. Edited by John William Draper, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Natural History in the University of New York. With emendations and additions, adapting the work to the use of the Universities and Colleges of the United States. Illustrated by about 250 wood cuts.

A new historical novel will be published early in the spring, by the author of "Cromwell," &c., entitled "Marmaduke Wyvil, or the Maid's Revenge," in 2 vols. 12mo.

S. COLMAN has just issued a small volume, beautifully printed, entitled "The Amazonian Republic, recently discovered in the interior of Peru," by ex-Midshipman T. Savage. The title of this work will alone prove a sufficient stimulant to awaken the curiosity of the reader, and we will not break the charm by affording him an induction into its hidden mysteries.

We have pleasure in announcing, that the work entitled "Poets and Poetry of America," by Rufus W. Griswold, is about immediately to appear. It will be embellished with finely-engraved portraits and other engravings.

E. DUNNIGAN has in press the following new English juveniles:—

Uncle Buncle's True and Instructive Stories about Animals.

The Countries of Europe; The Three Baskets.

Short Tales in Short Words.

More Seeds of Knowledge.

A Visit to the Zoological Gardens.

HASWELL & JOHNSON, Philadelphia, have in press, a Treatise on Amaurosis and Amaurotic Affections, by Edw. O. Hocken, M. D.

SAMUEL AGNEW, of same place, announces a new edition of Tooke's Diversions of Purley, with notes by Richard Taylor.

JAMES B. DOW, of Boston, has just issued "Wreaths and Branches for the Church," by a Lady; 1 vol. 8vo, finely printed.

E. C. BIDDLE, of Philadelphia, has just published two neat and valuable volumes, adapted as class-books, and both of which we perceive have attained to their eighth edition. They are a system of Natural Philosophy on the basis of the "Book of Science," by J. M. Moffat, and Johnson's Chemistry, by Moffat.

ALLEN, MORRILL, & WARDWELL have just issued a new work, by Alonzo Gray, author of "Elements of Chemistry," entitled "Elements of Scientific and Practical Agriculture, or the Application of Natural Science to Agriculture and Horticulture." The previous work of this author is a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the above work: it is designed as a text-book for Academies, Colleges, &c., and is illustrated with numerous engravings.

The first number of the American edition of The Dublin University Magazine, announced in our former number, by Mrs. Mason of this city, will be issued in the course of the present month, commencing with the January number. Of the literary claims of this work, we have already expressed our opinion.

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## ENGLISH LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

BULWER'S NEW WORK.—We have the pleasure of being able to contradict a statement made some time since in several of the public prints, to the effect that Sir E. L. Bulwer had retired from novel-writing in consequence of a decline in the popularity of his recent works. We have it on the authority of a letter from his publishers in London, that such is not the fact, but that he has a new work in press, differing from anything he has yet written; and from what may be judged from a cursory glance at some portions of the work, is likely to awaken more than ordinary interest. We understand it is a romance, the scene of which is laid abroad, and the title "Zanoni, or the Secret Order." It is expected to be ready for publication in London during the present month.

A new and corrected edition of the Works of Shakspeare is, we observe, announced as in course of preparation by Mr. Payne Coilier. The reasons of the editor for adding another to the already numerous editions which have been given to the world, are as follows: First, because the text of Shakspeare, even as it existed in the *first* folio edition of his collected works, published by his "fellowes" Heminge and Condell, has not been correctly given; editors having sometimes taken upon themselves to *improve* the metre, punctuation, &c., without notifying their alterations: Secondly, on account of the mass of manuscript evidence of various kinds in existence hitherto untouched and inaccessible; but which is now rendered available to Mr. C., by the knowledge and skill he possesses, resulting from a life of devoted application to the study of dramatic history, &c., and also from the kindness and liberality extended to him by the Duke of Devonshire, whose unique collection of Shaksperian MSS. &c., opens a rich field of information regarding the authenticity of various readings: in addition to which he has discovered other valuable notes and commentaries in early editions of the Bridgewater Library, the Bodleian, &c., &c. From specimens already given in the prospectus of Mr. Coilier of the vital inaccuracies thus detected in the received version, there can be little doubt but that the labors of Mr. C. will prove an invaluable contribution to literature, as well as a most acceptable offering to the admirers of the immortal bard. The work is to comprise a digest of all the best previous commentaries, a New Life, and almost innumerable corrections of the text. It will form 8 octavo volumes, the first of which is now nearly ready for press.

Mr. Ainsworth's new work, announced in the last English papers as about immediately to appear, is entitled "Old St. Paul's, a Tale of the Plague and the Fire," with twenty illustrations.

Memoirs of Frederick the Great and his Times, comprising original letters of that monarch, now first published, by Thomas Campbell, Esq., was said to be also ready.

The first number of "Handy Andy," by Samuel Lover, was announced for January 1.

The following are now in progress:—

Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence of Mad. D'Arblay (Miss Burney), vol. 1.

The Memoirs of Madame de Sevigne, noticed in our former number.

A new nautical romance by Mr. E. Howard, author of "Rattlin the Reefer," the hero of which represents the extraordinary freebooter, Sir Henry Morgan, known as "the dreaded skipper of the seas," is nearly completed.

Rev. H. Cary, the son of the translator of Dante, announces for immediate publication, "Memorials of the Great Civil War in England from 1646 to 1652, comprising numerous letters from the Bodleian and other Public Libraries.

"Anne Boleyn" is the title of a new novel by Mrs. Tompson, author of "Constance."

"The School for Wives," by the author of "Temptation, or a Wife's Perils," &c.

Mr. Nash has just completed the third volume of his splendid work, "The Mansions of England in the Olden Time," with finely-colored plates.

"The Battles of the British Navy," from the Roman Conquest to the present time, by Josiah Allen, author of "The Wooden Walls of Old England."

Dr. Beattie has just issued proposals for a magnificent work, to be issued in monthly parts, and profusely embellished, entitled "The Castles and Abbeys of England, including Royal Palaces, Baronial Halls," &c.

Of books of Travel, we observe the following:—

An Account of Konawur in the Himalaya, by the late Capt. Alex. Gerard; 1 vol. 8vo.

Wood's Narrative of a Journey to the source of the river Oxus; plates.

An account of the recent discoveries made in Ancient Lycia, being a Journal of a second excursion in Asia Minor, by Charles Fellowes; 2 vols., with numerous plates.

The concluding volumes of Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians, comprising accounts of their Religion, Agriculture, &c., by Sir G. Wilkinson; many plates, 3 vols. 8vo.

Rambles in Ceylon, by Lieut. De Butts; 1 vol. 8vo.

A Residence on the Shores of the Baltic, described in a series of letters; 8vo.

Journal of Two Expeditions of Discovery in North-west and Western Australia, during the years 1837-8-9, published under authority of the British Government, by Sir Geo. Grey, late Governor of that country; 2 vols. 8vo, plates.

A new work by W. H. Maxwell, entitled "Wanderings through the Highlands and Islands of the North," forming a second series of the "Wild Sports," &c.

Jamieson's Account of Travels in New Zealand, Australia, &c.

Bright's History of New Zealand, intended for emigrants, &c.

Howitt's Visits to Remarkable Places, second series; 2 vols., plates.

"The Price of Fame," a novel, by Mrs. Youatt.

Elphinstone's History of India, the Hindoo and Mohammedan periods; 2 vols. 8vo.

A new work from the indefatigable pen of Mr. Louden, has been just commenced in monthly numbers, entitled "Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum, or the Hardy Trees and Shrubs of Great Britain," &c.: to be completed in ten numbers.

A new work on Agricultural Chemistry, designed for the practical farmer, by Chas. Squarey, is just out. Also,

The Collected Correspondence of the First Earl of Chatham, in 4 vols. 8vo.

We are gratified to find a welcome reception given to the new work by Mr. Dana, entitled "The Seaman's Manual," which was published in London and this country simultaneously.

Rev. Mr. Gleig's new work, "The Veterans of Chelsea," and the "Notes of a Traveller on the Social and Political State of Italy, France, and Germany," by S. Laing, author of a "Tour in Norway," &c., is announced as nearly ready.

Also a work by M. H. Rankin, entitled "The Philosophy of Shakspeare;" 1 vol.

The Autobiography of Margaret Kingston, edited by Miss E. L. Montagu.

"The Etonian," a Tale for Youth, by Charlotte Adams.

An Essay on the influence of Welsh tradition upon the Literature of Germany, France, and Scandinavia, translated from the German of Albert Schultz.

The Philosophy of Necessity, or the Law of Consequences, as applicable to Mental, Social, and Moral Science, by Charles Bray.

History of the Knights Templars, the Temple Church, and the Temple, by C. G. Addison.

Tales of the Moor, by J. Hornly; and a new tale by Miss Martineau, entitled "The Crofton Boys," forming a portion of the series entitled "The Playfellow."

Mrs. Ellis has a new work in press, entitled "The Daughters of Britain," &c.

Narrative of the late expedition to Syria, under the command of Admiral Sir K. Stopford, with portraits and other illustrations.

Five Years in India, by Henry E. Fane.

Henry de Pomeroy, an Historical and Legendary Novel, by Mrs. Bray.

The Old Forest Ranger, or Wild Sports in India, by Capt. Campbell; plates.

Harrison's Garden Almanac and Floral Calendar for 1842.

Complete Guide to the Fine Arts, with instructions in Drawing, &c.; plates.

Lay Sermons on the Theory of Christianity: No. 1, The Fidianism of St. Paul; No. 2, the Argument of Design equal to nothing without Faith.

The Ancestry of H. M. Queen Victoria, and H. R. H. Prince Albert, with memoirs and heraldic notices, by George Russell French.

A new work on the Evidences and Theory of Christianity, by Lord Lindsay.

An Essay on the Moral Nature of Man, by G. Long.

Rev. H. Milman's Poetical Works, new edition, 3 vols., plates.

How to Colonize, by R. D. Mangles.

## MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

The first month of the year 1842 has brought with it nothing to relieve the gloom that has so long hung over the financial affairs of the United States, in the view taken by the advocates of the paper system, and the holders of the multifarious promises to pay, that have of late years been so recklessly put afloat. To men of real capital, the regular dealers and the industrious portion of the community, however, the horizon begins to lighten, inasmuch as the final overthrow of the pernicious paper system seems to be near at hand. The state of the markets is such that money cannot be borrowed at reasonable rates on the best securities. The different State governments and the Federal government are competing in the markets without providing any additional securities, or doing anything to relieve the distrust which has fallen upon stocks generally. The banking institutions that continue to pay specie, are acting upon the only course that will save them, that of self-defence. Their outstanding credits are reduced to the lowest points, and they confine their operations to strictly business paper, at short dates, not renewable. They have, during the past year, been severely admonished, not only of the danger of extending the currency, but even of continuing it as full as it averaged for the year ending in November. The following is a table of the circulation of the State of New York, and the specie held by the banks on the first of January of each year :—

Comparison of the Circulation of the Safety Fund with the Free Banks.

| Year. | *Safety Fund Circulation.* | *Free Bank Circulation.* | *Total Circulation.* | *Specie.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1838 | 12,432,478 | none. | 12,434.478 | 4,763,000 |
| 1839 | 19,273,149 | 2,500,000 | 21,873.149 | 5,429,022 |
| 1840 | 10,360,592 | 6,012,000 | 16,372,592 | 5,851,210 |
| 1841 | 15,235,056 | 5,253,067 | 20,588,123 | 6,602,708 |
| 1842 | 8,100,000 | 3,923,000 | 12,023,000 | 4,139,732 |

This shows a curtailment equal to that of the year 1838 in the aggregate, and 33½ per cent. greater on the part of the Safety Fund institutions, which then alone furnished the circulation. In the year ending January, 1839, the circulation was very full, and the next having been a year of general resumption under the United States Bank, the inflation throughout the Union was uniform. The result was, those immense imports, mostly purchased with the proceeds of State stock, that caused a re-suspension in the fall of 1839. From that suspension the New York Banks very narrowly escaped, and only by the use of $1,500,000 of New York State stocks, which were opportunely supplied by the commissioners, and on which the leading Banks were at that time able to procure sufficient credit to sustain themselves until the bills drawn against the new crop came forward in sufficient abundance to avert the calamity. In the year 1840, the suspension of the South and West greatly relieved the Banks of New York and New England, by driving in the specie. Throughout the year 1841, the Banks were very cautious in their movements. American credit abroad was constantly growing worse, and the price of our great staple, cotton, fell gradually, admonishing the Banks of New York that, should the imports for the year prove, at its close, to have been excessive, the consequent drain of specie to remit would endanger their safety. With this view they conducted themselves with the greatest caution, and, as the above figures show, their credits were immensely curtailed, notwithstanding which, the demand for specie for remittance was so severe in the latter part of October, that there was imminent danger of stoppage. At that moment the pressure was relieved by several of the leading Banks coming forward to draw bills against their own credit; at the same time bills from the South came forward more freely, and the crisis passed; not, however, without the failure of one city bank, and ten to twelve country banks. These institutions, being thus severely admonished, have continued their prudent course up to this time, and now, in the movements of the Federal government in regard to its financial policy, find additional reasons for persevering in the course marked out.

The result has been an increased scarcity of money, which for the best paper commands 1 and 1½ per cent. per month. The value of stocks has of course been affected in some degree by the state of affairs. New York State stocks have, however, been

most sensibly affected, for the reason that no positive assurance has yet been given that borrowing will be put an end to either upon her part or that of the Federal government, nor any means taken to provide specifically for those already on the market. At the same time, the stocks issued to companies have been pressed upon the market without regard to circumstances. This has resulted in a fall of the State 5½ per cents. to 76, of 6 per cents., redeemable in 1862, to 78, and of the sixes redeemable in July, 1842 to 96½. The United States 6 per cents. at 95, the orders for the daily pay of the members of Congress at 4 per cent. discount, and the draft of the Honorable Edward Everett, Minister to the Court of St. James, on the United States Treasury for $10,000, discounted in London, has been dishonored for want of funds. This is the present condition of the New York State and Federal government credit, at a time when the resources, real wealth, and general business of the country were never greater or more prosperous.

The principal fall of late has been in those stocks which command the best prices. A reason for this may be found in the precarious position of the foreign markets. Opinions have been entertained by leading parties, that as soon as the result of the Mississippi election was known in Europe, followed by the failure of many of the States, giving color to the doctrine of repudiation, that the market may have been seized with a panic which may induce holders of stocks to send them back upon this side to realize for what they will bring. These of course will consist of those that command the best prices. In the present state of the market, such an event would not fail to sink the prices very low. It is the anticipation of this that has influenced the market in some degree, added to fears of a disastrous crisis among the large houses in London connected with American interests, growing out of the immense losses sustained in stocks and cotton. The rapid decline for the particular descriptions of New York State 5½ per cents. and 6 per cents. arises from the peculiar circumstances of their issue. They consist of the credit of the State loaned to companies. The law under which they are issued, requires that they shall be sold at auction in the open market, at not less than par for a 6 per cent. stock. This law has nominally been complied with; but $3,000,000 of stock, issued to companies, have been sold or pledged at low rates, and then bought in at auction at par. These stocks have latterly been pledged with the Banks, but as the institutions make up their annual reports to the first of January, and being desirous of making as fair a statement as possible, they induced the borrowers to withdraw the loans by obtaining the money temporarily from other parties until the returns should have been made, when they were to be renewed. This was done, and the money procured of individuals. When these loans fell due the Banks declined renewing them again, and the stocks were forced rapidly upon the market, causing those particular descriptions to sell for less than other New York State stocks. Thus the regular Canal 5's bring 75, whereas the 5½ per cts. sell at 73. Now the price of a 5 per cent. stock being 75, the equivalent of a 5½ per cent. is 82½, and as they sell at 72½, or 9½ per cent. less in comparison, it is clear that some other cause than the general decline in the State credit exists for the fall. The same feature is apparent in the 6 per cents. redeemable in 1862, which are of the same description as the 5½ per cents.

The wants of the Federal government are undoubtedly those which first attract the attention of capitalists, because it offers the most desirable security. The extent of its deficiency, the manner of proposed payment, and the rate it will yield as an investment, are therefore the first subjects of inquiry. The 6 per cent. stocks, payable in 3½ years, as we have seen, cannot be negotiated. It has been proposed to increase the rate to 7 per cent. Such an attempt would without doubt increase the discredit, and, without bringing any more money into the Federal treasury, would render borrowing, on the part of States and individuals, infinitely more difficult. A bill, however, has passed the House, notwithstanding that "no Treasury notes" was one of the most vehement cries of the late victorious party, to issue $5,000,000 of Treasury notes in lieu of so much of the $12,000,000 of the extra session, and this undoubtedly is the best manner under the circumstances of relieving the wants of the department. Before money can be raised to any extent, however, it will be necessary to set apart

some specific funds to meet the interest and principal of the debt already created, which amounts to nearly $19,000,000. For this purpose, there is no method so feasible as to recall the proceeds of the public lands, and appropriate them to that purpose. In the next place, provision must be made for the ordinary expenditures of the government, in order that the loans may not increase through that means. Under the existing tariff, the revenue from the customs has been estimated at $19,000,000, and the expenses, notwithstanding the cry of retrenchment and reform, will not be less than $32,000,000. The deficiency, $19,000,000 per annum, it will be necessary to provide for, before the credit of the government will have become so far established as to enable it to carry even the existing debt. The credit of all the other States is rapidly falling, under the belief that, however willing individually the indebted States may be, they are unable to pay their debts at present. This has been made fearfully apparent in the failure on the first inst. of six sovereign States to pay the interest due on their respective debts. The following are the States that failed, with the amount of their debts, according to the latest official returns:—

STATES DELINQUENT IN THEIR INTEREST JANUARY 1, 1842.

| | *Debt.* | | *Debt.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Maryland | 15,213,184 | Michigan | 5,000,000 |
| Mississippi | 7,500,000 | Illinois | 17,184,270 |
| Arkansas | 3,500,000 | Indiana | 15,088,146 |

The failure of Arkansas is represented as accidental. The bonds were issued to the State Bank and to the Real Estate Bank. The latter sent to New York some of its assets maturing in this city in May and June. These were to have been discounted by the Phœnix Bank, and the proceeds applied to that portion of the bonds. The pressure on the market prevented the Phœnix Bank from doing this. The State Bank, it is said, has shipped coin to meet its portion of the interest, which has not, however, arrived. The interest on the State of Pennsylvania debt falls due February 1st, and great fears are entertained of its failure. The stock has consequently fallen to fifty cents on the dollar from eighty in August last. These absolute failures to pay have given point to the discussion of "repudiation," and greatly increased its influence over the panic-stricken market. Up to this moment, however, and amid the general conviction that the indebted States are at present unable to pay, no one believes that ultimate payment will be refused. Nor has that doctrine ever yet been actually avowed. Even in Mississippi, the question is not so much whether the debt shall be paid or not, as who shall be the payers. The people assert that the bonds were issued to the Union Bank for its benefit, that the sale was illegally made by that institution, which received all the benefits of the transaction, and that therefore those stockholders, whose mortgages are deposited as security, should be made to pay the bonds, and not the people at large, who have received none of the funds. Illinois and Indiana have heretofore greatly injured their credit by their desperate attempt to raise money to pay their interests. In our last number we gave the details of the transaction by which the Illinois interest was paid in July last. Already has the broker who was the agent in the matter failed, and the bonds been recalled under threats of repudiation by the State. Absolute discredit and inability to raise money have been the immediate cause of the failure of the above six States. This must gradually work its own cure, as it ensures that no more stock from those quarters will be forced upon the market, at least for the present. It is easy to see that this must be finally the case with New York and the Federal government, unless they promptly alter the course they have been running for the past year.

Since our last report, the plan for the fiscal agent has been submitted to Congress by the executive, and has greatly disappointed all those who, from the firmness of the President at the extra session, had learned to hope that the more odious features of a Bank would be banished from any plan he might present. The scheme proposed embraced the safe keeping of the public funds, an issue of paper money on the credit of the government, the discount of bills of exchange, and the issue of certificates to individuals for money deposited. It is highly improbable that this can become a law. The discounting of bills on distant points is to legitimatize kiting in its worst form; that is, to enable speculators without funds to do business on the credit of the government to almost any extent. The experience of the past few years has been

sufficient to convince the most skeptical that nothing but ruin can attend such a system. Objectionable as this feature would be, even under the supposition that the Treasury had a large capital to loan out in this manner, it becomes infinitely worse when connected with the fact that that Treasury is now bankrupt. The proposed issue of paper money is a borrowing operation cloaked under the pretext of supplying a uniform currency. Under that clause $15,000,000 of paper money are to be issued simply upon the credit of the government, and trusting to casual balances arising from the customs for their redemption. This money to be paid out in the discharge of debts, and in the discount of bills, and of course to come in conflict with the Bank issues. From these measures incalculable evils must arise if adopted. Independent of the great risks of government failure, and a consequent depreciation of the notes, a fate which has uniformly overtaken all paper that has ever yet been issued by any government, its effect upon the commerce of the country must be directly opposite from that which is intended. We have seen, in the fore part of this article, that notwithstanding the most rigid curtailment on the part of the Banks here, a suspension during the last fall was very narrowly escaped. An issue of government paper will, in the same degree, increase the volume of the currency, and place it beyond the control of the Banks at this point, where the settlements take place for the imports of the country. The result must be, that the credits of the Banks will be entirely supplanted by that of the government, or a suspension be produced. If the circulation should thus fall entirely into the hands of the government, the door would be thrown wide open to inflation and failure. In short, the issue of paper money on the credit of the government is a matter much too dangerous to be ventured upon. Yet it is argued that a universal paper medium of circulation is of the highest necessity in facilitating commercial intercourse between one section of the country and another. To meet this want a proposition has been made, which will seemingly embrace all the advantages of paper money without risk of loss. It is to authorize the issue from the Treasury of paper money dollar for dollar, at the option of the government creditor, that is, if an individual has a claim upon the department for say $1,000, and the specie is there to meet it, the individual has the option of taking the coin or the same amount in Treasury notes, if he chooses paper. By this means, the facility of remittance, transfer, and use of the coin is sought to be obtained without its encumbrance. At the same time it does not increase the volume of the currency, because, if the bills are taken, the coin remains in the Treasury, and if the coin is taken, the bills are not issued. In this form only is it safe to issue government money. Such emissions would not add to the fluctuations in the currency, nor enable those who are without capital to obtain its semblance in order to speculate in the produce of the country at the risk of its government, nor would the notes come in competition with those uttered by the Banks, but, on the contrary, would become a basis for their emission. This would leave the control of the currency in the hands of the Banks, who would be obliged still to govern it with an eye to the preservation of their ability always to pay specie, and consequently to preserve the currency as steady as possible.

The basis of all credits in this country must, from the nature of its trade, exist in the condition of the national credit abroad; inasmuch as the ability to purchase from foreign countries depends upon the extent of the exports. If, through the medium of paper credits, prices are inflated so as to induce large imports, the excess over the value realized for sales abroad must be paid in coin, which necessarily involves failure on the part of the Banks, or sufficient credit must exist abroad to have the payment postponed to some future period. Such a credit has heretofore existed in various shapes, particularly in the few years previous to 1836, when they reached a dangerous height, and depended entirely upon the will of the Bank of England. It was a strong conviction of the fearful power of that institution, through the medium of existing credits, that drew from Mr. Van Buren the remark, that "the Bank of England had the power to alter the condition of every man in every village in the United States." Subsequent events justified the truth of that remark in its fullest extent. In the year 1838, State stocks supplied the credits necessary to sustain a Bank inflation here; and for the year ending in September, 1839, the imports were immense.

In the year 1840, no such credits existed, and the exports showed an apparent excess over the imports of nearly $26,000,000. During the past year the excess of imports is apparently about $3,000,000. The following is a table of the imports and exports for a series of years ending October 1, 1841:

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS OF THE UNITED STATES FOR A SERIES OF YEARS, DISTINGUISHING THE DUTIES.

| *Year ending 30th of September.* | VALUE OF IMPORTS. | | | VALUE OF EXPORTS. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | *Free of duty.* | *Paying duty.* | *Total.* | *Domestic produce.* | *Foreign merchandise.* | *Total.* |
| 1834 | $68,393,180 | 58,120,152 | 126,521,332 | 81,024,162 | 23,312,611 | 104,336,978 |
| 1835 | 77,940,493 | 71,955,249 | 149,895,742 | 101,189,082 | 20,504,495 | 121,693,577 |
| 1836 | 92,056,481 | 97,293,554 | 189,350,035 | 106,916,680 | 21,746,360 | 128,663,040 |
| 1837 | 69,250,031 | 71,739,186 | 140,989,217 | 95,864,414 | 21,554,962 | 117,419,376 |
| 1838 | 60,860,005 | 52,857,399 | 113,717,404 | 96,033,811 | 12,452,705 | 108,486,516 |
| 1839 | 72,040,719 | 85,569,481 | 157,609,560 | 100,951,004 | 17,408,000 | 118,350,004 |
| 1840 | 57,186,204 | 49,945,315 | 107,141,519 | 113,895,636 | 18,190,312 | 132,085,948 |
| 1841 | 64,785,449 | 59,381,934 | 124,167,383 | 106,059,685 | 15,101,626 | 121,161,311 |

We have before seen that the Banks had great difficulty in sustaining themselves during the past fall, in consequence of the demand for specie for shipment, and the absence of all credits abroad to supply a temporary deficiency. Notwithstanding that, the excess of imports is not so much as a healthy state of trade would warrant. This arises from the deceptive action of the paper currency upon the method of valuing the exports. The real value of the products of the country, particularly the principal articles of export, cotton and tobacco, is that for which they sell abroad, which for several years has been much less than the nominal value at home. During the past year, the losses on cotton have been large, probably $15,000,000, and on other produce perhaps $5,000,000, making a deduction of $20,000,000 to be made from the amount of exports. These losses grow out of the fact that the shipments are not made to order on foreign account at stipulated prices, as is the case with goods imported here from England; but they are shipped on speculation by operators here, who obtain their facilities from suspended Banks. Those people compete in the markets for the produce, raise the prices upon each other, and ship it without regard to the price abroad, and in almost all cases give more for it here than the price in Liverpool at the time of purchase. The price paid here is nominal in irredeemable money, the depreciation of which increases according to the quantity paid out. The prices so paid enter into the official valuation of the exports, and consequently are always higher than the amount realized abroad. The practical result of this system is seen in the constant suspension of the Banks that are the agents in the transaction, their constantly increasing suspended debts, the reclamations upon speculators who have no capital to meet them, and who consequently clamor for a Bankrupt law to relieve them from the burden.

The same general system which causes the over-valuation of exports, causes goods to flow into the country for sale, when they are converted into specie as speedily as possible for transmission abroad. It counteracts in an eminent degree all the benefit which manufactures at home might derive from a tariff; yet it is a singular fact, that the advocates of the latter are at the same time in favor of a fluctuating paper currency, and have been strenuous supporters of the policy of ingrafting upon the fiscal agent the means of borrowing and expansion. In the present and prospective state of the market abroad for American credit, it is impossible to support a currency in this country of a value materially less than that of the commercial countries with which we have intercourse. The moment that the currency is in any degree depreciated in comparison, either by government issues, the operations of a National Bank, or the State institutions generally, exports are checked, and imports increase the drain of specie to pay the excess of the latter, which will again deplete the currency, and raise its value, if the principle of specie payments is rigorously maintained under the loose system necessarily attending government issues. This would, however, be impossible; and the state of American credit abroad is by no means such as to justify the hope that it will be speedily revived so as to support any new scheme of inflation that may be devised on this side. A long course of steady business upon a cash basis must ensue before even an approximation can be made to the unbounded confidence that formerly existed.

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# THE LATE WILLIAM LADD,

## THE APOSTLE OF PEACE.

IN our last number, in an article upon "the Peace Movement," we gave some account of the history of that holy and beautiful cause; concluding by a promise, which we now proceed with pleasure to perform, to present to our readers some slight characteristic and biographical sketch of one of the most interesting men of the age, the American "Apostle of Peace," whose beloved and venerated name adorns the present page.

There is no want of respect, and confidence, and love on the part of the people for such men as William Ladd, who raise themselves above the common tone, and stand upon the high moral elevation of the principles of Jesus Christ. It may be believed that their notes are too sweet to blend with the harsh sounds which the collisions of selfishness cause to grate upon the ear; that their theories are better fitted for heaven than for this lower earth. Still they love and reverence the kind-hearted advocate of peace. Whenever William Ladd spoke, the people crowded to listen to him. They hung upon his accents with delight, for his soul was in his work, and the people easily detect heart-work from head-work; they distinguish the disposition to lead men from the desire to govern them. During the last years of his life, when he had become known, he never failed to fill the largest churches and public rooms; and if he made not converts to his own faith, he left his audience, standing in the light of a friend to each and every one who had listened to him. He had confidence in the eternal principles of truth. He had faith in the moral nature of man. He uttered his convictions boldly, manfully. He would say, "The sword *shall* be beaten into the ploughshare, the spear into a pruning-hook; the day *is* coming when men shall learn war no more for ever. I believe it; for the mouth

of the Lord hath spoken it." And then he would draw so beautiful a picture of a world in peace, of the day when every nation should draw together the bonds of love, when man should knit himself close to his brother man, when in place of the sword men should approach each other with the olive-branch in their hands, and with words of kindness on their lips, with love glistening from their eyes! We wonder not that he drew all hearts to him, for it was holding out, as it were, to the starving, weather-beaten, tempest-tossed mariner the picture of a happy home in the green valley, the fruits of the garden hanging ripe and ruddy for his parched lips, the calm of a summer evening for his storm-worn frame, the embrace of his wife, the merry shout of his children, for his homesick heart. No wonder that he touched and moved his audience. If he made them not Peace-men to the full extent, he left on their minds a deep impression of the false nature of martial glory, of the hideous lie that is covered up by the splendor of military array. We remember his description of the field of Waterloo; he cleared off the smoke which covers up the slaughter-house aspect of the battle-field. He showed us what a fight was, stripped of the veil which "glory" has drawn over its enormities. He pointed to the heaps of carnage — told us that it was fifteen days before all the wounded could be removed, and that many for this full time, in the heat of the sun by day, in the chills and dews at night — their pillow the already dead, their couch a pool of blood — for more than two weeks, there they cursed and raved as if death mocked at them in their misery, holding them at arm's length, permitting them neither to live nor die — and at this very time the city of London illuminated, and the bells ringing, and the cannon thundering out the joy of the nation that another laurel had been won, that the national glory was complete! "Go now, mother," we have heard him say, "go now, and educate your loved child to the profession of arms. Fill his young heart with aspirations for glory. Let him shout at the military array. Deck his baby form in the garb of the soldier; put a feather in his cap; place in his tiny hands the mock instruments of human butchery; determine that the infant which now draws from your bosom its nourishment, determine that he shall be the butcher of other men, or lay down himself with thousands of others in the pool of blood on some battle-field, to utter his dying groan amid the shouts for victory, while some camp follower strips his body for plunder almost before he is dead."

We do not quote his words, but have tried to give some idea of his manner, to show why the people so loved to hear him

speak. His speech and manner were peculiar; difficult to imitate or describe. In person he was large, even to corpulency; his face round and full, beaming with intelligence and benevolence; his forehead high and noble, while his head was entirely bald, save a few gray curls clustering on his neck. His appearance impressed the audience with the striking traits of his character—gentle-heartedness, enthusiasm, and intelligence. He appeared a truly venerable man. His memory was peculiarly retentive, and every fact or incident, bearing on his cause, was distinctly remembered, and told in a simple, artless manner. He had always some story to tell, often of a humorous kind, which was so pleasantly related, that it made him at once the friend of the audience; and thus having gained their ear, his after eloquence touched their hearts. His manner disarmed all prejudices; the most inveterate opposer of the Peace doctrine had, for the time at least, to yield to his opinions, and listen attentively to the speaker. Few men have spoken so often or so long without any abatement of the interest of his hearers.

The character of his mind was not of a fanciful or theoretic cast. He was not a metaphysician—had no tendency to abstractions. In his various employments—as a shipmaster, as a merchant, as a farmer, in the care of his property, he exhibited plain, practical common sense, with a good-natured interest in the happiness of all around him. His benevolence manifested itself, rather in the desire to diffuse happiness generally, than in a hot, and hasty, and ardent attachment in a limited circle. These traits of good common sense, general kindness, with a cultivated and retentive mind, when devoted to the cause of Peace, gave him his power. They saved him from the common faults of reformers, which militate against their general usefulness, and tie them to some little clique. He was never intolerant nor denunciatory; while he opened his whole heart, and declared his own opinions boldly, he did not hate if those opinions were not fully adopted, but was thankful when in the least degree he could overcome the military tone, and make even a slight lodgment for the principles of Peace.

The common fault of reformers is, that they are intolerant in their feelings, and denunciatory in their language. The very elements of character which enable them to rise above a common error—earnestness of conviction, self-confidence, and energy—expose them to this characteristic failing. Even as the advocates of Peace, they are inclined to be combative; and while they would strike the weapon from their brother's hand, their own tongues are sometimes sharper than any two-edged sword. They

seem to forget that, though all men receive the pure light from heaven, its rays are bent and distorted by the dense medium through which they penetrate. Errors of opinion and errors of practice arise often from the relative position of men, from their education, from their associations. Many an ardent Abolitionist would have held slaves had he been born south of Mason's and Dixon's line; many a soldier would have been a man of peace, had his education been in a theological seminary, or in the family of a Friend. God alone can judge of the relative moral strength of his children. He alone seeth the heart, and looketh to the source of opinion and action. When men sit on his judgment-seat, oh, how fallible and how feeble must be their judgments!

William Ladd, in a great degree, escaped this intolerance. While he boldly declared his opinion, that all war is wrong in the eye of Heaven, that no man who has the spirit of Christ in his heart can fight, he remembered that "in the day of darkness God winketh at the transgressor;" he remembered that there have been warriors who used the battle-axe with an honest, conscientious feeling that they were in the discharge of their duty both to God and to men. He was full of the kindly feelings, even to his opponents, and he commanded respect by the firm, distinct, honest, straight-forward avowal of his "ultraism." He received their reverence, because his soul was so deeply imbued with the meek, and forgiving, and self-sacrificing spirit of the religion he professed. His very childlike gentleness, united with his firm, uncompromising principles, his untiring zeal, and his whole-souled devotion to the truth, drew all hearts toward him.

It was not mere good-nature, but the adoption of the Peace principles, which made him thus gentle-hearted. A story which he often told with peculiar relish, will illustrate this moulding of his character—the gradual progress of his mind in adopting the Peace principles. "I had," said he, "a fine field of grain, growing upon an out-farm at some distance from the homestead. Whenever I rode by I saw my neighbor Pulsifer's sheep in the lot, destroying my hopes of a harvest. These sheep were of the gaunt, long-legged kind, active as spaniels; they could spring over the highest fence, and no partition-wall could keep them out. I complained to neighbor Pulsifer about them, sent him frequent messages, but all without avail. Perhaps they would be kept out for a day or two, but the legs of his sheep were long, and my grain rather more tempting than the adjoining pasture. I rode by again—the sheep were still there; I became angry, and told my men to set the dogs on them, and if that would not do, I would pay them if they would shoot the sheep.

"I rode away much agitated, for I was not so much of a Peace man then as I am now, and I felt literally full of fight. All at once a light flashed in upon me. I asked myself, Would it not be well for you to try in your own conduct the Peace principle you are preaching to others? I thought it all over, and settled down my mind as to the best course to be pursued.

"The next day I rode over to see neighbor Pulsifer. I found him chopping wood at his door. 'Good morning, neighbor.' No answer. 'Good morning,' I repeated. He gave a kind of a grunt like a hog, without looking up. 'I came,' continued I, 'to see you about the sheep.' At this, he threw down his axe, and exclaimed, in a most angry manner, 'Now aren't you a pretty neighbor, to tell your men to kill my sheep? I heard of it — a rich man like you to shoot a poor man's sheep!'

"'I was wrong, neighbor,' said I; 'but it won't do to let your sheep eat up all that grain; so I came over to say that I would take your sheep to my homestead pasture, and put them in with mine, and in the fall you may take them back, and if any one is missing, you may take your pick out of my whole flock.'

"Pulsifer looked confounded — he did not know how to take me. At last he stammered out, 'Now, Squire, are you in earnest?' 'Certainly I am,' I answered; 'it is better for me to feed your sheep in my pasture on grass, than to feed them here on grain; and I see the fence can't keep them out.'

"After a moment's silence — 'The sheep shan't trouble you any more,' exclaimed Pulsifer. 'I will fetter them all. But I'll let you know that when any man talks of shooting, I can shoot too; and when they are kind and neighborly, I can be kind too.' The sheep never again trespassed on my lot. And my friends," he would continue, addressing the audience, "remember that when you talk of injuring your neighbors, they will talk of injuring you. When nations threaten to fight, other nations will be ready too. Love will beget love; a wish to be at peace will keep you in peace. You can only overcome evil with good. There is no other way."

We have heard it imputed as a fault in William Ladd, that he was in his discourses too much inclined to create the laugh; that his exuberant flow of spirits, his ready fund of anecdote, often tempted him from the dignity of his subject. But they who make this imputation do not understand the springs of human nature. To many minds the facts, the outside bearing, the personal illustration, are essential. They would see the result of opinions in action. They would practically test the principle. Besides, the way to reach the heart is first to arrest the atten-

tion, and establish a sympathy with the hearer, — more readily done perhaps by the pleasant story than by the soundness of logic. If his humor and playfulness at times overcame the sobriety of the temple, his frequent pathos, and his powerful appeals to the sympathies of his audience, carried them away captive to his eloquence. If at times some simple, colloquial, humorous strain came from his lips, it was sure to be followed by an appeal that shook the stoutest heart, and none left the meeting without having fixed upon his mind "the old man eloquent."

We now advert to another trait of his character. We hardly wish to call it enthusiasm, for that is fitful. It was a compound of tenacity of purpose, and a buoyancy of spirit which resulted in his keeping, year after year, distinctly before his view his great object, and pursuing it with an unwavering confidence that he should be ultimately successful. Though he keenly felt the cold sneer, the biting sarcasm, the undisguised contempt which often met his early efforts, these had only the effect to bring his mind up to a more vigorous wrestle with the prejudices of the times. Some years since he asked an assembled association of ministers in New Hampshire liberty to address them on the claims of the Peace Movement. The body unwillingly assented, and granted him a few minutes only. He spoke, but hardly had he warmed with his subject, when, the time expiring, he was abruptly and unfeelingly stopped with an unfinished sentence on his lips. He sat down, covered his eyes with his hand, the tears streaming down his cheeks, and his lips quivering with emotion. His feelings were disregarded, and the body commenced a discussion on the wants of the Foreign Missionary Society. How did our philanthropist bear this unkindness? There was no manifestation of anger. He returned good for evil. After his emotion had in some degree subsided, he arose and addressed the moderator. "Sir, I have only one child; I love her dearly, though her kindly spirit, her heavenly beauty, are not appreciated or seen by many. I have educated her, I have exerted myself for her success, I have devoted myself to her good. Sir, this child of my love is the American Peace Society. For her and in her name I wish to make a donation for Foreign Missions. Make the American Peace Society a life member of the Missionary Society, and may God speed *your* efforts for good." He then retired.

We mention this characteristic anecdote to show that it was not from want of feeling that he could withstand the trials to which all are exposed who war against the prejudices of the times. These trials came thick and heavy upon him, especially in the commencement of his career. They who seek only to re-

vive once cherished sentiments, which have but just ceased to hold sway, or they who strive to kindle still brighter the zeal already glowing, cannot appreciate the trial to a sensitive mind to pour out itself to an unwilling ear—to utter thoughts against which the public mind is closed almost impenetrably—to keep up its zeal where a reluctant audience of some half a dozen is before the speaker. This is a trial of faith hard to be borne, but from which he never suffered himself to shrink. "When on the eve of delivering his first lectures on Peace in the city of New York, some of his strongest friends dissuaded him even from making an effort, and told him he could not get an audience on that subject; but he replied, with a mixture of decision and humor quite characteristic, that 'he would go if he could get a single person to hear him, and the sexton to snuff the candles.' He went, but the lecture-room was so retired, and the night so dark and rainy, that the sexton, supposing nobody would come in such weather, had locked the door and pocketed the key. Nothing daunted, the man of Peace contrived to get into the room; and by the aid of those whom he had had the precaution to take with him for hearers, he delivered his first lecture on Peace in that emporium of America. Then and there, has he often said, was the American Peace Society born."*

This tenacity of purpose was not the mere rising up of the energies of the man to overcome obstacles. It was not in the moment of excitement a spasmodic action to meet occasional exigencies. It was a settled purpose, ever present to him, ever stimulating him to new efforts. It was year in and year out, day by day, the framework of his spirit, rousing him to meet and destroy every barrier to his progress; and when the road was opened it gave him a rapid advance—as the same force of the winds which tears the ship from the grappling irons of the foe, will bear her onward swiftly over the free ocean. This tenacity of purpose resulted in untiring industry, the devotion of all his time, talents, learning, property, to the one great object, and made him cry out, "Oh, God! give me a few more years, if it be thy will, that I may do something more for my Master, the Prince of Peace." It was this self-devotion that enabled him the last few months of his life to travel over the State of New York, weak and sick, in dead of winter, by every means of conveyance, through cross-roads, in open wagons, his heavy frame disordered, his legs barely able to sustain his weight, conversing and lecturing, and when so weak that he could no longer stand

* Beckwith's Eulogy.

in the pulpit, kneeling down, and in that painful posture to speak with force, and energy, and eloquence for hours.

We now come to the main-spring of his efforts. It was unquestionably a religious sense of duty. He was emphatically a pious man. Not a Pharisee, not a sectarian, not a selfish devotee, seeking his own salvation merely, like many, holding intercourse with God, as if a special grace could come to bless his isolated soul. His faith was the faith which springs from love to God and to man; and though from conviction he joined the orthodox Congregational church, and was during the few last years of his life a licensed minister of that denomination, he cut himself off from communion with none. He seemed too much imbued with the spirit of Christianity to need the entrenchments of sect as a guard to his creed. He believed that the peculiar feature of the revelation by Jesus was the abandonment of the old dispensation —an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth—and the establishment of the reign of peace and righteousness upon earth; that the divine characteristic of his blessed Master was the forgiveness of enemies, the willingness to sacrifice even his life for them. And he looked forward to the time when Christians should no longer defile this faith of love with contentions for their own personal advantage, no longer soil the pure white dove with blood-stains, no longer, as if in mockery, drag the banner of the Cross into the battle-field, to wave in triumph over the destruction of those whom they are commanded to love. It was this faith which so refined his spirit, that upon the pure metal was reflected the countenance of the refiner.

If at any time he felt rising within him a spirit of denunciation, a harshness of feeling, it was when he spoke of the mingling of God and Belial by the prayers of the Christian pastor in the camp or in the battle-ship. "To pray," said he, "to a God of Peace, through the self-sacrificing Prince of Peace, for aid to do that for which the pirate and assassin is hung,—for the priest to stand up and bless those on whom God has fastened a curse, and to curse those on whom He has pronounced a blessing,—to proclaim that the command to do good to all men is repealed, abrogated, of no effect,—that to rob and murder are no sins, because the leader has a piece of parchment as a commission so to do,—God pardon them, and give me the feelings with which I should look upon my brother sinners!"

He was asked once, What is the most efficient argument for peace? He replied, "The Gospel argument. That is irresistible to those who profess to be followers of the Lamb; and for those who do not, it is effectual too; more so than anything else." And

he was right. There is more faith in the world than is apparent: men's opinions are more shaped by the Bible than they themselves suppose. Even the economical and the political reforms—the modifications of the social system—human progress in every direction—all commence, are founded in, and excited by, the golden rule, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." Though the needle is attracted here and there by the foreign influences around, even when it trembles and wanders, it continues ever to feel the attraction of the Polar Star. So man, drawn from the right and the true, by circumstance and situation, ever feels the presence of the one Power over him, which is drawing him heavenward. It is from this one influence that so many are seeking good for themselves and for the world. The advocates for the rights of man, of the one brotherhood of our race, of the equal claim of all to life, liberty, and happiness—all who are now standing on the broad platform of humanity, raising up the fallen, giving light to the ignorant, and strength to the weak—are working, perhaps unconsciously, that the world may be brought to the feet of Jesus. There is not an appeal for civil and religious liberty, not one glow of warm-hearted patriotism, not one fervent wish for human happiness, not one prayer for the elevation of the down-trodden and oppressed, which has not its birth from the religious sense, which does not lead directly or indirectly to the establishment of the reign of Christ upon earth. The error is, that our eyes are but partially opened, or rather that we wander by night, and walk by the reflected rays. We do not at once go to the Source of light. We quench our thirst low down in the stream, forgetful of the living waters which gush out at the fountain.

Let us in this take example from William Ladd. He assumed the revealed will of God as his stand-point,—the "Thus saith the Lord," was his law. Still, by his stores of fact, by his fund of anecdote, by means of his cultivated mind, by extensive reading, by his knowledge of men and things, by his strong sympathies, by his colloquial skill, by his whole-souled eloquence, he would bring to men the reflected light, when they could not or would not open their eyes to the light direct from the heavens.

Mr. Ladd, from the strength of the religious principle, loved, above all, to labor in the theological seminaries of the country. To give himself a passport to these fields of exertion, and also to gain the opportunity to present his views of truth on the Sabbath, which, as a layman, he was not often permitted to do, he accepted, a few years before his death, a commission to preach the Gospel, from an association of Congregational ministers in Maine, and his sermons

on other branches of gospel truth bore fresh evidence of his talents and industry. But we forbear. Our limits forbid any further sketches of his character; and we must close our article with some of the leading events in the life of this active philanthropist. Of him, with truth it may be said, every eye that met his blessed him, every ear that heard him, and every mind that learned of him, became witness of his deeds of love.

William Ladd was born at Exeter, N. H., on the 10th of May, 1778. He prepared himself for college at Phillips' Academy, in his native town, and entered Harvard University at the age of fifteen. At college he was distinguished for his high flow and buoyancy of spirits, for his fondness for social enjoyments, and by the kindliness of his disposition. These traits of character made him beloved by his comrades, and did not interfere with a full average attention to his studies. He had an honorable appointment in his class when he graduated.

His father, Eliphalet Ladd, had in the mean time removed from Exeter to Portsmouth, N. H., and was extensively engaged in commerce. When William came home, one of his ships was lying at the wharf ready for sea. He applied for permission to go in her as passenger, and his father, that his son might see something of the world before he entered upon the active duties of life, gave his consent. He embarked; but in a short time his situation as passenger, without employment, becoming irksome to him, he cut off the skirts of his coat, to make, as he said, "a sailor's jacket extempore"—and, though living as an officer, performed the duties of a seaman. In a second voyage he went as mate of the ship; in the next took the command as master, and became one of the most successful of his father's captains. He soon became part owner, and for several years sailed ships belonging to himself and brothers.

As an episode in his life, he became a landholder in Florida, then a Spanish province. He had conceived the idea of undermining slavery by the introduction of free white laborers. The Spanish government encouraged the experiment, by offering a quantity of land for every one he should introduce. He accordingly transported from Philadelphia a number of Dutch emigrants called "redemptioners." The experiment, from causes we have not space to enumerate, was unsuccessful, and after five years residence there he returned to Portsmouth, on the death of his father, in the year 1806. He then again took the command of a ship, and was successfully employed in commercial affairs, until the last war drove him from the ocean. He kept full and minute journals of all his wanderings by sea and land, which prove an

observing eye, and strong common sense. The information he thus acquired was of great use to him in his after course, and his business habits, his occupation as a ship-master, the prudence and self-possession essential in this mode of life, fitted him for a leader in a great moral enterprise.

He then retired to Minot, in the State of Maine, where his family owned a large tract of land. He purchased the whole of it, built a large house, and began the business of a farmer with his accustomed energy. There he commenced his literary career, reading much, and writing occasionally for the papers on agriculture and miscellaneous subjects. Though his house was almost in the wilderness, with a sparse population around it, his free hospitality, his talents, and his social feelings drew toward him a constant flow of company of the best and most distinguished men in the land. This was his home for the rest of his life, nearly thirty years; he gave his attention to his agricultural pursuits, to his books, to his friends in the summer, and during the winter he was over the whole country as the Apostle of Peace. He thus in the summer recruited his strength and increased his resources, coming out each successive year with new strength to the winter's campaign. In his agricultural pursuits he was successful, and his example was useful to the surrounding country. He gave a tone to the whole town and vicinity, both to the morals and to the economical pursuits of the people. His zeal in his own peculiar work never interfered with his other duties. His farm was always a pattern for the neatness of its appearance and the skill with which it was "carried on." Though absorbed in the great reform, he yet found time for every duty, possessing that rare combination of talents which can sway men's hearts, and yet take heed of all the minutiæ of household affairs. It was not until age and increasing infirmities drove him *from the field*, that the farm suffered from inattention. He was scrupulously exact in his dealings, painstaking in all that referred to his business occupation, and at the same time expended liberally in all the branches of moral reform.

It was not till after his retirement to Minot, that his mind received a strong religious impulse, and he was awakened to an interest in the spiritual world. His conscience became excited, and his character changed. To the traits of a good-humored, social, intelligent, self-confident, and persevering man, he added deep religious faith, a watchful regard to duty, and a self-devotion to what he deemed the truth. It was at this epoch, that he chanced to hear of the peace movement of Worcester. He examined the subject. It fitted his character. It addressed itself to his benev-

olent heart. His path was opened to him, and suddenly, as if he had received a command from God, he boldly walked in it.

He commenced writing a series of essays on Peace for the Christian Mirror, a paper printed at Portland; these were afterwards collected in a volume, which is a text-book on the subject. He early pledged himself to support by his purse and pen the periodical established by Worcester; and through his influence and property it has continued, though with a change of name, till the present day. The "Advocate of Peace" is now a well-established champion of the cause. He also published three large tracts, which have been stereotyped in this country, and published in England. His two essays on a Congress of Nations have also been republished by the London Peace Society. He also wrote six small volumes for the use of Sabbath schools. Besides these, his articles for the newspaper press would number one a week, perhaps, for his full Peace career. Thus the fruit of his study is refreshing every part of our country, and he had the happiness of having his thoughts echo back to his ear from the four quarters of the globe. He never lost an opportunity in private conversation to win men to Peace, and he never was so happy as when in public pleading this cause. In a word, for nearly a quarter of a century, the stores of his learning, the results of his observation, his ready wit and humor, in season and out of season, by day and by night, his talents, his property—the whole man—were devoted to bring about the time when men shall learn war no more for ever.

William Ladd commenced his Peace career in contending against *unnecessary* war. His first efforts were to show the evils of fighting, and the misery which came in its train. He was then opposed to all war, except those strictly for self-defence. As he advanced in his career, he became *ultra*, as the world terms it. Many years before his death he decided in his own mind that a Christian could never fight—that the command, "love your enemies," was fixed, inexorable—that the evils resulting from submission to injury never could come up, in magnitude or amount, to the evils of mutual aggression and mutual slaughter.

We do not here undertake to defend or support the position of William Ladd; nor would we assert that his labors have infused his "ultraisms" through the mass. But we know that there are thousands in the country, hundreds in every city of the land, who are thus ultra—that there is not a village in New England which has not its advocates for Peace to this full extent. Nor does the idea of national non-resistance now strike the public mind with the aspect of utter folly which it once did. If the public tone

rises not up to it, there is not so great a distance as to make a harsh discord upon the ear. But the great, the undoubted good which has been accomplished, is the damping down of the martial spirit, by setting deeds of blood in their true light,—the turning the attention of the world to the means of avoiding war, and proving the necessity there is of some radical change in the manner of settling national disputes.

William Ladd died at Portsmouth suddenly, April 9th, 1841, the very evening he arrived there to join his family, after his long and toilsome journey in the State of New York, in which he had exhausted his whole strength by his labors of love. He remarked to a friend that he had made his last effort, and that he was returning home to die. He was right; God had called him, and he quietly and calmly took his leave of earthly things. His remains are buried at Portsmouth. Over his grave a marble monument has been erected by the Peace Society, bearing this simple inscription:

WILLIAM LADD,

BORN MAY 10TH, 1778.

DIED APRIL 9TH, 1841.

AGED 63.

Blessed are the Peace-Makers, for they shall be called

the Children of God.

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## THE ODES OF SAPPHO.

### I.

### ODE TO VENUS.

Ποικιλόθρον', ἀθάνατ' Ἀφροδίτα,

IMMORTAL Venus! child of Jove! to thee I lowly bend!
Stoop thou, enthroned in pomp above, to be a mortal's friend!
Deign, sweet inventress of love's snares, to free my anxious soul,
From all its myriad wasting cares and merciless control.

If ever thou hast heard my prayer, my passionate appeal,
And kindly left the upper air, to ward my threatened weal,
Come thou and be my welcome guest, and hear my proffered vow,
If thou wouldst make thy servant blest, bright one, be near me now!

Oh, come and ease a heart that bleeds, as once to my abode,
Drawn by the swift-winged sparrow-steeds, adown heaven's star-paved road,
I saw thee, car-borne, queen of mirth, with pitying look draw nigh,
While waved its wing above the earth each courser balanced high.

A smile was on thy visage fair, as thou didst ask what wo
Had called thee from thy native air, to visit me below;
And what my soul did most desire, wrapped in its phrensy strong;
What youth I burned with love to fire—"who, Sappho, does thee wrong?"

"What though he fly thy passion wild, he soon shall follow thee;
What though he scorn thy gifts, my child, the giver he shall be;
The heart that shuns this love of thine, for thee shall hotly burn,
Although, perchance, it vainly pine for kindness in return!"

Draw nigh once more, O goddess fair, O visit me again,
And free my soul from every care, and every woful pain;
Whate'er I pant for, give to me! be not one joy denied!
And deign my shield, great queen, to be—my champion and my guide!

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## II.

### To a Girl.

*Φαίνεται μοι κῆνος ἴσος θεοῖσιν.*

Blest as the blessed gods is he,
The youth who sitteth close to thee,
Who listens to the impassioned flow
Of thy words, so sweetly low;
Who gazes on thy smiles full well,
And hears thy laughter's winning spell.

Ah me! 'twas this with subtle art
Brought misery to my throbbing heart;
At this, my trembling lips are dumb;
My palsied tongue is dry and numb;
Strange fires throughout my body steal;
My aching eyes no sight reveal;
My ears with echoing sounds are filled;
My frame with fearful damps is chilled;
I grow with thickening tremors weak;
A grassy hue o'erspreads my cheek;
I gasp for breath,—life seems to fly,—
I melt away,—I die! I die!

Charles T. Congdon.

New Bedford, Mass.

# THE STARS THAT HAVE SET IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

## No. I.—Byron.

Though the works of Lord Byron afford matter for speculation in the highest degree interesting, yet the examination is not unattended by pain. We look into the depths of his poetry, or rather of his heart (for it is *that* he lays bare before us), with something of the same kind of feelings with which a traveller may be supposed to stand on the brink of the crater of Mount Vesuvius, and look down into the gulf beneath: we experience the same mingled emotions of awe, terror, and curiosity.

Byron was the grandest of egotists. He carried this to a pitch of poetic sublimity. Self supplied to him the place of all things; of name, and home, and country; of law, of love, of religion; of friends, of kindred, of mankind. It was to him all in all. It was at once his subject and his inspiration. He seemed through it to enjoy a kind of double existence;—his egotism being so intense that it enabled him to *go out of himself*, for the purpose of communing with and contemplating himself. The abstract idea of Self seemed to have grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, till he not only filled his own imagination, but (as it appeared to his morbid and over-active faculties) the whole universe. It was never absent from his thoughts. It followed him at all times, and in all places: sometimes like a guardian angel—more frequently like a haunting demon—but always with its feet sunk in the earth, and its head above the clouds.

There is no doubt but that there was something of bodily as well as mental *disease* in all this. Perhaps we most of us remember to have felt, in those feverish dreams which sometimes occur between sleeping and waking, a sensation as if we were growing too large for the bed, and even for the chamber, in which we are lying. Lord Byron seemed so little able or willing to struggle against this morbid feeling, that it was feared by many of his friends that he would, some day, fancy himself too large for the globe on which he lived, so as to be afraid to stand up and look about him, lest he should topple over the side of it! He at last woke up from the dream to find that one human being can be greater than another only in proportion as he is wiser, and better, and happier.

A truly great poet should resemble that fabled creature which

is said to take its color from that of the object on which it looks; for ever changing *itself* with its change of place. Such was the character of Shakspeare's genius. He seemed to have no personal identity at all. Such is not Byron's; but directly the reverse. It casts the hue of its own thoughts and feelings on everything that comes within the reach of its ken; so that nothing but ITSELF can be permanent. Beauty and deformity, truth and falsehood, virtue and vice, become mutually and alternately their opposites: they are something, or anything, or nothing, just as it may happen.

If this is fatal to the very highest kind of poetry, it gives us something in its place which is deeply and fearfully interesting. If it does not enlarge and exalt the mind, at least it stirs and agitates it. If it cannot lighten the burden of our humanity, at least it teaches us to bear it with a proud and indignant patience. If it does not impel us to deserve and obtain the love and respect of our fellow-beings, at least it enables us to scorn and contemn them. If it has not the power to bear the soul upward on "airs from heaven," at least it can hurl and hurry it along on "blasts from hell." In short, if it cannot help us to be good and happy, at least it can teach us to gloat over and glory in our guilt and misery. And all this certain parts of Byron's poetry do—all this and a great deal more: at least for a certain time. Whether or not other qualities of it compensate for and counteract this, is another question. It cannot be denied that they are adapted so to do; which is, perhaps, all that can be demanded. Upon the whole, a sound and well-regulated spirit may find in Byron's poetry a perpetual source of the profoundest meditations on the moral nature of man, and the loftiest aspirations as to his final hopes and destinies. All this *may* be found in it; but it makes one tremble to think how seldom it *is* found. One thing is certain, however; that Byron's poetry will not be read for mere amusement. It must and will be doing either good or harm. It cannot exist in a state of inactivity.

In saying that SELF is Byron's subject and inspiration, the reader must not suppose us to mean that this is actually the sum and substance of his poetry. We cannot help thinking that, in endeavoring to give others a vivid and distinct idea of any subject which they have never yet contemplated, it is not only allowable, but even necessary, to exaggerate the distinguishing features of it, in order to impress *them* in particular upon the mind. For how else can words hope to supply the place of things? How else can shadows represent realities? All I mean to say is, that the above is the grand characteristic of his poetry; that in which it differs from all other poetry—the pervading and dominating spirit of it.

But this quality is accompanied by numerous others, which, though they, as it were, *choose* to act in subservience to this one, are yet highly valuable in themselves, and without which his writings would not be *poetry* at all. Any one of moderate acquirements, and in the habit of arranging his thoughts in metrical language, may describe strongly what he feels strongly: we speak of actual feeling arising out of actual circumstances. But this will not be poetry, however strange and romantic the circumstances may be, or however powerful the emotions arising out of them; though it may become so, by being passionately blended and interfused with the sublime or beautiful imagery of external nature, the workings of the imagination, or the play of the fancy. And *this* is what Byron has done for his own thoughts and feelings. They, and they only, are (in the language of a sister art) his *theme;* which, through whatever *variations* it may run, is always to be traced and distinguished. It is as if a musical composer should, in the commencement of his career, hit upon a melody which takes such entire hold and possession of his imagination and his heart, that he unconsciously makes it the *subject* of all his future works. It may be more or less apparent in some parts of them than in others; but there it *is* in all.

Take an example — the first that occurs to us — of the manner in which this poet blends himself with Nature, and, as it were, *melts himself into poetry.* His chief work, the Pilgrimage of Childe Harold, is nothing more than an account of his own travels, and his reflections arising from the objects presented to his observation during the course of them. The Third Canto opens at sea. The traveller, awaking from a dream of the home which he has just quitted, finds himself

> "Once more upon the waters! Yet once more!
> *And the waves bound beneath me, as a steed*
> *That knows his rider!*"

What a sublime piece of egotism is here! as if the mighty waters were conscious of who was upon them; as if there were a community of feeling between him and the multitudinous ocean! This is an example of precisely what we mean, when we say that SELF was Lord Byron's subject and his inspiration.

Though almost all Byron's poems have something of a dramatic form, and though the most characteristic of them all is a drama, regularly divided into acts and scenes, yet the genius of the poet himself has always been considered by critics as essentially undramatic: in fact, all that has been said of the reflections, descriptions, etc., which occur in his writings, is true in a still

more striking degree of his delineations of character. So far from being able to go out of himself (except for the purpose mentioned above), he seemed to be compelled, by a necessity of his nature, to infuse his own individual soul into every character, which, in his capacity of a poet, he created. So that, instead of possessing any distinctive qualities of their own, they think, feel, talk, and act just as he would have thought, and felt, and talked, and acted, under similar circumstances.

The subject of Manfred is something similar to that which has been chosen by two celebrated German poets to concentrate and pour forth all their powers upon. The scene is laid among the mountains of Switzerland. Manfred is a Swiss nobleman, who is represented as having committed some fearful and mysterious crime which is only hinted at, and, being perpetually haunted by the remembrance of it, he seeks a remedy and a refuge from the hell of his own thoughts in a forbidden search into the hidden secrets of Nature: till at length, by mingled study and penance, he has obtained a sovereign mastery over all the powers of the visible and invisible world, and the spirits which represent them. The drama opens just as he is about to put to the test this fatal acquirement. The scene is in a chamber of his own castle at midnight. Manfred is discovered, by the light of a single lamp, breathing forth a deep and solemn dirge over his dead happiness, and the total and absolute desolation which has surrounded him since the commission of the crime to which he alludes. As the clock strikes midnight, he proceeds to his task of calling up the "spirits of the unbounded universe." He adjures them first by "the written charm," which gives him power upon them; but they do not come: then by the name and attributes of him who is chief among them; but still they refuse to appear: in an agony of impatient indignation he is forced at last to compel them *by the curse that is upon his own soul* — and then they obey him! What is this, but a sublime identification of the poet himself with the united Spirit of the Universe? What, but a reflection of his own fierce and stubborn nature — his own unconquerable will — unconquerable but by the absolute necessity of his destiny, which lies like a curse upon him? The poet puts himself in the place of these spirits, and will not yield to any power less peremptory than that which he attaches to the abstract idea of destiny itself, and even that must come to him in the shape of a curse! That this is not too fanciful a view of the subject, is confirmed by what follows in the same scene; and also by what these spirits themselves say of Manfred afterward, or of Byron, which is the same, — for there is no separating this poet

from any of his heroes, as it regards abstract character. In a most extraordinary scene in the hall of Arimanes, one of the spirits, witnessing the torture of Manfred, and how he makes them "tributary to his will," exclaims,

> "Had he been one of us, he would have made
> An awful spirit."

He *was* one, as it was.

But to return. At this last adjuration, a large star appears at the end of the gallery, and the voices of seven spirits are successively, and at last collectively heard, offering him their obedience. To their demands as to what he seeks, his reply is in the word "Forgetfulness." They ask, of what? "Of that which is within me—Read it there." They offer him all positive powers and attributes that he can ask—but *this* they have not. Still his reiterated demand is "Oblivion, self-oblivion." But they have it not; and he indignantly dismisses them; first, however, desiring to behold them face to face. They reply that they have no visible forms, but will appear in any form that he may prescribe. He will not prescribe a form; for to him all are alike hideous or beautiful; but he bids the most powerful among them appear at once. The spirit then arrays itself in the form of *Manfred's own thoughts*—appearing as Astarte! This is exceedingly subtle; but it is the subtlety, not of nature, but of passion, brooding over its own morbid abstractions. Manfred attempts to clasp the figure; it vanishes, and he falls senseless; and then a voice is heard, pronouncing an incantation or curse, with which the scene closes. This curse is another most striking and fearful exemplification of the peculiar character of Lord Byron's genius. It is not at all appropriate, or even intelligible, in the place which it occupies; but taken as a poetical confession of the mysterious agency which the blended powers of external nature, society, and his own diseased thoughts have exerted upon the spirit of the poet himself, it becomes intensely interesting. Viewing it in this light, we take this incantation to be, as a detached piece, one of the finest and most characteristic of any that occur in all his works.

The second scene is upon the mountain of the Zungfrau, where Manfred is discovered alone, pouring forth the wailing of his bleeding and baffled spirit. The last scene had exhibited the labors of long years of penance and study, turned, in a moment, into dust and ashes. He finds that his spells are powerless, except to give him all that he *does not* want; so that even the desperate hope which had accompanied his quest after superhuman

aid has now left him, and he is more utterly desolate than ever. Abandoning, and therefore abandoned by, Heaven, it is in vain that he flies to Nature. She cannot help him. "My mother earth!" he exclaims,

> "And thou fresh breaking day, and you, ye mountains!
> Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye.
> And thou, the bright eye of the universe,
> That openest over all, and unto all
> Art a delight—thou shin'st not on my heart."

And again,—

> "Beautiful!
> How beautiful is all this visible world!"

Alas for him! he *sees* how beautiful it all is; but he can never again *feel* it. In this agony of spirit he calls upon the surrounding ice-crags and avalanches to fall and crush him; and at last determines to seek the boon of "Forgetfulness" in the only region which he has left unexplored — that of death. But while he is in the act of throwing himself from the cliff, a chamois-hunter appears and prevents him, and they descend the mountain together. The first two scenes of the second act are chiefly occupied with passionate blendings of the spirit of the poet with the influences of the external world; while Manfred, by a fine creative act of the imaginative will, is supposed to call up before him, in bodily form, a beautiful female, whose aid he appears to seek, while he knows that it cannot avail him. These scenes are filled with the most splendid descriptions of mountain and valley scenery, mixed with the profoundest reflections on the nature of the sufferer's mental malady, and the most subtle developments of its causes and effects. At length, growing sick and sated of this colloquy with anything but his own thoughts, he dismisses the Spirit of the Alps, and descends again into himself; and the scene closes with his determination to try the last resource of his art, and *call up the dead.* The scene immediately following this consists of some fantastic and incoherent writing, which is put into the mouth of the Destinies, who attend on Arimanes, prince of the Earth and Air, as he is called. This scene is most strangely disfigured by some political allusions, and is altogether misplaced and gratuitous. But the second act is closed by a scene which is by far the finest in the drama. It takes place in the hall of Arimanes, who is seated on his throne, surrounded by his subject spirits, who are employed in singing hymns of praise and homage to him. The Destinies, and Nemesis herself, are then introduced, worshipping and glorifying him; thus swelling and aggrandizing

in our own imaginations the idea of his boundless power, in order to enhance that of Manfred — which, as it appears afterward, is still deeper and more resistless. Manfred now enters, and, to the astonishment of the assembled spirits, refuses to bow down before their Lord and Master. After a sublime colloquy between him and the Destinies, the first of whom claims him as her own, and offers to protect him from the indignation of the rest, he speaks the purport of his errand, and bids them "call up the dead — call up Astarte." Nemesis demands to know if it is the will of Arimanes that the wishes of Manfred shall be complied with. Arimanes answers "Yea." (This one word, and "Spirit, obey this sceptre!" are all that Arimanes utters during the whole scene.) Nemesis then pronounces a spell, and the phantom of Astarte rises, and stands in the midst. Manfred looks at her for an instant; but is so overpowered by passion and remorse that he cannot speak to her; and he bids them command *her* to speak. Now follows what seems to be the aim and consummation of this wonderful scene.

NEMESIS.

"By the power which hath broken
The grave which enthrall'd thee,
Speak to him who hath spoken,
And those who have called thee!

MANFRED.

She is silent,
And in that silence I am more than answered.

NEMESIS.

*My power extends no further.* Prince of Air!
It rests with thee alone—Command her voice.

ARIMANES.

*Spirit, obey this sceptre!*

NEMESIS.

SILENT STILL!
She is not of our order, but belongs
To the other powers. Mortal! thy 'quest is vain,
And we are baffled also."

At this Manfred himself addresses her in a long speech, every line of which beams forth the most resplendent beauties, and at every pause the most affecting and pathetic effect is produced by the reiteration of the words, "Speak to me!" At length he stops, and THE PHANTOM SPEAKS! — Hark! the host of associations which

are here clustered round our ideas of the triumphant power of mere human love! Polluted and guilty as it is in this instance, it is stronger than anything, or than all things besides; it accomplishes what nothing else could! Astarte repeats Manfred's name — pronounces a few words predicting his death on the morrow, and then bids him "farewell!" He entreats for one word more, to know if they shall meet again, and if he is forgiven: but she only reiterates her "farewell!" At length, no longer able to control the flood of passion that is within him, he dares to ask if *she still loves him?* At that the phantom pronounces his name, and vanishes — Nemesis tells him that her words will be fulfilled — and he returns to the earth.

The remainder of the drama, until the last scene, is occupied by Manfred's preparation for his predicted death, and by a reluctant but respectful conference with the Abbot of a neighboring convent, who, led by the reports that are abroad, comes to try to reconcile him—

"With the true church, and through the church to Heaven."

The Abbot's interference is calmly and firmly rejected, and after pouring forth a solemn and majestic farewell hymn to the setting sun, he retires to the interior of a lonely tower at some distance from his castle, to wait the final consummation. Here, at the very moment that his life is beginning to ebb from him, the Abbot again enters, determined to make one more effort to save the noble sufferer. Manfred in vain warns the holy father to retire; and he directs his attention to a dusky and indistinct figure, which at this moment rises from out the earth; and which both Manfred and the Abbot question as to the purport of its mission. Its reply is to Manfred — "Come! come! 'tis time!" The rest of this noble scene, till the death of Manfred, is in exact keeping, both in thought and execution, with that in the hall of Arimanes. Manfred, though from the prediction of Astarte he knows that his death-hour is at hand, indignantly denies and contemns the claim and power of the fiend; who then calls upon a host of his fellows. But Manfred spurns, scorns, and defies them all. And at last, after fruitless endeavors to induce him to resign himself to them, *they disappear:* thus implying and confessing that they have no power upon him, and never had. Manfred then takes the hand of the Abbot, and expires; thus, by his last action, betraying a faint glimpse of hope in the midst of his despair. And here the drama closes.

When we think of the intense and absorbing sense of moral power which pervades and is the ruling principle of the drama— the highly poetical and imaginative bodying forth of the invisible

attributes and influences of the visible world as they affect the soul of man—the resplendent beauties of some of the descriptions of external nature—the deep pathos and the devouring passion, we can hardly find language sufficiently strong to express the awe and admiration we feel for the mind which could produce this and the other works of Lord Byron: for whatever is true of this, applies in a great degree to them; except, that here the passion is of a more imaginative character, and the views of the moral nature and destines of man are more exalted and ennobling; while in his other works there is more variety, vividness, and reality.

Certainly the reach of Lord Byron's imagination is limited; but within the range of those limits its power is absolute and entire. He seems to have as much imagination, in point of *quantity*—if the word may be used—as is usually allotted to a great poet; but he has chosen to condense it into a smaller compass than great poets have usually done; so that, perhaps, it has a more intense power, within its own sphere, than was ever possessed by any human being. But it must be confessed that, like the sun's rays collected by a magnifying lens, while his imagination illuminates, it is too apt to scorch and consume all that comes within the range of its influence.

Something like the foregoing may also be said of all Lord Byron's other poetical qualities and attributes — of his fancy, his sensibility, his knowledge both of human nature and of books, his taste, his judgment, and even his desire after fame and popularity. He possesses all these in an eminent degree: but they have all received a color or a bias from his personal character, and the habits of his early life before he became a poet. I mean that they have received this color and bias, in a degree that may be traced—or rather that cannot be concealed—through all their forms and operations. If this were not the case, it would be unnecessary, and perhaps unfair, to notice it at all; for it is evident that this must be true, to a certain extent, of the mental powers and qualities of all of us: and particularly of poets. But in no other poets are these effects apparent in anything like the same degree. In others they may be discovered; but in him they obtrude themselves, and cannot be overlooked.

Lord Byron's fancy is active as that of other poets; but if it sometimes ranges among flowers,—like the bee collecting sweets from them, or, like the butterfly, flutters its harlequin-colored wings in the sunshine,—its most cherished employment is, like the serpent, to convert the sweets of those very same flowers, and the vital warmth of that same sunshine, into deadly poison, and to vent it upon the bosom that gives it shelter. His sensibil-

ity has the same fatal facility in converting goodness and beauty into their opposites; or rather, in choosing to recognise and to appropriate only those opposites. In its wanderings through nature, if it cannot close its perceptions to the qualities of the rose and the violet, it passes them over, and settles upon the deadly night-shade. In its communion with humanity, if it sometimes suffers itself to be led *astray* into the bright regions of joy, its home is elsewhere. Its common breath is "a sigh which it would (not) stifle,"—its nourishment, its tears,—its music, groans and imprecations,—the temple of its worship, a dungeon,—and its chosen dwelling-place, a broken heart. And so it was with all the other poetical qualities of this extraordinary man. His whole genius, mighty as it was, seemed to have been totally perverted by the unhappy circumstances of his early life. From the brightness of her visage, the majesty of her port, the wings upon her shoulders, and the super-human power of her voice, we are at once convinced that his muse is an angel; yet still there is something pervading the whole of these attributes, which tells us with equal certainty that they belong to a *fallen* angel.

Comparisons are instituted for the sake of likeness or of unlikeness; both these causes render Cowper and Byron fit parallels. There are no two incomparable poets who may be so well compared together as these. Cowper was the first and the founder of a school, of which Byron was the last and the confounder. The first broke the fetters of formality and the swathings of exact cadence and rhythmus, and the last ran riot in a licentious excess of liberty. From the publication of "The Traveller," and "The Deserted Village," till the publication of "The Task," poetry was altogether a thing of words; the jingle of cadence had lulled passion to sleep. Dryden, Pope, and their followers had coined a vast mintage of poetical expression, so that any one with a moderate ear, or a tolerable memory, could write a very pretty poem—a poem bearing as much relation to poetry, as school-boy verses bear to the inspiration of Virgil and Horace. The writers of poems had no temptation to think or to feel—they found a veil of precomposed words cast over every object in the natural world, and over every emotion or feeling in the moral world. The sun, the moon, and the stars, fields, groves, rocks, rivers, seas, and mountains, were stuck all over with epithets, so that even a poet's eye could not see them in their naked beauty, and the poet's heart had not passion enough to shake off these dull, cold ornaments:—

> The poets had pawed the silver moon,
> Till they'd made it as dull as a pewter spoon.

Thus also was it with all the passions and emotions of the mind; they had their established language, which had been poetical when original, and the result of feeling, but which became prosaic and flat, when used by heartless imitators. Melody and commonplace had smothered poetry till Cowper felt, thought, and gave his feelings and thoughts to the world, with a passion and bold sincerity that broke up the icy smoothness of melodious and monotonous versification. That which Cowper began, Byron has completed. Before Cowper, there was none like unto him; since Byron, there has been none like unto *him*.

Cowper and Byron may be compared together for the similarity of their inspirations; they both wrote from their own feelings, and their personal history makes great part of the interest of their verse. Cowper's poems require for their elucidation a knowledge of him who wrote them; they receive a light of illustration and beauty from knowing the susceptibility of mind which gave them being. They are not composed of coldly artificial tears, or compacted with unfelt smiles, but there is a sweet sincerity in their sadness, and there is a real sunshine of heart in their gayer and lighter forms. He has given voice to some of the finest and kindest thoughts that belong to humanity, and has shown what sweetness may be wrung from fancy by the pressure of sorrow. In like manner, when "Childe Harold" burst upon the world, it was as the opening of a human bosom, the living anatomy of the human heart. It waited not for the coldness of commendation, but it commanded the sympathy of awakened feeling. It was impossible for a moment to separate the poem from the poet. The poet might call his work a work of fancy, but the world felt that it must have been a work of feeling—of vivid experience—of a passion that had power to analyze itself. The work increased in interest in proportion as the world gained knowledge of the identity of the poet and the subject, so that if "Childe Harold" was not Lord Byron, Lord Byron was Childe Harold, and that amounted to the same thing. The readers of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," of Milton's "Paradise Lost," of Pope's "Rape of the Lock," may enjoy these poems in all the fulness of their poetical beauty, without any knowledge or thought of the personal history of the writers. But they who read "Childe Harold" and "The Task" are interested in the living experience of the authors. The lives of Cowper and Byron are integral parts of their works, elucidating, illustrating, embellishing them; they are so inseparably joined together, that they cannot be contemplated apart—their lives are poetry—their poetry is life. Hence there is this resemblance also between these two

writers, that the readers of their works are not merely readers of poetry, but are, perforce, also students of mental philosophy, drawn, as it were, by an irresistible attraction of a living sympathy, to the study and analysis of human feelings.

Cowper and Byron may be compared together for their madness: and yet how dissimilar in this point of similarity. The madness of the one was religious—the madness of the other was irreligious. The one misapprehended God—the other misapprehended the world. The one thought himself forsaken of God, yet did all he could to please and honor that God by whom he imagined himself to have been forsaken. The other fancied that the world hated him, yet he did all that was in the power of his fine genius to gain the applause of that world, by which he supposed himself to be despised, and the good will of which he professed to hold in sovereign contempt. When Cowper thought it would be impiety in him to pray, there was the sincerest piety in that thought; and when Lord Byron, in Italy or Greece, spoke or wrote of himself as an exile from his native land, in thought and person too, he was at that very moment deriving his inspiration from England; the promptings of his muse from that very island. His hatred of England was but the wantonness of his love toward it. Could he in his heart despise clouds, and mists, and watery summers, who in his boyhood had roamed over the heaths of Scotland? He must have known that he was indebted to the clouds of his native clime for the poetical passion with which he could speak of the cloudless skies of Greece. Cowper's overflowing of religious feeling made him fancy himself to be an irreligious person. Byron's sympathy with humanity was so passionately strong that he imagined that he hated the species. When Byron wrote his epitaph on a Newfoundland dog, praising the canine at the expense of the human species, his very vituperation of humanity showed how well he loved his fellow-creatures; he loved them so well that he was angry with them for not being perfect. Hatred is a transient feeling; it either dies away in the cold oblivion of contempt, or turns round again to the passionate fondness of love. He who cherishes his hatred with much talk, shows that he wishes to love what he professes to hate.

Cowper and Byron may be compared together for the alternations of gayety and gravity in their works. The author of "Childe Harold" was the author of "Beppo;" and the author of "The Task" was the author of "John Gilpin." The prettiest flowers will sometimes grow upon the gloomiest precipices; and oftentimes from the lips of the greatest sufferers will fall pleasant sayings and lively turns of humor: tears and smiles may be as oppo-

site as light and darkness; but they alternate as surely as night and day. What is so wild as the laughter of childhood, and what so furious as its passionate tears? And poets are children—children from their warmth of feeling, from their openness of heart, from their lively susceptibility. To a child, the world is not a reality; it is a poem, a romance, a fairy tale—children are poets. That rigidity, which utilitarian folks call wisdom, which dries up the fountains of tears, and which monotonizes the features against the ripple of a smile, is the destruction of all poetry; for it is the destruction of all passion, substituting calculation for impulse, sneering at the folly of laughter, and despising the weakness of tears.

Cowper and Byron may be compared together for the power and fulness of their genius, breaking over the bonds of sectarianism, and becoming catholic in their acceptableness with the public. They are both read by multitudes, who admire not the rigidity of the one, or the laxity of the other. In their opinions they belonged to parties—in their genius they are independent of and superior to party. Cowper was a religious poet; but he is not exclusively the property of what is called the religious world. Byron was not a particularly religious poet; but the religious world is not indifferent to the charms of his muse. Byron had a hatred of fanaticism, and Cowper an abhorrence of impiety: yet, had the two men met, we may suppose it possible that Byron would have reverenced Cowper's religion, and that Cowper would have sympathized with Byron's warmth of feeling. Byron has not merely possessed himself of readers in the religious world, but he has conquered political party spirit. He treated royalty with no reverence; yet his readers and admirers are to be found in great abundance among Tories as among the other political segments of the British population; and as Cowper may be read and admired by many whom he satirizes, so is Byron by many of the party whom he treats with the bitterest contempt.

Cowper and Byron may be compared together for their complete poetical originality and independence. They did not write poetry merely because others had written before them. They wrote their own poetry, their own thoughts and feelings; they were not hawkers and pedlers of Brummagen epithets; they were not blowers of bubbles, or spouters of second-hand froth; they wrote as they would have written had nobody ever written before them. There is nothing in which it is so difficult to play the hypocrite as in poetry. If a man hath no heart, not all the art in the world can make it appear that he has. He may puff and blow, and swagger and swell; he may foam at the mouth, and

pull off his neck-cloth; he may assault Olympus with high words, or storm Parnassus with ranting epithets; he may talk of gloomy and moody, and scowling, and howling, and growling, and dashing and clashing, and raving and roaring; but it will not do. Words are the vehicle of poetry, and so is the President's carriage the vehicle of the President; but words are no more poetry than the President's carriage is the President. That Byron and Cowper may be compared as originals, is manifest from the total diversity of their style and manner of thought. What an immense difference between the gravity of Byron and the gravity of Cowper! and what an equally immense difference between their respective gayety! Compare "John Gilpin" to "Don Juan;" and Cowper seriously regretted that he had ever written anything so unserious as "John Gilpin;" but Lord Byron never regretted that he had written "Don Juan." In Byron's gravity what bitterness; in Cowper's gravity what sweetness! "The Task" and "Childe Harold" were both the moods of the authors' own minds, and yet what vastly different moods! Both wrote from the pressure of sorrow, and yet how different the characters of their respective sorrows! If they had preconcerted to interest the world by different means, and without one thought or sentiment in common, they could not have done it more effectually! How like,—and yet how unlike! So they are compared, because they are so different in their very likenesses. They have revealed much to the world, and have left works and characters so strongly contrasted, and yet so strangely coincident, as to open, as it were, a new volume in the history of the human mind. L. F. T.

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## THE STUDENT-LIFE OF GERMANY.*

The volume before us is a kind of natural history of the German student. In many other books, of a more or less recent date, we find descriptions of the singularities which characterize that peculiar variety of youths, written *en passant*, by the tourist, on his way from Rotterdam to Switzerland, or from Strasbourg to Berlin. But Mr. Howitt, the author of this volume, is the first writer who visited Germany with a view to study the customs and manners of the German student, and to publish the result of

* The Student-Life of Germany: by William Howitt, author of "The Rural Life of England," "Book of the Seasons," &c., from the unpublished MS. of Dr. Cornelius, containing nearly forty of the most famous Student Songs. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

his observations. A countryman of ours, it is true, has preceded him in publishing, under the title of "Morton's Hope," a kind of biographical novel, part of which represents the life of the hero at the University of Gottingen. In this work we see the student as he was some years ago, in a series of *tableaux parlants*, full of the liveliest interest, and perfectly true to nature. But the present is the first methodical descriptive work which, to our knowledge, was ever published on the subject, not only in the English, but in any language. To him who reads with a wish to get positive and credible information, we can recommend it; we might even recommend it to those who seek more for entertainment than instruction, if we were altogether satisfied that great part of the pleasure which we derived from its perusal is not to be ascribed to our own recollections.

The name of "German student" awakens in the minds of most readers a confused idea of duels, beer drinking, extravagant dresses, porcelain and meershaum pipes, fair hair hanging down the shoulders, and mustachios as dense and as long as possible. It is in connexion with such things that we find him usually pictured in books or described in conversation. Being known only by his follies and extravagances, he is considered as a kind of semi-barbarian, who obstinately preserves the gross manners of former times, amid all the changes daily taking place in civilized society. Nor is this opinion altogether unfounded; it cannot be denied that the manners which characterize the younger members of the German High Schools belong much more to the barbarous times of the Thirty-years War than to the fourth decennium of the nineteenth century. But are not also in the English universities to be found remnants of former times? A little attention will show that both Cambridge and Oxford have remained much more stationary since the Reformation, than Gottingen and Heidelberg, though the English student dresses like a gentleman, without aiming at singularity; though he neither fights regular duels, nor smokes pipes in the street, nor frequents beer-houses.

The difference between the German universities, and the English, of which our own are more or less close imitations, we can scarcely attempt to exhibit in a satisfactory manner in these pages. This might perhaps be summed up in the following words: In Germany the students enjoy an almost unrestrained liberty with regard to their conduct and studies. They may select among the numerous professors, or lecturers, those whom they prefer; they live in private houses according to their means and tastes, provided they attend each term two or three courses of lectures, on any subject of the faculty to which they belong;

no one inquires how they employ their time; provided they do not disturb the public order, no one interferes with their conduct, moral or religious. They do not acknowledge any authority but the academical laws; they act like men of full age; like citizens of a free country.

In England it is quite the contrary. Each student belongs to some one college, where he has to take a room, and where he is placed under the care of a tutor. He is treated like a minor, with regard to his studies as well as to his moral conduct. He dines at a given hour, in the common hall, goes to church when the bell rings, and must retire to his cell at certain hours.

At the first glance, few fathers, if they had to choose, would give a preference to the German universities. The dangers which they present are obvious. But an attentive consideration would soon change their opinion. The final result of the great freedom which the German student enjoys cannot but be a beneficial one. True, being left to himself with regard to his studies, as well as conduct, he may lose time and squander money. But, on the other hand, his character will not be debased, because, acting always in open daylight, he never loses his self-esteem. He has never to resort to secrecy, in indulging in his amusements. He sings in the streets, visits his beerknipe and public gardens at all hours of the day, smokes on his way from his chamber to the lecturing-room, and his pipe is lying by his inkhorn, on his desk, while he is taking notes or listening to the professor. His parents and the professors are acquainted with his conduct, the follies of which are known and winked at as necessary ebullitions of youth. And experience has indeed shown that the most wild and extravagant student, acting thus without restraint, very soon becomes weary of a noisy life, of the tyranny of those connexions to which he has to submit; and in most cases, his conduct of the second year will be as good, as it was agitated the preceding one.

Yet, it must seem that, being left entirely to his own guidance, he loses time, and on the day of his leaving the university, is but insufficiently prepared for the part which he has to play in the society of which he becomes a member. And so it would be, if a young man who is his own master at the age of twenty years, in a small city, where, after all, the most fearful dangers are unknown, were left to the influence of his bad inclinations. But is it not rather to be supposed that the better feelings, of which he brought a rich store with him from the parental house, will either prevent him from being misled, or lead him again into the right path if he happens to deviate from it? Does not the image of the sober approbation of his father, the love-smile of his mo-

ther, the wish to be worthy of a virtuous sister—do not these, and similar feelings, watch over him as guardian angels? And should not his heart prevent his being wrecked in the storms of the dangerous sea on which he is floating, his reason will warn him in time to resort to the life-boat before all hope is lost. He knows that his station in society, his success in life, depend entirely upon the knowledge he acquires at the university. He knows that no one will consult him as a physician, or as a lawyer, merely because he has spent three or four years at the university; he knows that before he can get any situation, he has to submit to the State examination.

But it is especially his preparation for the university which guards him against its dangers at the same time as it enables him to be benefited by the education he there receives. Before going to the university, he has been disciplined in the gymnasium, where he is as closely watched as he might be under the eye of his father. Here nothing is left to his own choice; his amusements as well as his studies are carefully regulated by his superiors. Here he goes through a long trial, in which his talents, his disposition for study, and his moral character show themselves every day: if they are not satisfactory, he will never reach the university. Before leaving the gymnasium, he has to pass a severe examination, which must decide the question of his admission or rejection. The wish to increase the number of pupils of the university, and its revenues, cannot have any influence on the decision of the examiners, because they personally can neither gain nor lose by it, being unconnected with the university. Is it then to be feared, that after having distinguished himself during eight years by his good conduct, his talents, and his industry, a young man should fall a victim to the liberty which he finds at the university? Accustomed to seek his greatest enjoyments in his studies, he will return to his books as soon as the diversions, the excitement of which threw him into a momentary giddiness, will have lost that novelty which is one of their greatest attractions. From that moment he becomes more and more studious, and before his three years are over, he has made up for the half year in which he sowed his wild oats; at any rate, his character remains one of frankness and uprightness, which is much more than could be said of institutions where the same liberty does not exist.

In England, for instance, it is well known that many of the vices which are openly exhibited by the German students are indulged in, in secret: which of the two systems is the most dangerous? Let us hear the author, who, being an Englishman, deserves some credit with reference to this question. We copy the following from page 10 of the preface.

"One thing, however, as an Englishman, I may say, and that is, that when reading of the beer and sword duels of these students, we must take into account what are the weapons and the perils in both cases; we are not to suppose, then, that their beer is anything like the London XXX, or their wine like sherry or port, three fourths brandy. No; they who know German wine, know that it is a very gentle and innocent, rather acidulous and rather cooling fluid, and that their beer is far more mighty of the hop than of the malt. It is a well-bittered and amiable table beer, which even Father Matthew might take as a healthy stomachic, and which one might rather expect, in Sam Weller's phrase, to make its swallower 'swell wisibly before our wery eyes' than grow riotous under its influence. When we add to this, that the sword duel is rather a trial of skill in fencing than any thing dangerous, and that a scratch across the cheek, or prick into a stuffed jerkin, is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the worst of its accidents—fears on the subject diminish at a rapid rate. . . . . Shall I advise them to imitate the students of Cambridge? Let any one read 'the Student-Life of Cambridge,' in a late number of the Westminster Review, and say whether that would be reasonable. . . . . Why Kneips* and the Hirschgasse† are heaven and innocence to them. Shall I advise them to quit their songs for the grossnesses sung by the wild portions of the students of Cambridge and Oxford? No. . . . It is here that the tables must be turned, and that we must call on the English to imitate the Germans, and not the Germans the English. If the English will drink, let them drink wine as cooling, and beer as thin and bitter, as the Germans; if they will fight duels, let them abandon bullets—that fly through a man and let the soul out after them—and be content with a scratched nose or a punctured padding. If they will sing over their wine, let them not sing the vile trash that is heard in the haunts of our students, but the spiritual effusions of such writers as Schiller, Goethe, Körner, Arndt, Claudius, Uhland, etc."

This language may surprise any one who has been during a few days a visiter at Cambridge or at Oxford, where he must have been pleased with the conduct of the *gownsmen*, as the students call themselves, whenever they appear in public. As noisy as are the streets of Heidelberg, or Berne, or Gottingen, as quiet are those of Cambridge and Oxford: but in the former places, one meets the student very often in his nightgown and slippers, while in the latter he is always covered with his academical gown and cap, or surplice: what the English student does at home, or wherever he does not expect to meet with one of the *dons*, remains a secret to the traveller.

Yet there is one danger to which the German student is exposed and often falls a victim. We mean the facilities which are afford-

* The houses where the students spend their evenings in smoking pipes and drinking beer.

† A house near Heidelberg, where all the regular sword duels are fought.

ed to him by his social life to form political connexions. Educated as he has been in the gymnasium, where the heroes of the republics of Greece and Rome are constantly upheld before his eyes, as the prototypes of men and citizens, he is filled with the love of liberty, and hatred of tyranny; animated by the wish to fight for the oppressed against the oppressor, and anxious to follow the example of those men, in the midst of whom he has lived, as it were, so many years, the incompatibility of liberty with the political state of his own country, he unfortunately overlooks. His whole life has been spent in a land of dreams; nor does he go out of it in passing from the gymnasium to the university. Here he finds, to a certain degree, that liberty which has become so dear to him. It gives him confidence and boldness. His constant gymnastic exercises and his duels, lead him to consider himself a kind of knight, intrusted by God with the sacred office of defending the feeble against the strong. He is always ready to draw, in a common cause, the sword which hitherto was only stained with the blood of his companions and friends. Let the national liberty be threatened by a foreign foe, he will volunteer his services and die in the defence of his country. As is so powerfully expressed in the song called "Landes Vater:"—

> "Life and living to thee giving,
> We are all prepared to bleed;
> Ready at each hour for dying,
> Death with all his wounds defying,
> If our father-land it need." (Page 301.)

Thus far there is no harm. But, unfortunately for him, these same noble feelings, which animate him against the enemy of his country, induce him also to espouse the general cause of liberty, and to sharpen his schläger against the government of his country. For this untimely love of liberty, many a noble hearted, hopeful youth has found his ruin at the university; for it, many are now suffering in the state prisons of their country, or are exiled into foreign climes.

But who would condemn the German universities for kindling and nourishing, even at that cost, the holy flame of patriotism, but the potentates of the small and large states of Germany? Perhaps we might wish that in the gymnasium, the conviction might be enforced upon the young man, that he ought merely to admire, but not to imitate the patriots of antiquity, and the Posas, Tells, Egmonts, and Goetzes of his favorite poets Schiller and Goethe.

Our present object does not allow us to dwell any longer on this subject, which we however consider as deserving the most

earnest attention of our fellow-citizens. Our fathers adopted, as far as feasible, and we still adopt, the English system of high schools: whether consistently with our own political constitution, so immensely different in its nature from the English, was perhaps never examined. In England, Cambridge and Oxford are most richly endowed; there is but one religion. How different in our own country, where all shades of Christian denominations are represented and entitled to equal rights, and all institutions are supported by private contributions. Whether the German system would not have been much more consistent with our republican institutions than one which is calculated to support a powerful aristocracy, is scarcely to be asked. In the German universities, there are usually upwards of fifty professors and teachers, out of whom a very few have any salary; the others depend entirely upon the fees which the students pay for their lectures. The principle which has proved most beneficial in its application, consists in paying high salaries, in attaching, at any price, some great celebrities to the institution. They form a nucleus around which other professors soon will crowd, as well as numerous scholars. The students as well as the professors live in private houses, each one according to his means. The lectures are given usually in rooms hired for that purpose by the professors. No building is necessary; no money wasted in *marble*, *granite*, or *bricks*. Not until very recently, universities which had existed for centuries inaugurated their university buildings; Halle and Gottingen, for instance.

The following extract from the "Student-Life" presents an excellent sketch of the plan to which German universities owe their actual organization.

"The great wheel of the mechanism of the German university is, next to the payment for the lectures, the division of the teachers into ordinary and extraordinary professors, and private teachers (privat docenten). Through the income appropriated by the government, the professor is not dependant on his hearers, and is not tempted to care more for his income than for science. The first duty of a professor is toward science, not toward the students. That is the principle of all genuine university professors; and in this exactly differs the university practically from the gymnasium. The state must secure a moderate income to the professor, independent of the number of his hearers; since a lecture which has only seven or eight attendants, may be of invaluable benefit to science; as, for instance, those on the higher analysis, or the higher philology. A great mathematician ought not, in order to acquire emolument merely, waste his time in teaching the inferior branches of his science. But, on the other hand, the state is not bound to give to every individual a scientific education gratuitously, and to its own ruin; and it would be unjust to extract money from the pockets of all citizens for the benefit of only a very small

number. A suitable and secure income, which furnishes a professor with what is necessary and with leisure, and paid lectures, which in proportion to his success shall better his condition—these, in this respect, constitute the true means: since a professor should never forget the higher interests of science, nor in the brilliant lustre of a transcendent genius content himself with only a certain degree of success, and only a moderate number of hearers. There is also this advantage to be added, that the students frequent with more zeal and perseverance the lectures for which they pay.

"The three degrees of teachers at the high schools of Germany are in the happiest manner divided from each other, and yet bound together. The foundation, the root of the professorship, the inexhaustible and everspringing nursery of the German university, are the young doctors, to whom it is allowed, under certain conditions, and with the permission of the faculties, to deliver public lectures. Every able young man may thus arrive at the higher offices of teaching, but none without raising, at least, good expectations. He is tried, but without entering into any actual engagement with him; without anything being promised to him, or given him. If he does not, by correspondent results, realize the hopes which have been entertained of him; if he fails to attract hearers and to do honor to the faculty which admitted him, it is seen that a vain anticipation has been attached to him, and he is not raised to the rank of extraordinary professor. He himself, after some years, withdraws himself from the hopeless pursuit, which brings him few hearers and little profit, and betakes himself to some other career. On the contrary, if he fulfil the hopes raised by him; if he gather numerous hearers, and write works which excite attention; he is then declared extraordinary professor, a title which is irrevocable, and which gives him a small fixed salary, which, with the income derived from his hearers, encourages him and supports him in his career. If he maintain this happy progress, if he prove himself an able man, the state, in order to retain him, increases by degrees his income, and finally names him ordinary professor."

The remark in this passage, that the professors at the university are supported by the state for the sake of service, while those at the gymnasium for the sake of the students, is perfectly just, and deserves particular attention: because of the former it is expected that they should distinguish themselves by scientific contributions, while the latter must devote themselves exclusively to the education and instruction of the boys put under their care. The gymnasium is the institution for the general education of all young men, of all ranks, and of all professions; the end of the university is to give that special instruction which the learned professions require, and to form men of science. In the gymnasium all students receive the same instruction, in Latin, Greek, French, mathematics, geography, history, and religion, and natural sciences—whatever may be their ultimate destination. At the university they select the faculty they choose; whether they propose to become public officers, agriculturists, physicians,

lawyers, professors, or theologians. The gymnasium gives in a high degree what is called a classical education. The university gives to each one his special education, preparatory to his practical life in society. Nor is there at the university any one to continue his general improvement. Hereditary princes themselves study the political sciences as the most useful to them; land-owners law, and agricultural economy, and so on; but the number of young men who visit the university is but small compared to those who are educated at the gymnasia: a single institution of the former class is sufficient for several of the latter; of which one is usually to be found in each city of moderate size. Smaller cities have what is called progymnasia, which correspond exactly to the four first years of the gymnasia. In this manner it becomes easy to all classes to send their children to school without heavy expenses.

We copy the following passage, as one which shows one of the distinctive characters of German universities.

"In order to make support at the university easy to those without property, many regulations are established. To those who can bring certificates of inability to pay, the lecture fees are remitted. Besides this, in the different universities exist endowments, derived in part from an ancient period, for such as cannot support the cost of a university life. Many universities are rich in such endowments, or stipends. It is a popular joke, that any student who arrives at Greifswald, well known as the smallest Prussian university, is asked at the gates whether he will accept a stipend; and if he declines, they hesitate to admit him; since, unless students enough will come and take them, the university does not know what to do with the endowments."

The university he alludes to divides annually among the poor students 4600 Prussian dollars: the whole number of students at the university oscillated at about two hundred. In this respect there is again a great difference between the English colleges and the German universities. While in the latter all endowments are for the benefit of poor young men, of studious habits and irreproachable conduct, in the former they are bestowed upon masters of arts and fellows. Which of the two institutions makes the best use of its money, we shall not attempt to decide. If much has been objected to the idle life which many of the fellows lead at the English universities, not less just reproaches have been made to the German institutions for the facilities which are afforded to poor young men to elevate themselves into a class of society, in which their poverty renders them very often most unhappy. We refer our readers to another passage.

"Free is the Bursch,"

Exclaims a beautiful student song. And true is the cry; or tell me who is freer than he? Where see we the idea of freedom so beautifully real-

ized as in the German student-life? He who has learned to know this life, may even doubt the truth of that otherwise true expression of Schiller's:—

"Freedom is only in the realm of dreams."

We say, on the contrary, that we doubt whether the student who has most indulged in the liberty which reigns at the university, has not many a time repeated the preceding line with the same conviction which dictated it to its immortal author. The following is perhaps more true:—

"Nor let any one, especially a foreigner, imagine that he may claim distinction on account of his wealth, or his high birth; or that he may expect from his university acquaintance particular homage on that account; thereby would he particularly expose himself to ridicule and annoyances. Nobility holds in Germany no longer such absurd estimation; few Germans seek a man's acquaintance exclusively on account of its possession, and those few are despised."

This remark is quite natural for an Englishman. In the universities of his country, the students are divided into three classes, according to their wealth and birth: viz., commoners, gentlemen commoners, and noblemen—distinguished by the gowns they wear in public, by their tables in the hall, and even by their seats in church. It is revolting for an American, unacquainted with privileges, to see those distinctions, which money or rank procures, and which the proud and free Englishman witnesses and tolerates.

We have confined ourselves especially to the most serious parts of the volume of Mr. Howitt, though the author treats them rather more superficially than the amusements of the students, as is sufficiently indicated by the title. We must send to the book itself, those of our readers who would wish to become acquainted with the student's social life, or to "Morton's Hope," of which we have spoken at the beginning of these pages. We shall now add a few remarks about the songs of the university.

Of all books, the German student values most his book of songs, until he knows its contents by heart. In this collection there are specimens of all shades, from the most solemn to the most frivolous, appropriated to all possible circumstances of the singer's life, and of course a majority about drinking and smoking. Mr. Howitt's book contains about forty of the most famous. There is this to be said in favor of the translations, that the original measure is preserved in all of them. This is a great recommendation for the English edition, which contains the melodies and the German text; but ceases to be so in the American edition, which does not give the music of the songs. The American publisher is to be blamed for this, because the translations were evidently made to be sung, and not destined to be read.

# SKETCHES OF CHARACTERS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

## No. V,—THE CHATELAINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," &C.

THE knight's new follower failed not to make his promise good, knowing, as it was evident he did, even before the sun set, every foot of the country through which their route lay to the Chateau de Verneuil; but when the daylight had quite faded from the face of the world, and the last faint reflection of the vanished rays had ceased to tinge the fleecy night-clouds, it became more and more apparent how perfectly he was acquainted with every turn and winding of the devious roads, which traversed those wild tracts of moor, morass, and forest; for he never paused, nor doubted, at the *carrefours*, or intersections of some six or eight long avenues, cut through the wide expanse of underwood, with here and there a giant tree which for the most part covered that part of the country; but led the way at a sharp steady trot, wheeling his horse to this hand or to that, with the decided confidence of a man acquainted thoroughly with his direction, and with the nature of the ground. More than one large strong brook, and several rivulets, crossed their path; offering, in one or two cases, considerable obstacles to their proceeding; but Giles Ivernois never hesitated even for a moment, but either leaped them boldly, or plunged into their well-known fords undaunted. At about nine o'clock of the evening they halted at a small wayside tavern embosomed in the deep woodlands, and built, as it would seem, for the convenience of belated hunters, in honor of whom it rejoiced in the name and effigy of "the Bald-faced Stag." This solitary house, or hovel rather, for although neat and even picturesque in appearance, it was in size but a very cottage, the last on this side the hamlet of Verneuil, as the man-at-arms informed his lord, was situated something more than seven leagues from Brussels, and not above eight miles at farthest from the small castle toward which they were speeding.

"The road is good henceforward, Beau Sire," replied the trooper, in answer to a question from the baron — "better than any we have seen yet, this side Brussels; the country hereabout lies over limestone; and for the most part it is under tillage; our horses fresh and fleet, we may right easily be there within the hour."

"Dismount, then, all," cried Hugues, "for we shall need each spark of fire that we can keep alight in their keen spirits. Ermold, see that ye get a stoup or two of red wine, and bathe

their pastern joints and fetlocks. Have me some dozen slices of raw beef, or venison better — if there be any in the house — cut thin, and wrap in each slice of meat one of the cordial balls of choice medicaments I bade you bring from Tankerville. Give one to every *destrier*, see them rubbed clean and warm, then feed them with bread steeped in red wine, and they shall be in spirits for the road, or e'er an hour be flown — and livelier, I warrant them, than when we rode forth from the city gates."

The young esquire responded by a bow only, but Giles Ivernois, the elder man-at-arms, made answer, relying on his skill in horseflesh. "Under your favor, my good lord, a clove of garlic pounded with a handful of ginger were added well to the red wine. I would, though, we had here some of that English drink they call brown beer, or ale; bread steeped in that is the most hearty food, and sovereign'st thing for jaded steeds I ever saw or heard of; — they brew it out of barley, Beau Sire!"

"Ha! and what knowest thou, good fellow, of England or of English liquors?" asked the knight, laughing at the trooper's freedom.

"So please you, I heard tell of it the first, from an old equerry, who rode erewhile with Richard of the Lion Heart. I met with him in Guienne, many a winter since. He called himself a Yorkshireman, though; — where Yorkshire lies I know not, were I to hang for it; but I *do* know, he was the cunningest and skilfullest with horses of any man I ever did consort with. He had store of wise saws, and wondrous remedies, and some of them I have remembered ever since; this being one of them, I proved it once in the black forest, when I was chased three days, with thirty lances, by the bad lord of Hohen-Zollern. They brew beer there, right potent, Beau Sire — and Heaven be blessed for it, and the three holy kings of Cologne! I laid it to the ale, and the old Yorkshire equerry, that I escaped them; for I fed my good beast at every halting-place with rye bread soaked in that black beer; and, may I never drain a flagon any more, if he became not so fond of it, that he would drink a stoup *oopseyes*, like a stanch toper!"

"I doubt it not, I doubt it not at all," replied de Coucy; "but as we shall find neither English ale, nor yet black German beer, here in the forest, we must make red wine do for it; and hark ye, Giles and Francon, though the beer suit the horses better, I doubt not but the men will find the grape-juice full as pleasant."

"Never fear, good my lord," returned the soldier; "never fear; we will do all your biddings to the utmost; and be in time to garrison the chateau, and save the bright young ladye, and beat

the villain routiers!" and with the words, he followed his companions to the stable, whither they had already led the horses; while Hugues, who for the last three days had tasted little rest, entered the inn to seek such brief refreshment as mine host of the Bald-faced Stag might offer. Short, however, was the period which he devoted to repose; for ere an hour had passed, he and his men were in their saddles and in rapid motion, with their good horses not recruited only, but fuller, as the knight had augured, of spirit and high fire, than when they had started on their journey some six hours before; during which time they had carried each a tall and powerful cavalier sheathed in so ponderous armor, that he weighed thirty stone at the least reckoning.

The moon had risen, too, during their halt; and the roads proving, as Giles had predicted, firm and in good condition, they rattled on at a brisk pace, keeping their steeds, however, hard in hand, with all their harness jingling merrily, and their bright weapons flashing like diamonds in the misty moonlight. A quarter of an hour brought them into the open country, widely extended in rich plains, dotted with clusters of lofty forest-trees, and bordered by soft sloping hills feathered with hanging woods and many a waving coppice. No villages were visible, however, in the glimmering light, nor did the summit of a single steeple glitter out from the tufted tree-tops; a few poor huts, dwellings of the degraded, wretched serfs, who tilled, hereditary bondsmen, the vast demesnes of their proud feudal lords, tending rich herds the flesh of which was never to be tasted by their famished children, and pressing the rich grapes never to glad their hearts with their joy-giving vintage; a few poor huts they passed, surrounded with styes in long ranges, or, in some instances, with large folds, for the swine or sheep, which their inhabitants were forced to guard at peril of their lives; but not another sign of human life did they encounter. Suddenly, after they had ridden between six and seven miles, and were just entering again a tract of forest land, the deep loud clang of a heavy bell came booming on the night wind, pealing from some unseen clocktower the last hour before midnight.

"There! there! Beau Sire, we are in time; that is the *banecloche* of the chateau; when we shall pass the second turn, we shall be in the hamlet!"

"Ha!" cried the baron; "on! then, on! we have no time to lose, for all it is not midnight."

The road swept down a little sandy pitch, at the foot of which ran a clear brawling trout-stream, wheeled short to the left hand, and having crossed the stream by a steep one-arched bridge of

brick, scaled the ascent on the opposite side, and winding abruptly to the right—the dark evergreen pine-trees, which clothed the banks of the gulley, scattering off diverse—burst out into the little plain, whereon were clustered, round a small rustic chapel, some twenty tidy-looking cottages with cultivated stripes of garden ground before the doors, and several orchards interspersed with apple-trees, and a few vines trained upon latticed screens; the whole presenting a calm and gentle picture of peaceful and domestic comfort. Scarcely a bowshot beyond these, its base and outer wall concealed from the road by the close foliage of the still verdant orchards, rose the gray weather-beaten tower of the keep, a tall square building, with a steep flagged roof, and projecting battlement, having a circular bartizan at every angle, with a high flag-staff rising from the ridge of the main dongeon. A loud vociferous barking was set up by a dozen deep-mouthed mastiffs as the little band of de Coucy rode clanging and clattering round the hamlet, and many a male and female head were thrust out of the latticed casements to note the character of the intruders, and were as speedily withdrawn, reassured by the appearance of the baron, clad in his splendid surcoat. Within five minutes they had cleared the village and its scattered shrubbery, and stood before the barbican of the chateau, in full view of its slight defences. It was indeed a place of but little strength, as Giles Ivernois had stated; yet the knight readily perceived that his new man-at-arms had somewhat underrated its capabilities of defence; for the moat was not only broad, but very deep, hewn out of the solid limestone rock, which lay beneath the soil at a few inches' depth, and the external wall, though not high, was very strong, and built so close upon the verge of the fosse, that it was quite impossible to effect a lodgment at its base. The corps de logis was, moreover, evidently framed with a view to stout defence, being built in a hollow square, with all the windows looking inward, crenelled and looped on the exterior for shot of arbalast and long-bow, with the tall dongeon-keep in the centre of the square, a citadel and last strong-hold, commanding all the outworks. So absolute, it would seem, was the security of the inmates, that no sentinel kept watch upon the barbican, no warder on the massy-more; nor that alone! for all the clanging sounds of the plate armor, and the thick trampling of the destriers, and all the baying of the watchdogs had failed to rouse one sleeper of the castle's guard.

After he had sat something longer than a minute, silently overlooking the defences of the place, the knight of Tankerville lifted his bugle to his lips, and wound a long keen challenge, which, to

ears practised in the science of *mots* and *enséanzies* of ancient houses, would have conveyed the information that the head of the bold de Coucies demanded entrance at the gates. Once, twice, however, nay, three times was that keen call repeated, ere it found any ears to mark it; and when, at length, the tardy warder did deign arouse him from his slumbers, he also blew a challenge, so heedless was he, or so ignorant of his accustomed duties. Before, however, the shrill flourish of his trumpets had ceased to wake the slumbering echoes, de Coucy shouted loudly, "Ho! warder, up portcullis! unbar your gates, and down with your *pont levis!*—Open to a good friend and loyal,—'tis I—I, Hugues de Coucy!"

"I dare not for my life, Beau Sire; nor could I if I dared—The keys are with the Chatelaine!"

"Then wake her, sirrah, and that speedily. Tell her the knight of Tankerville beseeches, of her courtesy, that she will presently admit him, with but three comrades, for reasons he will show hereafter!"

"'Twere of no use, Beau Sire," returned the warder; "the Sieur de Floris is abroad, and our fair ladye bideth since in strict seclusion."

"Dally not, slave, with me," shouted de Coucy, shaking his fist angrily at the man, who now showed himself half armed upon the esplanade above the barbican—"Dally not, slave, with me; but do my bidding! else, by the Lord that liveth, I will break in perforce, and hang thee from the pinnacle to feed the ravens of Verneuil."

What reply would have come from the warder cannot be known; for ere he could reply, the blaze of several torches was visible upon the ramparts, and in a few moments Hugues might clearly see upon the gate-house, over against the barbican, a female figure, wrapped in a hooded mantle, furred deeply with rich ermine, with several armed attendants, and an old gray-haired seneschal beside her.

Low bowed Hugues de Coucy, till the plumes of his waving crest were mingled in strange contrast with the long thin mane of his coal-black charger; and when he raised himself from that deep obeisance, he spoke with a voice rich, and clear, and manly, yet soft the while, and soothing as the tones of the southern lute.

"I pray you," he said, "beautiful and gentle ladye, I pray you, of your courtesy and charity, open your gates to me; who, for so gentle deed, will ever rest your debtor, Hugues de Coucy, baron and count of Tankerville."

"Sorry am I, Sir Knight," replied the ladye, "sorry am I, and very loath to answer, but my good lord of Floris hath ridden these

four months past abroad, and I have bound me by a vow that no strange knight, nor man-at-arms, nor even priest nor friar, shall tarry after sunset beneath my castle-roof till he return from peril. Pardon me, therefore, gentle knight—pardon me in that I seem discourteous, and deem, I pray you, my vow churlish, and not me!"

"Ladye," replied the Coucy, "ladye, I do beseech you, ope to me, and by my faith, my knighthood, and mine honor, thou shalt in naught infringe the strictness of thine honorable vow. I ask not to set foot within thine hall—not to break bread or drain cup at thy board. I ask but leave to pass your outer gates, to plant my pennon on your outer wall, to aid with my good sword, and such poor skill as I may boast, in the defence of this your castle against the villain routiers of that accursed ruffian Talebardin, who will be at your gates with sixty spears, long before daybreak. God and the Virgin aid us, and blessed St. Paul of Tankerville, we will beat off the dogs who else will be too strong for you, and the adventure done, we will ride forth again, asking no guerdon, e'en of thanks—no benison, nor reward, save of our own good thoughts. Refuse me this poor boon, and ladye, hear me swear—I, Hugues de Coucy, Baron of Flanders, Count of France, Knight of the Empire—swear by my ladye love, and by patron saint, and by the bones and soul of my dead father—that if I may not on this field preserve your life and honor, I will at least die for them; that if I may not win for Tankerville and Verneuil, I will at least fall without stain, and draw my last breath under shield, nobly and in a noble cause, fearless of naught on earth, and confident of heaven!"

"Good knight—good knight," exclaimed the lady, "good knight and noble, if ever was one yet—ride in! ride in! and welcome; I do repose me on your honor; I do confide me to your valor; I do trust fearlessly to your strong arm—for his arm must of need be strong, whose spirit is so high and holy. Let fall the gates there, knaves—lower the bridge, raise the portcullis grate! room for the Count of Tankerville!" And with the words, she left her stand upon the ramparts, and came down hastily to meet the renowned and mighty champion, whose fame was rife through all the bounds of Christendom.

Meantime the heavy grate of the barbican was raised, and the wide leaves of the gate flung open, and Hugues rode in, bowing his lofty crest beneath the pointed arch, followed by his stout men-at-arms, and his young spirited esquire. The moment he had entered the dark vault, the stately warrior leaped to the ground, and turning short to one of the men who had admitted him, and

who had of course heard all the previous parley, "We have no time at all to lose," he said, "good fellow, so run down thou, and summon all the serfs of the hamlet, and all the free men, if there be any in the place, bound to man-service; bid them make haste, if they would live and prosper, for Talebardin and his routiers will be upon them ere an hour. And ye have room enough within, I trow—get all the women in and children, these dogs spare neither age nor sex! Haste thee, good fellow, for I will bear thee out with thy good ladye. Ermold, take thou my rein—dismount not, Ivernois, nor thou, good Francon, I shall have need of ye anon, for we will charge on their advance with a good sally! So, so!—here comes the Chatelaine!" And, as he spoke the words, he lowered the beaver of his plumed helmet, but keeping the avantaille still lowered, so that, although his mouth and all the lower part of his countenance was uncovered, his eyes and brow were still concealed; so that a person who knew him only by sight, without being acquainted with his style or title, would have had some difficulty in recognising him, and advanced to meet the lady Chatelaine, who was now standing in the arched gateway, on the inner side of the moat, surrounded by some six or eight men-at-arms, with the old seneschal before mentioned, and a single hand-maid at her elbow. She was a delicate and slender girl, with nothing matronly either of air or figure, not certainly above eighteen, and of rare beauty, as might easily be seen; for her furred hood had fallen back, and left the whole of her fair face, and all her classically moulded head, exposed to the full glare of the torches, which lent a warmer tinge than common to those pale eloquent features. Hers was the beauty, which, though not so generally appreciated, must be pronounced far higher in the scale of loveliness, than mere voluptuous charms. Beauty it was, indeed, of the first intellectual order—the high pale forehead, from which the dark brown curls fell off in shadowy masses—the slight expressive curve of the black eyebrows; the long cut eye of deep clear gray, radiant and pure as a transparent spring, yet calm and self-restrained—the classic, almost stern profile, contrasted with the sweet arch of the rosy lips—the bright translucent paleness of the skin—all, all were perfect—perfect in their unsensual tranquil beauty; while the expression of the whole was full of eloquence, of mind, of music. She was a being whom, perhaps, ninety-nine men out of every hundred would have passed by unheeded, as cold and passionless as a fair statue, rich in proportions, rare in grace, but senseless and inanimate—whom *he*, the hundredth—would *not* have loved, but adored, idolized! as a thing almost too pure, too spiritual, for any earthly worship. And so she had been worshipped!

and had returned that worship with the young, trusting, innocent, devoted love of a free virgin heart! She had been wooed, and won, and plighted—and then ill days and evil tongues had come between—and the frail thread of true-love had been broken—broken, alas! to reunite no more.

Two years had intervened; and they who parted then, heart-broken lovers, met for the first time now. She, the sad spirit-broken bride of an unworthy spouse. He, the young unknown knight of those past days, revealed as by enchantment, noble, and chief, and champion. It boots not to search back into their early fortunes—it now were profitless alike, and tedious. Enough, they stood together. He knew her as of old; and worshipped, as he did then; and pitied, as he then did not. For he well knew the cruel arts by which her late consent had been wrung from her, to that most ill-assorted wedlock—he knew her spirit true to himself alone, when all beside was given to another. Yet did he know her pure and innocent of soul, as in her earliest maidenhood—a too true wife to a stern, faithless lord. Therefore, concealed, he stood before her, and quelled his passions like a hero as he was, resolved to add no sorrow to her sufferings by revelation of the identity, all unsuspected and undreamed, of her young nameless wooer with the renowned and far-famed baron, who thus had ridden to her rescue—And she received him as a stranger; yet as a stranger known so well by the loud bruit of his great deeds, that he was scarce less than an intimate, even before he had approved himself a friend, by this his gallant aid. She prayed him raise his avantaille, and enter her court-yard, and begged him once more to excuse her vow, which must prohibit his admission to the hall. "Meanwhile," she added, "my vassals are even now preparing, with earnest speed, such a pavilion as may suffice to shield a champion so famed for hardihood of mood as the great Hugues de Coucy—and there, good knight and gentle, there may I tender you the kiss of honorable welcome, the rights of courteous hospitality!"

"I too, dear lady"—answered the Coucy—"I too must plead a vow; and pray your pardon also, for the semblance of discourtesy. When first I learned by chance the purpose of this dog banditti, I registered an oath in heaven, never to raise my vizor, nor to unbelt my weapon from my side, until the slaves were scattered to the four winds of heaven, and you, dear lady of Verneuil, were scatheless, even from fear. For the rest, I beseech you, waste no time in rearing gay pavilions; but let each man-at-arms, and groom, and varlet of your household do on his harness for defence—let them fetch arbalasts and quarrels, long bows

and sheaves of arrows, to the wall—and let them bend that great mangonel I see upon the ballium, and suit it with a fitting stone. Your seneschal,—if you permit me to take the ordering of the day,—should take post in the keep, and when the villains show front clear of the forest, ring the *ban cloche* in one continuous peal, and ply them from the battlements with hail of flight-shot, arrow, and bolt, and bullet. There must you be too, ladye, with every woman of your household, and such serfs of the hamlet as you may best rely on—nay, I insist on't, and will lead you thither." And, with the words, he led the Chatelaine to the door of the keep, and as the villagers came in, he picked a dozen of the stoutest vassals, and placing them under the guidance of the seneschal, commanded him—as he regarded his young ladye's life and honor—to bar the gate of the dongeon on the inner side, and open it no more, save at his bidding, or till the Routiers should be driven from the walls, and utterly cut down. This done, at length, for Gabrielle, convinced after much instance, ceased to remonstrate, Hugues took command of all the out-works; and having placed his little band—(little indeed!—since he found in the place only six men-at-arms, and five stout serving-men, to whom were added eight or ten half-armed vassals from the village)—on all the points of vantage, he joined his own men in the barbican, resolved to charge once with the lance, before he should be shut up within walls of stone; and sat there motionless on his tall war-horse, until the stars paled in the azure heavens, awaiting the approach of those fell desperadoes.

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## LINES TO A FAMOUS BELLE.

I'M not in love with you, you bright young creature—
  No, no, I'm not in love—though all the world,
Watching my gaze fixed on each beaming feature
  Of your sweet face, till thought and feeling whirled
In a wild dance of dear delight, of late
Have said I am—the world's mistaken, K——!

I'm not in love with you—though I confess,
  You little mischief, you're the loveliest thing
That ever yet my raptured sight did bless,
  And beautiful as the imagining
Of poet's heav'nliest dream, of the Ideal
Of his own soul, incarnate made and real.

And that sweet voice's joyous melody,
  Whose music still on my charmed ear is ringing,
As though it caught, borne faintly from on high,
  Some wandering echo of a seraph's singing!
And the sweet lips it comes from — I declare
I doubt if any seraph 's such a pair!

And then their smile — ah, that delicious smile,
  The sunny radiance of your young heart's gladness!
I'd like to know how many you beguile,
  Per annum, with its witchery to madness.
Ten? — fifty? — or perhaps the number higher is;
I'm fond of these statistical inquiries.

Ah me! the time hath been when glimpse of such
  As you, fair girl, had thrilled my inmost heart;
And e'en your passing garment's lightest touch
  Had bid each pulse in trembling passion start
Like the spurred steed. I'm not now such a ——,
Dear K——, and we shake hands quite calm and cool.

I've known a little of the world since then;
  I've loved a little — and I've flirted more;
And mingling somewhat not alone with *men*,
  Have learned some things I dreamed not of before;
Besides, too, like our blood, as we grow older,
Fancy and heart grow *pari passu* colder.

And many a passion, too, and grief, and thought,
  I would not syllable to your young ears,
Have changed me not a little, K——, and brought
  An age of heart that half belies my years —
Alas, alas, for that bright buried youth
Of love, and joy, and innocence, and truth!

And now, as some still lake, all motionless,
  An angel's hovering shadow yet may glass,
So does the image of your loveliness
  Across the mirror of my spirit pass;
All light, all grace, all beauty, floats the one,
Dark though and cold the wave it shines upon.

But pshaw! — forgive me, dearest K——, (the verse
  Commands the bold superlative!) — all this
Befits not you to hear, nor me rehearse,
  So let it pass as a parenthesis;
And to return to what I just was saying,
If I have played the lover, 'twas but playing.

That dear, old-fashioned, but delightful game,
  Flirtation! which your worthy mother Madam
Eve, as tradition gives her maiden name,
  In Eden taught her willing pupil Adam,
Before they "settled down," in humdrum life,
A henpecked husband, and a wilful wife.

Nay, do not look so scornful, dear!—you know
  I love to see that lip thus proudly curled,
With those sweet curves, more like to Cupid's bow,
  Than any other lip in this wide world,—
Your frown is beautiful a little while,
But on the whole you look best in the smile.

And so, though I'm determined not to be
  The thousandth suppliant at your beauty's throne,
Nor kneel my high and grave philosophy
  To rest that pretty little foot upon,
Yet, what will wear much better in the end,
If not your lover, K——, I'll be your Friend.

I look upon you, as we look on flowers,
  Rainbows, and clouds flushed by the sinking sun,
And all such bright things in this world of ours;
  Which after all 's a very decent one—
And while *you* 're in it, though men do abuse it,
Above all other worlds who wouldn't choose it!

These things of beauty are the smiles of God,
  Like rays of starlight through the night-clouds, given
To cheer and guide the wild and weary road
  That bears our faint steps trembling up to heaven;
Of those pure rays as one shines oft the whitest,
So of those smiles of God, thou art the brightest.

And now, dear K——, farewell—you see my paper
  Will hold no more; upon my word, I hate
To stop, but the dim flickering of my taper
  Warns me the hour is getting rather late;
And though it's hard to quit so sweet a theme,
I dare say I'll resume it in my dream.

Farewell, and may you ever be as now,
  Blessing and bless'd, in that pure guilelessness—
And the bright sky now o'er you never know
  One cloud the more—your path one flower the less!
For amidst all, that pathway that may strew,
There is not another half so sweet as you!

# THE LAST OF THE SACRED ARMY.

BY WALTER WHITMAN.

The memory of the Warriors of our Freedom! — let us guard it with a holy care. Let the mighty pulse which throbs responsive in a nation's heart at utterance of that nation's names of glory, never lie languid when their deeds are told or their example cited. To him of the Calm Gray Eye, selected by the Leader of the Ranks of Heaven as the instrument for a people's redemption; — to him, the bright and brave, who fell in the attack at Breed's; — to him, the nimble-footed soldier of the swamps of Santee; — to the young stranger from the luxuries of his native France; — to all who fought in that long weary fight for disenthralment from arbitrary rule — may our star fade, and our good angel smile upon us no more, if we fail to chamber them in our hearts, or forget the method of their dear-won honor!

For the fame of these is not as the fame of common heroes. The mere gaining of battles — the chasing away of an opposing force — wielding the great energies of bodies of military — rising proudly amid the smoke and din of the fight — and marching the haughty march of a conqueror, — all this, spirit-stirring as it may be to the world, would fail to command the applause of the just and discriminating. But such is not the base whereon American warriors found their title to renown. *Our* storied names are those of the Soldiers of Liberty; hardy souls, incased in hardy bodies — untainted with the effeminacy of voluptuous cities, patient, enduring much for principle's sake, and wending on through blood, disease, destitution, and prospects of gloom, to attain the Great Treasure.

Years have passed; the sword-clash and the thundering of the guns have died away; and all personal knowledge of those events — of the fierce incentives to hate, and the wounds, and scorn, and the curses from the injured, and the wailings from the prisons — lives now but in the memory of a few score gray-haired men; whose number is, season after season, made thinner and thinner by death. Haply, long, long will be the period ere our beloved country shall witness the presence of such or similar scenes again. Haply, too, the time is arriving when War, with all its train of sanguinary horrors, will be a discarded custom among the nations of earth. A newer and better philosophy — teaching how evil it is to hew down and slay ranks of fellow-men, because of some disagreement between their respective rulers — is melt-

ing away old prejudices upon this subject, as warmth in spring melts the frigid ground.

The lover of his race — did he not, looking abroad in the world, see millions whose swelling hearts are all crushed into the dust beneath the iron heel of oppression; did he not behold how kingcraft and priestcraft stalk abroad over fair portions of the globe, and forge the chain, and rivet the yoke; and did he not feel that it were better to live in one flaming atmosphere of carnage than slavishly thus — would offer up nightly prayers that this new philosophy might prevail to the utmost, and the reign of peace never more be disturbed among mankind.

On one of the anniversaries of our national independence, I was staying at the house of an old farmer, about a mile from a thriving country town, whose inhabitants were keeping up the spirit of the occasion with great fervor. The old man himself was a thumping patriot. Early in the morning, my slumbers had been broken by the sharp crack of his ancient musket, (I looked upon that musket with reverence, for it had seen service in *the* war,) firing salutes in honor of the day. I am free to confess, my military propensities were far from strong enough (appropriate as they might have been considered at such a time) to suppress certain peevish exclamations toward the disturber of my sweet repose. In the course of the forenoon, I attended the ceremonials observed in the village; sat, during the usual patriotic address, on the same bench with a time-worn veteran that had fought in the contest now commemorated; witnessed the evolutions of the uniform company; and returned home with a most excellent appetite for my dinner.

The afternoon was warm and drowsy. I ensconced myself in my easy-chair, near an open window; feeling in that most blissful state of semi-somnolency, which it is now and then, though rarely, given to mortals to enjoy. I was alone, the family of my host having gone on some visit to a neighbor. The bees hummed in the garden, and among the flowers that clustered over the window frame; a sleepy influence seemed to imbue everything around; occasionally the faint sound of some random gun-fire from the village would float along, or the just perceptible music of the band, or the tra-a-a-ra of a locust. But these were far from being jars to the quiet spirit I have mentioned.

Insensibly, my consciousness became less and less distinct; my head leaned back; my eyes closed; and my senses relaxed from their waking vigilance. I slept.

* * * How strange a chaos is sometimes the outset to a dream!—There was the pulpit of the rude church, the scene of

the oration—and in it a grotesque form whom I had noticed as the drummer in the band, beating away as though calling scattered forces to the rescue. Then the speaker of the day pitched coppers with some unshorn hostler boys; and the grave personage who had opened the services with prayer, was half stripped and running a foot-race with a tavern loafer. The places and the persons familiar to my morning excursion about the country town, appeared as in life; but in situations all fantastic and out of the way.

After a while, what I beheld began to reduce itself to more method. With the singular characteristic of dreams, I knew—I could not tell how—that thirty years elapsed from the then time, and I was among a new generation. Beings by me never seen before, and some with shrivelled forms, bearing an odd resemblance to men whom I had known in the bloom of manhood, met my eyes.

Methought I stood in a splendid city. It seemed a gala day. Crowds of people were swiftly wending along the streets and walks, as if to behold some great spectacle or famous leader.

"Whither do the people go?" said I to a Shape who passed me, hurrying on with the rest.

"Know you not," answered he, "that the Last of the Sacred Army may be seen to-day?"

And he hastened forward, apparently fearful lest he might be late.

Among the dense ranks, I noticed many women, some of them with infants in their arms. Then there were boys, beautiful creatures, struggling on, with a more intense desire even than the men. And as I looked up, I saw at some distance, coming toward the place where I stood, a troop of young females, the foremost one bearing a wreath of fresh flowers. The crowd pulled and pushed so violently, that this party of girls were sundered from one another, and she who carried the wreath being jostled, her flowers were trampled to the ground.

"O, hapless me!" cried the child; and she began to weep.

At that moment, her companions came up; and they looked frowningly when they saw the wreath torn.

"Do not grieve, gentle one," said I to the weeping child. "And you," turning to the others, "blame her not. There bloom more flowers, as fair and fragrant as those which lie rent beneath your feet."

"No," said one of the little troop, "it is now too late."

"What mean you?" I asked.

The children looked at me in wonder.

"For whom did you intend the wreath?" continued I.

"Heard you not," rejoined one of them, "that to-day may be seen the Last of *His* Witnesses? We were on our way to present this lovely wreath—and she who should give it, was to say, that fresh and sweet, like it, would ever be His memory in the souls of us, and of our countrymen."

And the children walked on.

Yielding myself passively to the sway of the current, which yet continued to flow in one huge human stream, I was carried through street after street, and along many a stately passage, the sides of which were lined by palace-like houses. After a time, we came to a large open square, which seemed to be the destination—for there the people stopped. At the further end of this square stood a magnificent building, evidently intended for public purposes; and in front of it a wide marble elevation, half platform and half porch. Upon this elevation were a great many persons, all of them in standing postures, except one, an aged, very aged man, seated in a throne-like chair. His figure and face showed him to be of a length of years seldom vouchsafed to his kind; and his head was thinly covered with hair of a silvery whiteness.

Now, near me stood one whom I knew to be a learned philosopher; and to him I addressed myself for an explanation of these wonderful things.

"Tell me," said I, "who is the ancient being seated on yonder platform."

The person to whom I spoke stared in my face surprisedly.

"Are you of this land," said he, "and have not heard of him—the Last of the Sacred Army?"

"I am ignorant," answered I, "of whom you speak, or of what Army."

The philosopher stared a second time; but soon, when I assured him I was not jesting, he began telling me of former times, and how it came to be that this white-haired remnant of a past age was the object of so much honor. Nor was the story new to me—as may it never be to any son of America.

We edged our way close to the platform. Immediately around the seat of the ancient soldier stood many noble-looking gentlemen, evidently of dignified character and exalted station. As I came near, I heard them mention *a name*—that name which is dearest to our memories as patriots.

"And you saw the Chief with your own eyes?" said one of the gentlemen.

"I did," answered the old warrior.

And the crowd were hushed, and bent reverently, as if in a holy presence.

"I would," said another gentleman, "I would you had some relic which might be as a chain leading from our hearts to his."

"I have such a relic," replied the aged creature; and with trembling fingers he took from his bosom a rude medal, suspended round his neck by a string. "This the Chief gave me," continued he, "to mark his good-will for some slight service I did The Cause."

"And has it been in *his* hands?" asked the crowd, eagerly.

"Himself hung it around my neck," said the veteran.

Then the mighty mass was hushed again, and there was no noise—but a straining of fixed eyes, and a throbbing of hearts, and cheeks pale with excitement—such excitement as might be caused in a man's soul by some sacred memorial of one he honored and loved deeply.

Upon the medal were the letters "G. W."

"Speak to us of him, and of his time," said the crowd.

A few words the old man uttered; but few and rambling as they were, the people listened as to the accents of an oracle.

Then it was time for him to stay there no longer. So he rose, assisted by such of the bystanders whose rank and reputation gave them a right to the honor, and slowly descended. The mass divided, to form a passage for him and his escort, and they passed forward. And as he passed, the young boys struggled to him, that they might take his hand, or touch his garments. The women, too, brought their infants, to be placed for a moment in his arms; and every head was uncovered.

I noticed that there was little shouting, or clapping of hands—but a deep-felt sentiment of veneration seemed to pervade them, far more honorable to its object than the loudest acclamations.

In a short time, as the white-haired ancient was out of sight, the square was cleared, and I stood in it with no companion but the philosopher.

"Is it well," said I, "that such reverence be bestowed by a great people on a creature like themselves? The self-respect each one has for his own nature might run the risk of effacement, were such things often seen. Besides, it is not allowed that man pay worship to his fellow."

"Fear not," answered the philosopher; "the occurrences you have just witnessed spring from the fairest and manliest traits in the soul. Nothing more becomes a nation than paying its choicest honors to the memory of those who have fought for it, or labored for its good. By thus often bringing up their examples

before the eyes of the living, others are incited to follow in the same glorious path. Do not suppose, young man, that it is by sermons and oft-repeated precepts we form a disposition great or good. The model of one pure, upright character, living as a beacon in history, does more benefit than the lumbering tomes of a thousand theorists.

"No: it is well that the benefactors of a state be so kept alive in memory and in song, when their bodies are mouldering. Then will it be impossible for a people to become enslaved; for though the strong arm of their old defender come not as formerly to the battle, his spirit is there, through the power of remembrance, and wields a better sway even than if it were of fleshly substance."

* * * The words of the philosopher sounded indistinctly to my ears—and his features faded, as in a mist. I awoke; and looking through the window, saw that the sun had just sunk in the west—two hours having passed away since the commencement of my afternoon slumber.

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## THE BURGLARS.

BY JOHN QUOD.

It was one of those fierce storms that are remembered for years. For hours, from the north and east, clouds had been hurrying on—black as night, pile upon pile—crowding and driving each other forward, like a vast multitude of disorganized, reckless men. The wind suddenly sank its howl to a whisper, as if awed by the very demons itself had conjured up: and in the heavens were heard low mutterings, and deep jarring sounds, as if an army of mailed men were tramping through the sky. Mid-day darkened into a pale and ghastly twilight. The streets were deserted. Men, women, and children stole to their homes; gathered in groups, and watched the brewing tempest. Old men shook their gray heads, and told of storms which they remembered many years ago, when they themselves were boys. "This was like one of *them*." Old women took to their prayer-books, and hoped "that the end of the world wasn't a-coming—they were afraid it was—it looked very like it—and perhaps it was—only the millennium hadn't come yet, and that was to come first—that was some comfort." Even animals shrank away into holes, and lay trembling in dread of they knew not what. As the storm gathered, the

wind increased, growing louder and louder, until it became a hurricane, almost in an instant, and seemed to leap up like a refreshed giant, giving the signal to the tempest to begin its work. Down came the rain in masses, and away it went through the streets, hissing, foaming, and boiling—sweeping everything from its path,—tearing up paved streets, sapping foundations, and bringing to the ground old houses, which would have held up their heads against time for many a long year.

"God! this is beautiful!"

In a damp, unwholesome cellar, filled with noxious vapors—crouched a miserable female at a fire, which scarcely dispelled the gloom about her: and from her this strange expression dropped. She was young—perhaps not thirty—but crime and want had done the work of years; and her look of youth had departed with her purity of heart. Her long dishevelled hair hung loosely about her shoulders, which were bare and exposed, indicating one reckless of appearance, and too far gone in vice to dream of shame—perhaps, like thousands, outcasts like herself, she had forgotten such a feeling. With sharp pinched features—a bright, wild, black eye—a compressed, resolute mouth—there were yet traces of beauty—a beauty which perhaps had led to her degradation. There was little else redeeming in the expression of her face, for it seemed made up of ferocity and despair.

She was hovering near the fire, like a half-frozen animal, with her arms clasped about her knees, listening to the howling of the storm without, or occasionally casting a stealthy look toward the dim corners of the apartment. It was a dreary place indeed, stagnant and noisome, with the stifling closeness of a church vault. The floor was of clay, and wet, and muddy from the leaking in of the rain. Long cobwebs, on which the dampness had settled like frost-work, hung from the walls,—and a thick, white mould, like down, grew upon the stonework, from which the water oozed and trickled to the ground. A wooden bench, one or two broken chairs, a deal table, and an old chest, comprised all the furniture of the place; and amid this sat this wretched woman, a fit tenant for so dreary a home.

"How the wind shouts!" said she, rubbing her hands, and holding them over the flame. "This is a night for them, by G—d! Burn, burn, burn," said she, heaping the fire with wood; "burn, I say: for if they come, and are cold, I'll catch it. Hist—what's that?" She stopped and held her breath; for even amid the wailing of the storm, her quick ear caught the sound of approaching steps. The next instant there was a violent knocking

at the door communicating with the street. The woman rose, and went to it.

"Who's there?" demanded she, putting her ear close to it, to hear the reply.

"D—n you, open the door, and you'll see. Be quick, for we're drenched to the skin," shouted a rough voice from the outside. A volley of kicks, which threatened to beat in the door, accompanied the response.

The woman made no other answer than drawing back a heavy bolt, when the door flew open, and two men, dripping with wet, came in.

"Curse this rain!" exclaimed the eldest of the two, stamping the wet from his feet, and flinging off a heavy great coat, saturated by the storm; "what a night it is! and you—d—n you—you'd have kept us there bawling all night. I could find it in me to murder you."

"Could you?" said the woman, in a harsh voice. "I ain't what I have been; but you're not the man that could do it; nor both of you. Take care how you tempt me," and she shook her fist in the very face of the savage man who had spoken, at the same time baring an arm which seemed as if it could effectually back her menace, although they were both powerful men. "Now that you are here, cease your bawling, if you wouldn't wake up the neighborhood."

The man looked at her for a moment, as if in doubt whether to reply; then turning to his comrade, he said, in a surly tone:

"Why don't you get out of your rags, and come to the fire?"

"'Cause I can't," replied the gentleman thus addressed, fumbling at the collar of his cloak. "This article is did up uncommon, I borrowed it out of a gen'lmen's entry, only yesterday, and I ain't got the hang of it yet. That gen'lman always patronises the latest inwentions; this is one of 'em. There, that's it," said he, throwing the wet garment on the table. "How are you, my beauty?" said he, addressing the female, who was looking at him without speaking; "as handsome as ever, upon my soul!"

The woman stood for a minute or more, without making any reply; then she said, as if in continuation of some train of thought that was going on in her mind, "Fine feathers make fine birds, Charley Roke. When you had that cloak on, you looked like a gentleman, and now you look like what you are."

"Well, old girl," said Mr. Roke, dragging a chair across the room to the front of the fire, swinging it to its feet, and

seating himself in it, and holding his feet to the fire, "what's that?"

"A thief," replied the woman, sharply.

"I say, Tinker," said Mr. Roke, turning to his comrade, "don't you think the lady's personal? When I was a little boy, an old aunt of mine used to say thieves wasn't respectable people. She was an unenlightened old woman, that aunt of mine—horrid vulgar, and, in coorse, her opinion wasn't worth much."

The man to whom this remark was addressed looked up—smiled grimly, and then gazed steadfastly at the fire.

"Come, Sal," said he at length, more good-naturedly than his looks warranted, "get out the rags, and the barkers, and the other trinkets. It's most midnight, and you know we've got a job on foot which must be wiped up afore daylight. I don't see what daylight was inwented for, 'tain't of no use."

"You're wrong there, Tinker," replied Mr. Roke, in a grave tone; "Providence," said he, pointing with his foot up the chimney, "never made nothin' in vain. Without daylight we couldn't see how the land lays, nor what to do at night. That's what daylight was inwented for—properly applied, it's not *so* bad."

The woman in the mean time went to the chest before mentioned, and unlocking a heavy padlock which secured it, took out two coarse great coats with large pockets, a large bag, a number of saws, files, skeleton keys, small dark-lanterns, and various other implements of burglary, which she laid on the table.

"Where's the new keys? I want them," said the Tinker, going to the table, and turning over the different implements; "they was made a purpose for this job."

The woman made no reply, but returned to the chest, and brought out a number of skeleton keys, which looked bright and new.

"Them's them," said the man, turning them over in his hand, with an appearance of much satisfaction. "They'll do the business. Now for the barkers, Sal; and hand me that knife—the stout one—and the small crowbar. We may want it. Come, Charley," said he to his associate, who still sat at the fire, "stir about, man. It's getting late."

Roke rose up, took a great coat from the woman, who was holding it, and, after several violent exertions, struggled his way into it.

"Where did you get this ere garment, my wirgin?"

"You stole it yourself," answered the woman.

"Did I," said Charley, gravely; "then I'm paying for my offence; for it's squeezing my guts out. Nothin's wickeder than

stealin' coats what don't fit one. Tinker, you must carry all the playthings; for there's no room in this ere for anything but my own sweet self. I'm blessed if ever I borrow another coat without first trying it on."

Whilst he was speaking, the Tinker had put on a coat similar to his own, and was filling its pockets with various articles essential to gentlemen of his profession.

"Now, then, Charley, are you ready?"

"Ay, ay," said Roke, "but let me look at the little bull-dogs. I don't want them to be quiet when they should speak."

As he spoke, he took up a pair of pistols, rubbed the locks, removed the caps, and examined the cones to see that the powder came well up in them:—"They'll do," said he, replacing the caps; "them fellers will be eloquent—now I'm ready."

"Where's the Tulip?—you an't a going without him?" said the woman, earnestly.

"He's in limbo," replied the Tinker, buttoning his coat to the chin, and tying a thick handkerchief about his throat; "the beaks nabbed him this mornin', so he can't be in the mess to-night."

"They've persuaded him to pass the night with them," said Mr. Roke, making an unsuccessful attempt to adjust the collar of his coat. "They was so very pressing that he couldn't be prevailed on to leave 'em."

"Won't he blab?" demanded the woman. "If it was the Tinker, or you, Charley, it wouldn't trouble me; but I don't trust the Tulip."

The men laughed, and told her she was a fool.

"Who was a fool when Bob Jordon was swung off?" said she, earnestly; "and who warned him but me—and who turned State's evidence but the Tulip—tell me that? Who peached against your namesake when he set fire to the butcher's house in the Bowery?" said she, addressing Roke; "who but the Tulip? d—n me!" exclaimed she, vehemently, "but I believe he's a spy—I do."

The men looked irresolutely at each other, but said nothing.

"Put this off, Charley," said she, approaching Roke, and taking him by the arm—"don't go to-night—don't go—don't."

"Blast me! but he will," exclaimed the Tinker, angrily. "What! miss a chance like this—a house as good as empty! All the folks away, to see a dying man, except one daughter—and she alone with one servant—and that servant telling us all about it. Ain't we to go in like gentlemen, and help ourselves to the best—to the gold, the silver, the trinkets, and other little

thingumbobs of that natur, and then walk out like lords? Wouldn't we be the cursedest fools in this world not to go?"

The woman muttered something to herself, and went to one end of the cellar, where she collected some dry brushwood, brought it to the fire, threw it on, and then stood watching the flame as it spread through the combustible matter, and roared up the chimney.

"That's sensible," said the Tinker; "keep it up till we come back—work's your element, not gab."

"Perhaps you'll find it ain't, to your cost, some day," said the woman, with a faint laugh, and shaking her head. "I've seen many a good fellow reach the end of his rope—perhaps I'll see you too, although I don't want to. There was Little Bill——"

"Pshaw," interrupted the Tinker, "he was your sweet-heart—"

"What if he was? what if he was?" demanded the woman, fiercely, shaking back her loose hair, and confronting the burglar with flashing eyes and her fists clinched. "I say, what if he was? He was more of a man than any of you. There was not a bolder heart or a truer, among the whole of you. He was the head of you all—ay, and you know it; and you, Tinker, d—n you—it was in trying to save you that he was caught—yes, you—you—you!" exclaimed she, in a perfect scream, and shaking her fists furiously in the face of the man, who stood still, looking at her without even winking.

"It's all true, what you say, Sal," said he, at last; "he was so. I shan't forget it in a hurry. When Little Bill went, we never got his place filled. I'm sorry for what I said, Sal; you mustn't mind it. Here's my hand."

The woman took his hand, laughed, and said something, partly to him, and partly to herself.

"That's right," said the Tinker; "you *are* a queer one, and we all laugh at you sometimes—you don't mind that?"

"No, no," said the woman, "I'm used to it. Everybody may do it now. The whole world laughs, and points at such as me; and tramples them down, down to the very dust. I deserve it, I suppose; but there was a time when I never thought to have been what I am; nor here with two thieves for my friends. No, no, I did not. Good God, why didn't I die when I was a child, or even five years ago? why didn't I? Do you ever pray, Tinker?" said she, earnestly, at the same time taking hold of his arm.

"Why, what a takin the woman's in," said the person thus addressed, pausing in the act of thrusting a knife in his pocket, and staring her full in the face. "What ails you? suppose I do pray—what then?"

"Then," said she, in the same vehement manner, "thank God you are not a woman."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said he, depositing the knife in his pocket. "Cover up the bull-dogs, Charley, don't let 'em get wet. The powder's first rate; I've tried it before. Now then, Sal, open the door."

The woman obeyed; and dashing into the street, they directed their steps towards the north-western part of the city. The rain fell in absolute masses, and the night was so dark, that they could scarcely see each other. They crossed Centre-street, went up Broadway, and struck into a by-street to the west of it, without meeting a soul, not even a watchman.

"This is great, Tinker," said Roke: "we'll have it all to ourselves. But it is the cursedest rain I ever *did* see; and it blows like blazes."

His comrade made no reply whatever; but holding his head so as to keep the rain out of his face, kept doggedly on. Nothing further was said until they came to a large house in one of the upper streets, and standing by itself. Here they stopped.

"Go down the street, Roke," said the Tinker, "and see if there's any stragglers."

Roke immediately left him, and was hid in the darkness. In a few minutes he returned.

"Nobody — I've been on both sides."

"All right," said the other, in a low voice. "Stand here till I try the keys. Look sharp that no one comes."

The burglar stole cautiously up the steps, and first applied his eye to the keyhole of the door, then his ear.

"Any light above, Charley?"

"Black as hell — go on, will you?" said Roke, who now seemed as earnest and morose as himself.

The Tinker said nothing, but fumbled at the lock, and put in one of the keys. The bolt of the lock turned slowly. He took the knob in his hand, and endeavored to open the door.

"It's bolted on the inside, by G—d," exclaimed he, in a whisper. "*He* was to have drawn the bolt back."

"Damnation!" exclaimed Roke. "Out with your drill — bore a hole, and saw out the bolt; quick, there's no time to be lost."

As he spoke, however, the Tinker made another trial; and this time the door, which had only been swollen by the rain, gave way.

"It's open; come on, quick."

Roke sprang up the steps, entered the house, and shut the door.

"Have you got the lanterns, Tinker?"

The other made no reply, but produced two lanterns. Forcing back the slides, they lighted them with a match, and held them up to look about them.

It was a large hall, and at the far end of it was a wide staircase leading to the upper stories of the house.

"I'll get the plunder," said the Tinker. "You go and watch the girl. If she wakes, don't let her yelp. If she *will*, cut her throat."

"Where's her room?"

"Back room, third story; the door an't locked; take off your shoes."

Slipping his shoes from his feet, and taking a pistol and knife in one hand, and a lantern in the other, he stole up the stairs until he came to the door of the girl's bed-room. He paused and listened; all was quiet. He touched the door, and it yielded. All had been prepared beforehand. Sliding the shade over the light, he crept noiselessly in the room, carefully feeling his way with his hands. The deep, regular breathing of the girl told him where she lay. He approached as near as he dared, and then stopped and listened. All was quiet below. The Tinker was conducting matters in the utmost silence. Roke removed the slide by degrees until the lamp poured a flood of light through the room. Still the girl slept. He held up the lantern so that he could see her face. She was about nineteen, and exceedingly beautiful. Her hair had escaped from her cap, and hung dishevelled about her neck and face, and over a round white arm which lay across the pillow, exposed almost to the shoulder. As the robber stood there, with his pistol cocked, and his eyes resting on that sweet, pure face, thoughts, feelings, and passions, that might have harbored in the heart of a demon, took possession of him. With a feeling of guilt, which the thought of robbery never brought, he looked about the room, placed the light on a chair, laid his pistol and knife by the side of it, and again approached the bed. A slight noise, which he made in doing so, awakened the girl, who started up, and gazed wildly about her. The next instant she was hurled violently back on the pillow, with the hand of the robber over her mouth.

"One cry, and you die!" hissed he in her ear. "If you resist, by Christ, I'll"—

He stopped, for at that moment a sharp stifled cry came from the upper passage; there was a violent struggle,—a heavy fall followed; then came the voice of the Tinker, muttering and blaspheming—the tramp of struggling men. The next instant,

the burglar burst into the room; his clothes half torn from his back; his face covered with blood; his eyes blazing; a knife in one hand, and a crowbar in the other.

"Blown, by G—d!" exclaimed he. "Roke, your pistols: the beaks are on us."

Before he spoke, however, Roke had sprung to his arms. As he did so, a man rushed into the room; Roke fired, and the man fell;—another sprang in—another, and another. "Dowse the glim!" shouted the other robber. Roke seized the lantern, but as he did so a bullet struck him, and bounding almost to his own height, he fell dead.

"D—n you to hell!" cried the Tinker, aiming a blow at the man who fired the shot. "You'll find your match yet." Wielding the crowbar with both hands, he fought his way through his assailants. They hung on him, grasping his arms, but he shook them off. They seized him by the clothes, hair, legs; but on he went, forcing a path, treading them down, stamping in their very faces, and crushing flesh, bones, eyes, and teeth beneath his heavy heel. Shots were fired, blows aimed, stabs made; but out of that room, down the stairway, through the dark passage, fighting, tussling, blaspheming, he dragged them all, until, at the very street-door, he broke from their grasp; and dashing out, covered with blood, his hair torn out at the roots, and his clothes dragged from his back, he escaped to his den.

The Tulip had blown.

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## WORDSWORTH'S SONNETS ON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

In the last number of the London Quarterly we have read, with a little surprise and no little pain, a series of Sonnets, composed within the past two years, in justification and support of the practice of Capital Punishment, by the great English master of that most difficult string of the poetic lyre. They are embodied in a general review of his Sonnets, though not contained in the volume reviewed (the edition of 1838)—having been furnished by the poet himself for publication in the present mode. Fit and worthy auspices, indeed, for the appearance of an appeal in behalf of one of the most hideous and horrible barbarisms yet lingering to disgrace the statute-books of modern civilization, that it should come before the world through the pages of a work, so long identified with principles of the most invariable hostility

to every onward step in that progress of liberal reform and social improvement which is the great distinguishing characteristic of the age. In fact, we are by no means certain but that, as a general rule, the opposition of the Quarterly ought to suffice to recommend any proposed measure of reform to most readers on this side of the Atlantic. And if we needed any other sign than those already abounding, of the early advent of the day which, even in England as well as in our own country, is to witness the ignominious destruction of the last gallows, by the hands of the last hangman, we should read it in the fact of the London Quarterly finding it necessary to come out in formal protest against so un-Tory an aspiration.

But we regret profoundly that Wordsworth should have lent the aid of his genius and his moral influence to promote this unholy purpose. From the strongly conservative cast of his mind and political opinions, it might indeed have been too much to expect his advocacy of an innovation upon the "*mos majorum*," the "custom of our ancestors," seemingly so bold and strong as the total abolition of Capital Punishment, even for the crime of murder. Yet to behold him take down the sacred lyre, and attune its chords to the harsh creaking of the scaffold and the clanking of the victim's chains, seems almost a profanation and a sacrilege—as though a harp of heaven were transported from its proper sphere and its congenial themes, to be struck by some impious hand to the foul and hideous harmonies of hell.

Before proceeding to any remarks upon them, we give the entire series of the Sonnets themselves, gathering them together from the pages of the work to which we have referred:

I.

"This spot—at once unfolding sight so fair
Of sea and land, with yon gray towers that still
Rise up as if to lord it over air—
Might soothe in human breasts the sense of ill,
Or charm it out of memory; yea, might fill
The heart with joy and gratitude to God
For all his bounties upon man bestowed;
Why bears it then the name of 'Weeping Hill?'
Thousands, as toward yon old Lancastrian towers,
A prison's crown, along this way they passed
For lingering durance or quick death with shame,
From this bare eminence thereon have cast
Their first look—blinded, as tears fell in showers
Shed on their chains; and hence that doleful name."

II.

"Tenderly do we feel by Nature's law
For worst offenders: though the heart will heave
With indignation, deeply moved we grieve
In after-thought for him who stood in awe
Neither of God nor man, and only saw,
Lost wretch! a horrible device enthroned
On proud temptations, till the victim groaned
Under the steel his hand had dared to draw.
But oh! restrain compassion, if its course,
As oft befalls, prevent or turn aside
Judgments and aims and acts whose higher source
Is sympathy with the unforewarned that died
Blameless—with them who shuddered o'er *his* grave—
And all who from the Law firm safety crave."

III.

"The Roman Consul doomed his sons to die
Who had betrayed their country. The stern Word
Afforded (may it through all time afford!)
A theme for praise and admiration high.
Upon the surface of humanity
He rested not, its depths his mind explored;
He felt; but his parental bosom's Lord
Was duty,—Duty calmed his agony.
And some, we know, when they by wilful act
A single human life have wrongly taken,
Pass sentence on themselves, confess the fact,
And to atone for it, with soul unshaken
Kneel at the feet of Justice, and for faith
Broken with all mankind solicit Death."

IV.

"Is *Death*, when evil against good has fought
With such fell mastery that a Man could dare
By deeds the blackest purpose to lay bare,—
Is *Death*, for One to that condition brought,
For him or any One, the thing that ought
To be *most* dreaded? Lawgivers! beware
Lest capital pains remitting till ye spare
The Murderer, ye, by sanction to that thought
Seemingly given, debase the general mind;
Tempt the vague will tried standards to disown;
Nor only palpable restraints unbind,
But upon Honor's head disturb the crown,
Whose absolute rule permits not to withstand
In the weak love of life his least command."

V.

"Not to the object specially designed,
Howe'er momentous in itself it be,
Good to promote or curb depravity,

Is the wise Legislator's view confined.
His Spirit, when most severe, is oft most kind:
As all authority in earth depends
On Love and Fear, their several powers he blends,
Copying with awe the one Paternal Mind.
Uncaught by processes in show humane,
He feels how far the act would derogate
From even the humblest functions of the State,
If she, self-shorn of Majesty, ordain
That never more shall hang upon her breath
The last alternative of Life or Death."

VI.

"Ye brood of conscience, Spectres! that frequent
The bad Man's restless walk and haunt his bed,
Fiends in your aspect, yet beneficent
In act as hovering Angels when they spread
Their wings to guard the unconscious Innocent,
Slow be the statutes of the land to share
A laxity that could not but impair
*Your* power to punish crime, and so prevent.
And ye, Beliefs! coiled serpent-like about
The adage on all tongues, *Murder will out*,
How shall your ancient warnings work for good
In the full might they hitherto have shown,
If for deliberate Shedder of Man's blood
Survive not Judgment that requires his own?"

VII.

"Before the world had passed her time of youth,
While polity and discipline were weak,
The precept, *Eye for eye and tooth for tooth*,
Came forth—a light, though but as of day-break,
Strong as could then be borne. A Master meek
Proscribed the spirit fostered by that rule,
Patience *his* law, long-suffering *his* school,
And Love the end, which all through peace must seek.
But lamentably do they err who strain
His mandates, given rash impulse to control,
And keep vindictive thirstings from the soul,
So far that, if consistent in their scheme,
They must forbid the State to inflict a pain,
Making of social order a mere dream."

VIII.

"Fit retribution by the moral code
Determined, lies beyond the State's embrace:
Yet, as she may for each peculiar case,
She plants well-measured terrors in the road
Of wrongful acts. Downward it is and broad,
And the main fear once doomed to banishment,
Far oftener then, bad ushering worse event,

Blood would be spilt, that in his dark abode
Crime might lie better hid. And should the change
Take from the horror due to a foul deed,
Pursuit and evidence so far must fail,
And Guilt escaping, Passion then might plead
In angry spirits for her old free range,
And the 'wild justice of Revenge' prevail."

IX.

"Though to give timely warning and deter
Is one great aim of penalty, extend
Thy mental vision farther, and ascend
Far higher, else full surely shalt thou err.
What is a State? The wise behold in her
A creature born of Time, that keeps one eye
Fixed on the statutes of Eternity,
To which her judgments reverently defer:
Speaking through Law's dispassionate voice, the State
Indues her conscience with external life
And being—to preclude or quell the strife
Of individual will, to elevate
The grovelling mind, the erring to recall,
And fortify the moral sense of all."

X.

"Our bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine
Of an immortal spirit, is a gift
So sacred, so informed with light divine,
That no tribunal, though most wise to sift
Deed and intent, should turn the being adrift
Into that world where penitential tear
May not avail, nor prayer have for God's ear
A voice—that world whose veil no hand can lift
For earthly sight. 'Eternity and time,'
They urge, 'have interwoven claims and rights,
Not to be jeopardized through foulest crime:
The sentence rule by mercy's heaven-born lights
Even so; but measuring not by finite sense
Infinite Power, perfect Intelligence.'"

XI.

"Ah, think how one compelled for life to abide
Locked in a dungeon, needs must eat the heart
Out of his own humanity, and part
With every hope that mutual cares provide;
And should a less unnatural doom confide
In life-long exile on a savage coast,
Soon the relapsing penitent may boast
Of yet more heinous guilt, with fiercer pride.
Hence thoughtful mercy, mercy sage and pure,
Sanctions the forfeiture that law demands,
Leaving the final issue in His hands,

Whose goodness knows no change, whose love is sure,
Who sees, foresees; who cannot judge amiss;
And wafts at will the contrite soul to bliss."

XII.

"See the condemned alone within his cell,
And prostrate at some moment when remorse
Stings to the quick, and with resistless force
Assaults the pride she strove in vain to quell.
Then mark him, him who could so long rebel,
The crime confessed, a kneeling penitent
Before the altar, where the sacrament
Softens his heart, till from his eyes outwell
Tears of salvation. Welcome death! while Heaven
Does in this change exceedingly rejoice;
While yet the solemn heed the State hath given
Helps him to meet the last tribunal's voice
In faith, which fresh offences, were he cast
On old temptations, might for ever blast."

XIII.

"Yes, though he well may tremble at the sound
Of his own voice, who from the judgment-seat
Sends the pale convict to his last retreat
In death; though listeners shudder all around,
They know the dread requital's source profound;
Nor is, they feel, its wisdom obsolete—
Would that it were!—the sacrifice unmeet
For Christian faith. But hopeful signs abound:
The social rights of man breathe purer air;
Religion deepens her preventive care:
Then, moved by needless fear of past abuse,
Strike not from law's firm hand that awful rod,
But leave it thence to drop for lack of use.
O speed the blessed hour, Almighty God!"

XIV.

"The formal world relaxes her cold chain
For one who speaks in numbers; ampler scope
His utterance finds; and conscious of the gain,
Imagination works with bolder hope,
The cause of grateful Reason to sustain;
And, serving Truth, his heart most strongly beats
Against all barriers which his labor meets
In lofty place, or humble life's domain,
Enough;—before us lay a painful road,
And guidance have I sought in duteous love
From Wisdom's heavenly Father; hence hath flowed
Patience, with trust that, whatsoe'er the way
Each takes in this high matter, all may move
Cheered with the prospect of a brighter day."

The first of these Sonnets, we are told, is suggested by a view of Lancaster Castle, seen from an eminence called "Weeping Hill," being the spot from which criminals on their way to the Castle first have it in sight. No poet has looked into the sweet and solemn countenance of nature with a more earnest gaze, a clearer vision, or a more deep appreciation of all the holy lessons of truth there to be read, than Wordsworth. But on this occasion his eye is clouded by a film of conservative prejudice and timidity, more darkly than the tears ever blinded the sad wayfarers who had so often before him looked forth on the same scene; and he heeds not and sees not the silent protest, written by the finger of God in every line of its sweet and peaceful beauty, against the cruel and bloody tragedy there to be again repeated. The "sight so fair" does not

> ——"Soothe in human breasts the sense of ill,
> Or charm it out of memory."

On the contrary, there is one miserable wretch who is borne along through it, helpless and hopeless, manacled with gyves of iron, and surrounded by hearts of a still harder temper, and full of wrath and revenge against him, instead of

> ——"With joy and gratitude to God
> For all his bounties upon man bestowed."

The spark of human life which they are about to tread out in the dust, and to quench in blood—that sacred fire which they kindled not, nor can relume—is a far holier and grander thing than any or all of those animating principles of brute or vegetable life, of which the thousand forms and manifestations compose the loveliness of the scene there outspread to the view from the "Weeping Hill." If that scene, lying there, so tranquil, and seemingly so happy, were about to be swept over by the storm of a ravaging army, as with a huge engulfing wave of devastation, how would it not appeal, in its silence of beauty, against the insult and outrage about to be perpetrated, through nature against its God, by the bad madness of human passion and folly! With how much more solemn a power, then, ought it not to plead against the more impious insult and outrage against that same God, about to be now committed, in reference to that higher human nature, formed, as we are taught, in his "image"—and the last, best, and most mysterious of his creations.

In the second Sonnet, we should like to ask Mr. Wordsworth what he means by

> ——"Sympathy with the unforewarned that died
> Blameless—with them who shuddered o'er *his* grave."

The one, alas! is beyond the reach either of human ken or human sympathy. If, amid the grief which may agonize the hearts which were linked to him, there enters any element of a revengeful bitterness, which will find a satisfaction in the bloody retaliation about to be inflicted, such a sentiment harmonizes but ill with the doctrine of Him,

> "The spirit of whose mild and bloodless law
> Requires not life for life."

Such a sentiment claims rather our detestation than our "sympathy." This very "sympathy" with surviving relatives and friends should rather bid us revolt from inflicting on so many, occupying similar relations to the very criminal himself, pangs of agony and shame far deeper and keener than those already struck by his hand to the hearts of *other* parents, brethren, wives, and children. But in the sense in which it is here used, this "sympathy" can mean nothing else than *revenge*. Divested of the shadowy garb in which the verse envelopes it, it stands revealed in all the naked deformity of the most devilish of the passions; and presents a form from which, when truly seen, the poet himself who has conjured it, would be the first to start back with horror. In the last line of this Sonnet, we confess that we open upon the track of a totally different idea; one in which, however false the argument may be, there is nothing in the sentiment abhorrent to humanity or reason. But by the use of this argument Mr. Wordsworth exhibits a want of that full investigation of this question, from which he could have learned that — according to an overwhelming mass of uniform evidence, derived from abundant observation and experience — the practice of Capital Punishment is far *less* repressive of crime than that of severe and more certain imprisonment. Instead of being induced to sustain the gallows by a "sympathy" for

> — "all who from the law firm safety crave,"

—we have long been convinced that, directly and indirectly, in modes which have been amply explained by the writers who have discussed this subject, the practice of this mode of punishment leads to a great many murders and deaths of violence which would otherwise never have taken place, — and that the executioner has been himself the very cause of a far greater number than he has ever punished or avenged.

The third Sonnet claims no particular notice, but the expression of our admiration of its grand and stately poetical structure. The fourth we cannot thus pass by. It is full of fallacy and evil.

YES, we answer to its opening interrogatory. Here is drawn precisely the picture of the one *by* whom and *for* whom, "to that condition brought," death is indeed

——"the thing that ought
To be *most* dreaded!"

He who is unfit to live is far more unfit to die. The following line, in which Mr. Wordsworth deprecates the tendency of the legislation he yearly witnesses, "capital pains remitting," until it will even "spare the Murderer," recalls to mind Lord Ellenborough's holy horror at some of the earlier steps of the same still progressive reform, when he sought to deter Parliament from making the first concessions to these appeals of a weak and unwise mercy, by conjuring up the anticipation that the time would come, if they once began to yield, when the abolition of the punishment of death even for the crime of forgery would be demanded! That time has indeed come. That demand has been made — made and conceded. And with what effect, may be judged from the following statistical extract from Parliamentary returns, the correctness of which the London Quarterly will not impugn:

ENGLAND AND WALES.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 2 periods | Ten years ending Dec. 1829, | Executed . . . | 64 | Committals . . | 746 |
| | " " " 1839, | " . . . | 0 | " . . | 731 |

The beneficial effect of the disuse of the gallows for the repression of crime is here very apparent, and would doubtless have wrought the conviction of Lord Ellenborough himself, had he been alive to read it. This table on its face simply shows that there was no increase of the crime during the second period, thus showing the uselessness of the sixty-four executions which crimson the judicial records of the first. But in truth it proves a great deal more. During the prevalence of capital punishment a vast number of cases were never prosecuted, from the unwillingness of parties to bring the stain of blood on their consciences. Alderman Harmer, in his Evidence given before the Criminal Law Commissioners, says: "*I cannot calculate even within a hundred the number of* COMPROMISES (*of the description above alluded to*) *which have come within my own knowledge.*" The number 731, therefore, in the above table, exhibits a very considerable *diminution* in the offence committed within the second period, when there were *no* executions to exert their imagined repressive terror.

Analyze the latter half of this Sonnet, and what does it mean,

but that it is desirable to weaken rather than to strengthen the idea of the solemn sacredness of life, with reference to its moral influence upon "the general mind?" Society, therefore, ought to continue to give its sanction to the idea of the moral lawfulness of taking life in penalty for human offences;—it ought to continue to hold up this dangerous example, to the too ready imitation of those who may feel or fancy themselves to be the objects of private wrongs, for which circumstances may permit no other possible redress, than that of private vengeance; it ought to continue to assert, as it now does, through the harsh voice of these laws, that life is not after all so sacred a thing, and that there is little, if any, real meaning and truth in all that it professes to believe of the awful infinity of consequences beyond the grave, into which it does not shrink from plunging the guilty soul of the criminal it executes;—it ought to continue the "useless barbarity" (to quote the great Catharine of Russia) of *punishing crime by imitating it.* Society ought, then, to continue to do this for the sake of the moral influence upon "the general mind!" With respect to the concluding allusion, to its influence on the sentiment of "Honor"—how the reform in question should produce the effect of making the soldier or any other man less ready to risk his own life in the cause of his duty, we are at a loss to conjecture. In reference to another very common sense in which the word "Honor" is used, we do indeed perceive a direct and close connexion between the two subjects—though a connexion bearing in the opposite direction, as an argument, from that intended by the Sonnet. For undoubtedly the total abolition of the punishment of death would operate as one of the most powerful blows of moral influence that could be given against the crime of DUELLING, and against the false public sentiment by which that form of penal murder of man by his fellow-man is more than half palliated, and which derives its origin more clearly from the "rubric of blood," as these statutes are termed by the great Bacon, than from any other source.

In the fifth of the Sonnets we find nothing peculiarly pertinent to the question of Capital Punishment, except the singular idea advanced in the concluding lines; namely, that to surrender the power of dispensing "the last alternative of Life or Death," would "derogate" from the dignity and awfulness of "the State," by which she would be "self-shorn of Majesty." According to this argument, such is the effect of each of the successive steps by which capital punishment has been removed from the countless number of offences for which it was before inflicted. Each of these acts was then a shred torn from the robe of the sovereign

"majesty;" and "the State" of Athens, under the Draconian *regime*, stood invested with a higher dignity than Rome, during the two hundred and fifty years of the proudest and best days of the Republic, when the Porcian Law declared the inviolable sacrosanctity of the life of a Roman citizen. Were it worth the while, it would be easy enough to show the absurdity of such a ground as this, for the justification of a practice, in favor of which there are, after all, few better arguments than this to be adduced. We will content ourselves with asking Mr. Wordsworth, in the first place, whether there is any detraction from the omnipotence of government, because any particular power may be voluntarily disused, though of course resumable; and in the second place, whether the effect he thus deprecates is in point of fact produced in the great empire of Russia, in which, for a whole century, the judicial punishment of death has been abandoned, with a perfect success, and with the general and unanimous satisfaction of all the enlightened public opinion of the country.

The argument of the sixth is not less extraordinary. It is, that the reform against which it is directed, would tend to weaken both those deterring horrors of conscience which "punish crime and so prevent;" and the general belief in "the adage on all tongues, *murder will out*." In both of these points of view the true application of the argument would reverse the direction in which it is intended by Mr. Wordsworth. The sanction of the high example of society itself, in inflicting death as a fit punishment for crime, not only must weaken the general moral influence of the idea of the awful and mysterious sacredness of human life; but in a great many cases, of murder committed in vengeance for great wrongs, or in punishment of great offences, of a character not accessible perhaps to any judicial penalties, it must constitute almost a complete justification to the conscience of the man, who feels himself supported by an analogy more or less perfect between his own private act and the similar public act of the law. And with respect to the probability of detection and punishment, the difficulty of obtaining capital convictions, even in the clearest cases, has become now so notorious, as to claim from us nothing more than this passing allusion to the fact. Its application is obvious. The truth is, that one of the chief elements now entering into the calculations of the person whom temptation is urging on to murder, is the probability of ultimate escape, even if detected, growing out of the present fatal uncertainty of conviction. The law would unquestionably be administered with far greater vigilance, firmness, and severity, if the punishment were of a nature less abhorrent to these deep and righteous instincts of humanity

which we thus see perpetually protesting, through the jury—the "*conscience of society*"—against the law of blood. In illustration of this point, we would refer Mr. Wordsworth to the fact, of which he will find abundant evidence in the Parliamentary returns of his own country, that the proposed change of the mode of punishment has always been attended, in the case of the offences to which it has been applied, with a *very great rise* in the proportions of convictions to committals.

As the seventh Sonnet introduces the religious view of the question, it should be considered in connexion with the concluding ones, which regard the subject chiefly in that aspect. The eighth and ninth are of a different character. Mingled with much unfounded assumption and fallacious argument, they yet contain ideas which, properly viewed, involve, in truth, decisive arguments *against* rather than *in favor of* Capital Punishment. It is, indeed, most true, that

> "Fit retribution by the moral code
> Determined, lies beyond the State's embrace;"

and therefore there is no foundation for that common notion of a natural retributive justice and moral fitness between the crime of murder and the punishment of death, by which we sometimes hear the latter defended. No wisdom and no power short of the Infinite itself can assume that function; and in the apportionment of punishment to crime, society has no right to go beyond the one primary object of the most efficacious prevention of the latter by means of the former. It is now indeed generally conceded by writers on penal jurisprudence, that the smallest measure of punishment adequate to this object, is the limit beyond which society cannot rightfully go, to inflict unnecessary suffering even on the worst of criminals. Whether, in his ninth Sonnet, Mr. Wordsworth means to go farther than this, or not, does not very distinctly appear. Admitting that this is "one great aim of penalty," he contends that we should extend the mental vision farther and higher, so as to make the law exert a guiding and strengthening moral influence on the minds of men. This may be done incidentally to the former primary object, and within the limits already prescribed, by a proper adjustment of the penal system with reference to that influence. We assume such, therefore, to have been his meaning; and will not unnecessarily impute to Mr. Wordsworth the proposition, that, we may rightfully inflict more pain and suffering than will suffice for the most effectual prevention possible, for the purpose of exerting some supposed useful moral influence, by government, upon society, according

to the feeble fallibility of human reason and judgment. In the application of the principle to the present question, is to be found one of the most fatal arguments against the very cause which Mr. Wordsworth labors to sustain. The bad moral influence of the punishment of death, as a suggestive example and sanction, and as tending to harden and brutalize the minds of men, and to familiarize them with the idea of the cold and deliberate taking of human life, has been already adverted to. We have neither space nor time here to expatiate on the subject, but would commend strongly to the reader's attention the high truth so finely stated by the poet in the concluding lines of the ninth Sonnet,—of which we invoke the benefit in favor of the wise and benign reform which we are glad and proud to advocate.

In the seventh, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth Sonnets, the religious point of view of the question is touched upon. In the seventh, the *lex talionis*—however justified to a former age by the necessity of the case, "while polity and discipline were weak,"—is rightfully stamped with the reprobation of Him who "proscribed the spirit fostered by that rule;" and in this condemnation is to be read that of the spirit by which capital punishment is yet sustained by the greater part of its supporters. But it is altogether a gratuitous assumption, if he means to infer that the extension of the law of love and mercy brought by Christ to the practical application now proposed, is to "strain his mandates;" and that consistency would require all who would thus reason to

> ——"forbid the State to inflict a pain,
> Making of social order a mere dream."

That consistency only prohibits the infliction of mere vindictive pain—pain unnecessary either in kind or degree for the object of the prevention of crime, coupled with that of the reformation of the criminal. Everything beyond that is indeed "forbid;" and not more by the spirit of the entire Christian dispensation, than by the spontaneous dictates of natural reason and right.

The tenth Sonnet pleads powerfully the sacredness of life, though it concludes in the common mode, of forcing all such considerations of human reason to yield to the assumed mandatory force of the Scriptural authorities in behalf of Capital Punishment. We cannot here afford to go into any analysis of the texts usually quoted to this effect. It can be found very fully elaborated in a recent publication of a Report made to the Legislature of the State of New York at its last session; and on the most careful review of it, we think the demonstration conclusive, that the whole tenor of the Scriptural authority is against the

infliction of the punishment of death—at least in the present state of society in the civilized nations of Christendom. And even admitting a *permissive* justification of the practice to be found in the Scriptural passages in question, nothing of a *mandatory* character can be claimed for them; and since their object must have been to protect the sacredness of life by deterring from murder, their spirit is best observed by adopting such a penal system as is found the most effectual to that end. If, therefore, we find that wherever Capital Punishment has been abolished its effect has been uniform to diminish the number of crimes committed, (*and such is the unquestionable fact,*) the same reasons which may have required a Noahic or a Mosaic age to adopt it, require us now, with our highly cultivated systems of prison construction and discipline, to abandon it.

The eleventh Sonnet, referring chiefly to the substitute punishment of transportation, unknown to our laws, claims no particular notice at our hands. The twelfth embodies certainly the most singular of the arguments in favor of Capital Punishment we have yet met. It is to the effect, that it is a desirable thing to get the condemned criminal worked up to the proper point of penitence.

> ——— "at some moment when remorse
> Stings to the quick,"—

and then to "work him off" (to quote the technical language of the amiable functionary who performs so conspicuous a part in Barnaby Rudge) as quickly as possible, for fear of his falling into "fresh offences," if "cast on old temptations." If the simile be allowable, we confess that this argument savors too much of the philosophy of stuffing capons for the spit—and then of despatching them with all speed under steaming covers from the kitchen fire to the dinner-table—to be much to our taste. In the first place, we should hardly be disposed to attach much value to that kind of spasmodic agony of terror and apparent remorse, in some cases, doubtless, induced in the manner here pictured. And in the second place, the number of those upon whose minds not even this effect is produced, is much larger than Mr. Wordsworth has probably any idea of. The author of "*Old Bailey Experience*" says, that "in nineteen cases out of twenty, there is no true repentance; most of them die apparently careless about their former course of life, and of the world to come." And Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield (who spent several years in Newgate, for the offence of the abduction of a wealthy young heiress) says, that "In about one case out of four no religious impression is produced; but the prisoner goes through all the ceremonies of his situation with the hope of a reprieve. In the fourth case, not

only do the teachers fail in their endeavors to produce a religious feeling; but those very exertions have an effect directly opposite to the one intended, causing the prisoner to rail, and, I may say, to rave, against religion, in terms of ridicule, scorn, and violent hatred. I should but shock the feelings of many, without any countervailing advantage, by repeating the language, or particularly describing the conduct of those prisoners who take offence at the anxiety of the chaplain and others to imbue them with religious sentiments. But I may add, that on almost every execution day, on which several are hanged, the chaplain is subjected to the most outrageous insults from one or more of the doomed men. He will readily confirm this statement. And it may be farther proper to say, for the information of religious persons, among those who make our laws, that every year several of their fellow-creatures are cut off in front of Newgate, in the very act of scoffing at God and Christ, and the holy sacrament"—(which is usually administered by the Ordinary immediately before the execution, to those of the criminals who wish to receive it.)

On this point we will offset the following poem of Mrs. Sigourney to the Sonnet which has suggested these remarks:

THE EXECUTION.

There's silence mid yon gathered throng—why move they on so slow?
With neither sign nor sound of mirth, to break their pause of wo?
And why upon yon guarded man is bent such gazing eye?
Where do his measured footsteps tend?—he cometh forth to die!

To die! No sickness bows his face, or checks the flowing breath,
Say, why doth justice sternly rise to do the work of death?
Still boasts his brow a bitter frown, his eye a moody fire,
Oh, guilt! unbind thy massive chains, and let the soul respire.

He standeth on the scaffold's verge, the holy priest is near,
Yet no contrition heaves his breast, or wrings the parting tear;
O! wilt thou bear with cold disdain the pangs of mortal strife,
And thus with mad defiance drain the forfeit cup of life?

Look round upon thy native earth, the glorious and the fair,
Cliff, thicket, and resounding stream—thy boyhood sported there.
Think of thy sire, that aged man, with white locks scattered thin,
And call those blest affections back, that melt the ice of sin.

Bethink thee of thy cradle-hours, and of a mother's prayer,
Who nightly laid her cheek to thine, with guardian angel's care,
And, for her sake, propitiate Him who shields the sinner's head,
And take repentance to thy breast, ere thou art of the dead.

There's yet a moment. To his ear reveal thy hidden pain,
Give passage to one suppliant sigh—one prayer—in vain, in vain.
Look, look to Him, whose mercy heard the dying felon's sigh,
Say, "Jesus, save me!"—who can tell but he will heed thy cry.

A shuddering horror shakes the crowd, young eyes are veiled in dread,
Affrighted childhood wails aloud, and veterans bow the head;
For Guilt unhumbled, unannealed, hath felt the avenger's rod,
And sped, with falsehood's sullen front, to dare the glance of God!

Who shall say what might not be the effect of solitary confinement, hopeless of release, and solaced by labor alone, upon the mind seemingly the most deeply imbruted and hardened by long habits of irreflection and irreligion? The Bible would be within his hourly reach. Memory would be his constant companion, nor would remorse be long absent from her side; while the voice of the minister of religion would be the only one permitted to awake the silence of his cell, with the echoes of those divine truths, of love, of mercy, and of comfort, which it is his high and holy vocation to preach most fervently to those who need it most. "But, I ask, why execute at all?" — is the language of Dr. Forde, for a long term the Ordinary of Newgate, in a letter to Mr. Bentham; "youth, health, ignorance, and bad companions, &c., may lead a man to perpetrate the greatest crimes. The time, however, may come, when he looks back with horror on his past transgressions, and will repent in dust and ashes. Execute him, and think of his hope of salvation! Why not leave him to God and his own conscience? Fines, confinement, mortification, &c. may restore him, and cause 'joy in heaven;' regular labor — the sweets arising from industry — the want of bad company, &c., all combine to recover the lost sheep; and 'the last' state of that man is better than the first! Who is he now that can take upon him to determine that it would have been better to put that man out of the world? I say it is arrogating an authority which no frail mortal has a right to do!"

We have confined ourselves in this article to a review of these Sonnets of the great poet whose name stands at its head, — and that only in their argumentative point of view, and with no reference to their poetical merits. No reader will extend to any personal application the strength and harshness of censure we have felt constrained to apply to the false arguments and false assumptions which compose the framework around which the genius of Wordsworth has folded the stately and imposing drapery of his poetic diction and imagery. We doubt not that it has been with reluctance and pain, and only under a deep sense of moral duty, that he has written and published them. But they are replete with evidence that he has not — that he cannot have — bestowed upon this subject, from the writings of the opponents of the punishment of death, that study which is due to its solemn importance, and to the high responsibility attaching to his public action in relation to it. We trust that he will do so — that the friends of this reform in his own country will direct his attention

to the proper sources of information in which he may find it discussed, — and we cannot allow ourselves to doubt that the day is not distant when he will regret to have thus lent the influence of his muse, to retard the advent of that hour which is to witness the total abolition of this revolting, useless, and worse than useless barbarism from the statute-books of every people, professing that civilization which rests upon Christianity, as the corner-stone of its foundation. In Mr. Wordsworth's own language —

*"O speed the blessed time, Almighty God!"*

We have been restrained, on the present occasion, from going into any of the statistical evidence, or even the leading points of the general reasoning, on which our convictions in favor of the reform above referred to have long been established. Its discussion on these grounds is reserved for a future number.

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## TO THE YOUNG PRINCE OF WALES.

Thou Fortune's Darling! In the Purple born!
How bright the ray that gilds thy dawning morn!
Thou seest the light, the Ruler of thy land,
And e'en thy earliest accents lisp command!
For thee will Wealth its opulence impart
To gratify each wish of thy young heart,
And Luxury her gorgeous lap unfolds,
With all the wondrous treasures which it holds.
But these are common joys — thy dainty life
With others choicer far will still be rife;
Fair woman's smile — the reverential knee —
The faith of nations — millions' loyalty!
England's fair sovereign, she who gave thee birth,
Rules with her sceptre either end of earth;
The sun ne'er sets on her majestic sway,
In Britain's empire reigns eternal day!
From Arctic Circle to the Torrid Zone,
Such are the Realms shall soon thee master own.
All—all for which man labors, thirsts, contends,
To thee, unask'd for, Destiny extends.
Fortune, the imperious monarch of us all,
Is thy chained vassal slave, thy serf, thy thrall.
Oh Baby King! How many women now
Bend o'er their infants the maternal brow,
And wish for them a birth and fate like thine;
While she, the daughter of this kingly line,
The Queen thy mother, within Windsor's walls,
The ancient glories of her race recalls,
And in her fancy fond delights to see
Them all heap'd up and running o'er in Thee!

* * * * *

But hark! that piercing shriek! that angry roar!
Which through the firmament its pathway tore —
Again! that distant, wild, and fearful howl —
Brings it not terror to thy childish soul?
Is this for Royal Babes a lullaby?
This savage din — this fierce, ferocious cry?
What is't that dares thy placid slumber wake,
And with these sounds thy golden cradle shake?
'Tis that which knows for thee nor love nor fear,
The Lion-People wakens in his lair.
The *Masses* come — dark, ominous, and vast,
The shadow which before their march they cast;
Grim Hunger leads her fierce battalions on,
Her motto "bread," her crest a skeleton!
The multitudes, too long forgot, demand
To share the ruling of thy mighty land.
The earth-born giants raise their sturdy hands —
And how wilt thou resist those mighty bands?
Each toil-steeled warrior in that endless host,
Hand, head, heart, soul like thine may justly boast.
What now the chance, Prophetic Wisdom, say,
That thou wilt e'er the Realms of England sway?

A moment yet they pause, but do not think
That phalanx back again to earth will sink.
Their march is onward — vain is Hope and Prayer,
They soon relentless will demand their share.
And wilt thou be prepared those hosts to face,
Thou latest offspring of thine ancient race?
Oh! may thy guardians, kind, and wise, and just,
Discharge aright their high and holy trust,
And may'st thou not, then, Baby-Boy, have cause
To curse the lot which breaks our nature's laws,
Which prisons in a cell the royal mind,
And makes to all Life's lessons deaf and blind;
Forbids to know great Labor's sweet rewards,
From every blessed evil closely guards,
Makes soft and selfish, cowardly and base,
The Royal scion of a Royal Race.
Oh! may'st thou early learn, my kingly boy,
To make thy People's bliss thy greatest joy,
And while o'er all around thou breath'st command,
To rule thyself with still a stricter hand;
For thy high trade, the evil hour draws near;
Be wise, and, while there yet is time, prepare.
I offer thee, amid thy high estate,
A freeman's wishes for thy happy fate;
'Tis no good-will to kings — no, think it not;
'Tis pity only for thy dangerous lot.

New York, *January*, 1842.

# POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

## NO. XXIX.

### William Cullen Bryant.

(*With a Fine Engraving on Steel.*)

The gentleman whose name we here present to our readers occupies so conspicuous a position, and his literary merits have been so long established, that nothing need be said of him, in this brief notice, in the way of eulogy. We shall only endeavor to gratify the laudable curiosity which always exists in regard to the life of any person who may have made himself remarkable. Mr. Bryant has long held the place of the first poet of his country; but not many are aware that he is entitled to equal fame as a prose-writer, a politician, and a man.

He was born on the 3d of November, 1794, in the village of Cummington, Massachusetts. His father, Dr. Peter Bryant of that place, one of the most eminent physicians of the day, was possessed of extensive literary and scientific acquirements, an unusually vigorous and well-disciplined mind, and an elegant and refined taste. He was fond of study, and sought to infuse into the minds of his young and growing family, those habits of intellectual exertion which had been to himself a source of so much exalted pleasure. It was fortunate for the subject of this notice, that such was his character; for when his own genius began to discover signs of its power, he found in his father an able and skilful instructor, who chastened, improved, and encouraged the first rude efforts of his boyhood. That parent did not, like the father of Petrarch, burn the poetic library of his son, amid the tears and groans of the boy; nor, like the relatives of Alfieri, suppress, for nearly one-third of his existence, the poetic fervor which consumed his heart; but, looking upon poetry as a high, perhaps the highest of arts, and poetic eminence as the noblest fame, he nourished with cheerful care the least indications of its presence, and supplied the youth with the means of its culture and growth. Nor were his services unrewarded, as it appears from Mr. Bryant's solemn Hymn to Death, by the subsequent gratitude and success of his pupil.

When only ten years of age, Mr. Bryant produced several small poems, which, though of course marked by the defects and puerilities of so immature an age, were yet thought to possess sufficient merit to be published in the newspaper of a neighboring village — the Hampshire Gazette. His friends, though pleased

Your obt. Servt.

W. C. Bryant

with these early evidences of talent, did not injure him with injudicious flattery, but, in the spirit of Dryden's simile, treated them

> "As those who unripe veins in mines explore,
> On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,
> Till time digests the yet imperfect ore,
> Knowing it would be gold another day."

Mr. Bryant acquired the rudiments of his school education under the care, first of the Rev. Mr. Snell of Brookfield, and then under that of the Rev. Mr. Hallock of Plainfield, Mass. They found in him a sprightly and intelligent pupil, better pleased to lay up knowledge from books, and the silent meditation of nature, than to join in the ordinary pastimes of children. He was quick of apprehension, and diligent in pursuit. He rapidly ran through the usual preliminary studies; and in 1810, then in the sixteenth year of his age, was entered a member of the sophomore class of Williams' College. In that institution, he continued his studies with the same ardor and enthusiasm. He was particularly noted for his fondness for the classics, and in a little while made himself master of the more interesting portions of the literature of Greece and Rome. But he had not been in college more than a year or two, when he asked and procured an honorable dismission, for the purpose of devoting himself to the study of the law. This he did in the office of Judge Howe of Worthington, and afterwards in that of the Hon. William Baylies of Bridgewater, and, in 1815, was admitted to practise at the bar of Plymouth.

But, during the period of his studies, Mr. Bryant had not neglected the cultivation of his poetic abilities. In 1808, before he went to college, he had published, in Boston, a satirical poem, which attracted so much attention, that a second edition was demanded in the course of the next year. "When it is remembered," observes Mr. Leggett, "that this work was given to the public by an author who had not completed his fourteenth year, it cannot but be considered a remarkable instance of early maturity of mind. Pope's Ode to Solitude was written at twelve years of age; but it possesses neither fancy nor feeling, and except for the harmony of its versification, is entitled to no particular praise. His Translation of Sappho to Phaon is indeed an extraordinary production, and has uniformly received the warmest commendation from the critics. Yet it is but a translation, while the poem of our author, written still earlier in life, is an original effort, and as such cannot but be received with greater

surprise, on account of the wonderful precocity of judgment, wit, and fancy it exhibits. Like Cowley's Poetical Blossoms, it must have been composed when the writer was little more than thirteen; but in point of merit, it is decidedly superior to these effusions of unripened genius." Certain political strictures on Mr. Jefferson and his party, which this poem contained, have given rise, since Mr. Bryant has become conspicuous as an ardent friend of democracy, to charges of political inconsistency and faithlessness. They are charges, however, that require no refutation; and we refer to them now only to remark, that it is a singular evidence of Mr. Bryant's integrity and discernment, that the only point of attack which embittered enemies have found in his whole life, are his unconsidered utterings when a stripling of only thirteen, living in times of high political excitement, and among a people who were all of one way of thinking. How few pass through life with characters so pure and unassailable!

But what chiefly contributed to give Mr. Bryant rank as a poet, was the publication, in the North American Review of 1816, of the poem of Thanatopsis, written four years before, in 1812. That a young man, not yet nineteen, should have produced a poem so lofty in conception, and so beautiful in execution, so full of chaste language, and delicate and striking imagery—and above all, so pervaded by a noble and cheerful religious philosophy—may well be regarded as one of the most wonderful events of literary history. And the wonder is increased when we learn, that this sublime lyric was followed, in the course of the few next years, by the "Inscription for an Entrance into a Wood," written in 1813, and published in the North American in 1817; by the "Waterfowl," written in 1816, and published in 1818; and by the "Fragment of Simonides," written in 1811, and published in 1818. In 1821, he wrote his largest poem, "The Ages," which was delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College, and soon after published at Boston, in a small volume, in connexion with the poems we have already mentioned, and some others. The appearance of this volume at once established the fame of Mr. Bryant as a poet.

In the same year Mr. Bryant married a young and amiable lady, Miss Fairchild, of Great Barrington, Mass., whither he had removed to prosecute his profession. He was both skilful and successful as a lawyer, but the labor of the vocation clashing with his poetic and moral sensibilities, induced him, after a ten years' practice, to remove, in 1825, to the city of New York, to commence a career of literary effort. His fame, which had preceded him, soon procured him the editorship of the New York

Review, which he managed, in connexion with other gentlemen, with great industry and talent. About the same time he joined Mr. Gulian C. Verplanck, Mr. Robert Sands, and Fitz Green Halleck, and several young artists of the city, in the production of an Annual, called "The Talisman," which for beauty and variety of contents, has not been surpassed, even in these more prolific days of Annuals. Some of Mr. Bryant's contributions to it place him as a prose writer beside the best of any nation. The narrative of the "Whirlwind," for accurate description, condensed energy and eloquence of expression, and touching incident, has always struck us as one of the master-pieces of writing.

In 1827, Mr. Bryant became an editor of the New York Evening Post, and since then, with the exception of the years 1834 and '35, when he travelled with his family in Europe, has had the almost exclusive control of that journal. It is by his conduct in this capacity, that he has acquired his standing as a politician.

Of Mr. Bryant's poetry, we have taken occasion to express our opinion in a former number of this Review.* We have nothing to add to that criticism; unless it be, that in the poems he has published since, he has given evidence of still higher powers. The "Battle-Field" and the "Winds," are among the noblest lyrics of the English language.

We have only, then, to speak of Mr. Bryant's political character. When he first undertook the management of the Evening Post, that paper had taken no decided stand in the politics of the day. Its leanings, however, were towards the aristocratic party. Mr. Bryant soon infused into its columns some portion of his native originality and spirit. Its politics assumed a higher tone, its disquisitions on public measures became daily more pointed and stirring, and, finally, it declared with great boldness on what was considered the more liberal side. From that day to this, it has taken a leading part in political controversies, and exerted a controlling influence over public opinion. In the fierce excitement kindled by General Jackson's attack upon the United States Bank, in the hot debates of the tariff and internal improvement questions, and in the deeply-agitating, almost convulsive contest which prostrated the banking system, the Evening Post maintained the strongest ground, was generally in advance of its day, and never faltered or flinched in the assertion of the severest tenets of the democratic creed. Unlike most journals, it did not satisfy itself with an undiscriminating defence of the temporary

(* See Democratic Review, for 1839.)

doctrines of party, but, regardless alike of friend and foe, yet cautiously and calmly, it expressed the whole truth in its length and breadth.

The manner in which Mr. Bryant has conducted these controversies is in the highest degree honorable to him. He has disdained the miserable arts by which small minds achieve the triumphs of their party or their own profit. Drawing his principles from the independent conclusions of his own mind, he has not shifted with every wind of doctrine. He has regarded politics, not as the strife of opposing interests, nor as a factious struggle for party supremacy, nor yet as a predatory warfare for the spoils of success, but as the solemn conflict of great principles. He has studied it as a comprehensive science, in which the rights and happiness of millions of men are interested, and which has issues and dependencies spreading over the events of many years. In this light, he has sought to teach its truths, with conscientious fidelity.

His intellectual adaptation to his calling is in many respects a striking one. With a mind of quick sagacity, strong reasoning powers, ready wit, and an inexhaustible fertility, he has been able to perform its incessant and laborious duties with signal success. Disciplined as well as enriched by severe study, he has added to the learning of books the attainments of extensive observation and travel. His style is remarkable for its purity and elegance, no less than for the felicity of its illustrations. In controversy, he most frequently resorts to a caustic but graceful irony. He is playful without being vulgar, pointed without grossness, sharp as a Damascus blade, and just as polished. Nor are the compactness and strength of his expression less to be admired, than his uniform perspicuity and ease. That he is sometimes unnecessarily cutting, as some complain, is a fault, if it exist, that springs from the native integrity of his mind, and the secluded and refined nature of his pursuits. It has seemed to us, however, that this alleged severity is no more than the spirit of justice as it manifests itself in a pure and honest mind. For we doubt if a man more perfectly just, and less liable to be warped by the questionable compliances of society, ever lived.

In private intercourse, Mr. Bryant is what all his writings, poetical as well as prose, indicate. His life is that of a student of elegant and lofty literature. He is reserved in his manner, almost to repulsiveness, yet in the social circle is gentle, amiable, and affectionate. When his sympathies are interested, the spirit of tenderness and benevolence gleams like a flame from his eyes, and plays around his features in a beautiful radiance. In his

opinions of men, he endeavors to be just; but when he is not just, the leaning is towards the side of mercy. A strong natural irritability has been disciplined by stern effort into the subjection of reason; and his tastes and habits, though refined by long culture, are as simple as those of a child. Those who know him best, are at a loss which most to admire, the superiority of his faculties, or the modesty of his deportment.

We could wish to say more on this subject, but our limits compel us reluctantly to close.

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## CHORUSES FROM THE GREEK TRAGEDIES.

### VI.

BY H. W. HERBERT, ESQ.

CHORUS OF TROJAN WOMEN AFTER THE SACK OF TROY.

Σὺ μὲν, ὦ πατρὶς Ἰλιὰς.—*Euripides, Hecuba*—v. 905.

STROPHE I.

No more, my native Ilium, oh! no more
Shalt thou enrolled be
With mightiest towns, inviolate and free;
So darkly glooming on thy destined shore
Did the dun war-cloud compass thee about,
Sacked by the Grecian rout,
With the red spear—the red, revengeful spear!
Low lie thy towers, that did so proudly rear
Their crowns heaven-kissing—all defiled and dim,
Blackened with burning, and with slaughter grim.

ANTISTROPHE I.

At noon of night we fell—at noon of night,
When softest silence deep
Had sealed the revellers' eyes in balmy sleep.
Stretched on his couch of down, forgetful quite,
My lord lay slumbering—who but then had ceased
From sacrificial feast,
And many a peal of high triumphal song;
And saw not, even in dreams, the nautic throng
That rushed, dread foes—his idle lance afar—
Ilion's fair fields to waste with ruthless war.

STROPHE II.

Then, all my gorgeous length of curls unbound,
All floating free, my neck and shoulders round,
In conscious beauty, by the mirror's glare
Of lucent gold, I sate to deck my hair;
In fondest hope to pillow soon my head
On the soft cushions of my marriage bed—
When sudden through the streets, with armed clang,
Startling the night, that fearful summons rang.
"Sons of the Greek, when homeward will ye turn,
And leave Troy towers sublime to ruin stern?"

ANTISTROPHE II.

Forth, from my bower beloved, in wildest dread,
Like Dorian damsel, singly-robed, I fled—
Yet gained not, as I would, thy sacred shrine—
Unhappy me!—O Artemis divine.
Then was I dragged, while in his noble blood
My spouse lay weltering, to the salt-sea flood;
With straining eyes reflected to thy strand,
Dear country mine, while gayly from the land
The homeward galley shot, and bore me thence,
By speechless wo bereft of every sense.

EPODE.

Then to perdition dread
Gave I thy hated head,
Sister of those twin stars divinely bright,
Helen—with him, who erst on Ida's height
Pastured his heifers white,
Accursed Paris!—She it was—oh! she!—
Who forced me thus an exiled Slave to roam
Far from my ruined home!
She it was!—only she!—who came to dwell
A bride in those high halls!
A bride?—no bride—but fiend from deepest hell!
Oh! never!—never more
May the sea waft her to her native walls;
Nor her foot press the shore,
Where all her race in glory dwelt of yore.

## VII.

### CHORUS OF AGED GREEKS, BEFORE THE PALACE OF THE ATRIDÆ.

DESCRIBING THE SACRIFICE OF IPHIGENIA.

Πνοαὶ δ' ἀπὸ Στρύμονος μολοῦσαι.—*Æschylus, Agamemnon*—v. 184.

I.

Breezes from the northward blowing,
Where the Strymon cold is flowing—
Bearing on their icy sweep
Hunger fierce, and foul delay,
Hurling men, with ruthless sway,
Devious o'er the watery way,
Vexers of the chafing deep—
Stripping, with their pinions dark,
Many a trim and stately bark—
Blighted all the flower of Greece,
Weatherbound in weary peace.
Shrieked aloud the prophet then,
To those worn and wasted men,
A remedy more dreadful naming
Than the long and bitter blast;
Dian's deadly wrath proclaiming—
That the mighty monarchs twain
Down their royal sceptres cast,
Nor their tears could then restrain.
Up, and spake the elder king;
"Hard the fate, to disobey—
Hard — if I my child must slay,
Gem of my house — the shrine before,
Defiling my paternal hands with streams of virgin gore!
Horror is in everything!
What — oh! what is free from wo?—
How can I a traitor go
From this boldly-banded host;
Pining on this cursed coast?—
Since of right their fiery zeal
Craves the sacrificial steel—
Burns the virgin blood to pour,
That shall still the wind's uproar—
Be it — be it, then, for weal!"—

II.

Up, and spake —but bowed him straight
To the iron curb of fate,

Breathing, from his altered soul,
Passions that all madly burst,
Free from reason's calm control,
Foul, unholy, and accurst.
For a phrenesy divine,
Scourging still the fated line,
Still, where kindred blood is spilt,
Springing from ancestral guilt,
Lashes mortals on to crime—
Ever — to the end of time!
Then — then he dared, dark slave of fate,
His own sweet child to immolate;
That so unchecked the battle's burnt should be,
And the Greek galleys cleave the waters free.
Her tears of terror, her imploring cries
To him her father, they did all despise,
And the pure modesty of those young eyes,
The warlike umpires old!
And he — the father — when the prayer was o'er,
With visage sadly cold,
Commanded stern the sacrificial rout
To lift her high, the altar-stone before,
Swathing the robes her lovely limbs about,
Pure as a victim kid — and bind amain
The balmy entrance of her tuneful throat,
With silent curbs severe of forceful chain,
That not one cry of fear, or phrensy bold,
Should mar the holy rites with sign of fellest note.

III.

Then to the earth down streamed the purple flood;
And lovely there, as pictured form, she stood,
Piercing with tenderest shafts of piteous love,
Shot from her sadly supplicating eye,
The souls of those stern priests; while still she strove
To syllable aloud her parting sigh—
As when she sung with silver voice of yore,
All at the festive board, her sire before,
In chastest fragrance of her virgin prime;
And called with every word a blessing down
On that dear father's dear thrice-honored crown!—
What fell beyond, we saw not, nor relate—
But not in vain did Calchas riddle fate!

## THE PENNY-POSTMAN.—No. IV.

TO THE PENNY-POSTMAN.

If one to whom your occasional visits impart a sincere and lively pleasure, may be permitted to question the gifts you bring, I shall exercise the right in regard to your recent Letter, addressed, in the November number of the Democratic Review, to Martin Van Buren. That letter seems to me to concede something more than is true to the spirit of political detraction which has pursued this distinguished statesman through his public career, even into his retirement. The brilliant sketch which it contains of his Executive administration does injustice to his previous life,—a concession made the more objectionable in itself, by the general spirit of friendship and respect pervading the whole Letter. A striking effect is given to the strong lights in the foreground of the picture by darkening the background into too deep an obscurity. I am far indeed from supposing that this was done from any motive at variance with those feelings with which we both, I doubt not, regard the eminent citizen to whom our letters refer. Yet still, conceiving it due, not more to the individual than to the cause of historical justice, I propose slightly to retouch some of the subordinate objects over which your pencil has cast a shade, and to endeavor to bring them out upon the canvass in a fairer light and truer proportion.

The assertion of the political opponents of Martin Van Buren, to which you allude—and to which, while you deny a part of it, you still concede more of truth than it seems to me to deserve—is, that he was elevated to the Presidency, not so much by the force of his personal merits, as by the power of adventitious circumstances; and that, however well he has since proved himself to deserve it, yet, before his attainment of it, he had done no great deeds to entitle him to this most illustrious of political honors, but was made President by the influence of General Jackson.*

The real nature of the popularity of Gen. Jackson has never been comprehended by those who are accustomed to a low estimate of the intelligence of the masses. They have ascribed to a blind and ignorant admiration of martial achievement, what was mainly due to far nobler causes. The courageous honesty of the veteran chief, his intuitive perception of the essential merits of a question, his natural greatness of soul, and, above all, the harmony of his opinions and action with the democratic tendency

* As this is hardly a correct statement of the remark of "The Penny-Postman," the reader is requested to recur to the article referred to. That remark was, that Mr. V. B. had been made President by "*the enemies* of General Jackson."—Ed. D. R.

of his age and country, established a perfect sympathy between him and the masses, and made him their true and trusted representative. In their adherence to him they were but faithful to themselves. His was a rational popularity, liable indeed to err, but not unlimited nor transferable at pleasure. It was strong, not to control or counteract, but to express and effectuate, the general will. It might have failed him even when he was in the right; as it unquestionably would have done for a time amid such a financial tempest as that which overthrew Mr. Van Buren's administration. Not only did Gen. Jackson abstain from any improper interference with the free selection of his successor, but he never had the power to control the result against the public preference. If, as is alleged, (not indeed by you, but often by our political opponents,) he made Mr. Van Buren President, what other man could he have made such? Or, if he had exerted not the slightest influence, can there be a doubt that the choice of the Democracy would still have fallen upon Mr. Van Buren?—or that the candidate on whom they had concentrated would have been successful? As you have truly remarked, Mr. Van Buren was chosen as their candidate by an unanimous acclamation. There was no trembling of the balance, to be determined by the personal or official weight of Gen. Jackson. The declamation we have so often heard, as to his controlling agency in the matter, upon examination is reduced to the simple statement that, in this instance as in most others, he concurred with the general sentiment of the Democratic Party.

Nor was it by the mere force of favoring circumstances, that the son of an obscure citizen had attained an eminence which left him no competitor for the highest of public honors. He had risen rapidly and steadily through all the gradations of professional and political distinction; and in every successive sphere of action had maintained a high personal superiority. He had been obliged from the outset of his career to encounter and overcome all the influences which are supposed to confer adventitious success. If he owed much to circumstances, it was to their opposition, which awakened and formed by a severe discipline the manly energies of his nature.

As to the other branch of the allegation—that Mr. Van Buren had done no "great deeds" to entitle him to the Presidency, the test of merit which it presents is not very definite. What civic deeds of greatness shall a statesman do to entitle him to that distinction? Shall he found some stupendous governmental establishment, or originate some splendid scheme of public improvement? Shall he hatch the egg of an "American System," or bring into existence a "Regulator of the Currency?" Shall he

project a "Forty Million Debt" for the construction of "three parallel lines of railroads?" Such, indeed, are the tests of statesmanship adopted by those who originate this cant against Mr. Van Buren, and whose *beau ideal* is a government of mighty and concentrated authorities, surrounded by magnificent public institutions. But the democratic theory of government affords no such scope for the inventive genius of statesmen. It seeks to simplify the political machinery, to diminish and diffuse, as far as practicable, the powers of the social organization, and to enlarge the sphere of the voluntary action of individuals.

Mr. Van Buren immediately succeeded a man, the moral heroism of whose nature, not less than his high military renown, and his great public services, had excited a high degree of popular admiration; and a civilian, however eminent, could scarcely escape the effect of the contrast. During all the great political contests which characterized the administration of his predecessor, he had never occupied, in either of the legislative bodies or the executive, that position of a conspicuous champion which so binds to a popular leader the affections of his followers. Under these circumstances it is not extraordinary that he was not then regarded by his own supporters with much enthusiasm; and, characterized as he was by qualities rather solid than showy—useful and reliable, rather than dazzling—it is not strange that some impression was made on the public mind by the pertinacious calumny of his political opponents that he was deficient in the noble qualities of the statesman. But it is nevertheless true, that his success was well earned, and is justly to be ascribed, not to a concurrence of fortunate circumstances, but to the personal attributes of the individual. If great talents, with an unsullied private reputation; if a rare combination of the mental and moral qualities which form a capacity for administration; if the adherence to democratic principles with consistency seldom equalled, and with a fortitude which no vicissitudes could overcome; if these are titles to the highest of political honors, then was Mr. Van Buren's claim to that distinction vindicated by his whole life. I do not intend to write his biography; I shall allude to but two or three events of his public career.

Mr. Van Buren entered the Senate of New York in 1812, when the country was assailed by a powerful foreign foe, and torn by internal feuds. The government was almost paralyzed by domestic faction, and the Union itself was in extreme peril. From the power, resources, and local position of New York, momentous consequences hung upon the part which she should take in the great controversy; and for a long period the question was undecided. During two sessions the Federalists had a ma-

jority in the Assembly, and the Democrats had the control of the Senate and the Governor. The disagreements between the two branches of the Legislature led to frequent conferences of their committees, which were held in the presence of both Houses and of assembled multitudes; and in which the expediency of the war and the conduct of the administration were discussed. In these great popular contests, which, in the solemnity of the occasion and the interest of the subject, have had no parallel in this country, Mr. Van Buren was the principal speaker on the part of the Democracy; and by his power and dexterity in debate, and by his patriotic enthusiasm, contributed largely to the triumphant issue of the appeal to popular sentiment. His public services at this eventful period were not less important than those which, rendered on a more conspicuous theatre, secured for a Calhoun and a Clay the enthusiastic gratitude of the country.

Mr. Van Buren was an efficient agent in originating the convention to remodel the constitution of New York, and to abolish the property qualification for the elective franchise. In that body, which embraced a large share of the collective talent of the State, and some of the ablest men of the time, he was eminent. He bore a laborious and important part in the proceedings; and his discussions of the great questions of governmental science were distinguished by all that profound sagacity, comprehension, wisdom, and liberality of political sentiment, which have always characterized him as a statesman.

From this scene of effort, he passed immediately into the Senate of the United States; where, during the last term of Mr. Monroe's administration and that of Mr. Adams, he maintained an influence and a reputation second to none; but he is entitled to far higher praise than that of personal distinction. The period was one of nearly universal apostacy from the primitive faith of the Democracy. The party which adopted a strict construction of the constitutional charter, and sought to limit and diffuse the powers of government, had been charged with the administration through a succession of national emergencies. It had felt the inconveniences of a practical application of its principles at a time when the action of the government was subjected to unexampled embarrassments, and when the instinct of national existence demanded a concentrated energy foreign to the nature of our constitution. Its very patriotism had relaxed the severity of its practical doctrines; and when the crisis of national peril was passed, the public attention was directed more to the evil which had been so deeply felt, than to the insidious danger of centralization. The unpatriotic conduct of the opposition covered it with a popular odium, fatal to its organic existence; and a fusion

of parties took place. The ardent and aspiring political leaders participated largely in the universal tendency, and competed for the public favor by originating and maturing measures utterly inconsistent with their earlier opinions. A national bank was established. Magnificent schemes of internal improvements were projected—a protective tariff was enacted. The Democratic administration of Mr. Monroe passed by an easy transition into the Federalism of that of Mr. Adams. A remnant of the old school of democracy raised an ineffectual protest; but their "constitutional scruples" excited derision, as an obsolete abstraction which was confined to Virginia, or was peculiar to a few antiquated politicians, like Mr. Macon—whose close personal friend and political ally Mr. Van Buren was. During this long season of general apostacy, he adhered to the original Democratic faith; and immediately upon his entrance into the Senate, arrayed himself with the small band who were then stigmatized as Radicals. His efforts to restore the ancient landmarks of the Democracy, and to revive and establish its primitive doctrine, called forth the grateful plaudits of Mr. Jefferson, the evening of whose days was so sadly clouded by the apprehension, that he had survived the principles and the cause to which his life had been devoted.

These and similar events of his public career were his titles to that confidence and esteem of the Democracy, which conferred upon him the most splendid of political honors. They promised what was realized in his executive administration, of which you have spoken in such strong and just terms of commendation. But his entrance upon a wider sphere of action, in which he had to encounter great emergencies, and to assume vast responsibilities, enabled him to manifest the higher capacities and nobler attributes of the statesman, and to display a heroic moral courage which, while it has commanded the respect of his opponents, has won the enthusiastic attachment of the great party which supported him.

Thinking that you have been misled by a want of sufficient familiarity with Mr. Van Buren's political career previously to his elevation to the Presidency, into a concession to the calumnies of his old opponents, unjust to his fame, as well as unpleasing to the feelings of not a few of your readers, I have ventured thus to address you with all the frankness of friendship, and of a full community of political sentiment. In doing so, I trust to the courtesy of the Democratic Review to give my criticism the same circulation already given to the Letter which has suggested it—a Letter in no other respects open to any exception from

Your fellow-laborer in the cause of letters,

THE CARRIER.

## MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

The months of January and February are those in which, probably, the least business is done of any period of 60 days throughout the year. It is at this season that, in ordinary years, the communications between the Atlantic States and the interior of the country are closed by reason of snow and cold; consequently, for the time, produce, the great liquidater of debts and promoter of trade, ceases to come forward. The Atlantic credits of the inland dealers no longer accumulate, and both the commercial and financial circles exhibit an appearance of deep repose, preparatory to the commencement of the spring campaign. The present year has, however, been marked by a continual excitement in monetary matters, arising from the constant depreciation of property, and the progress of public opinion throughout the South and West, in relation to the great questions of specie payments by the banks of those sections. It is now nearly five years since the banks of the United States all suspended specie payments. In one year thereafter, or nearly four years since, the banks of New York and New England resumed their payments, which they have ever since maintained. In the same period, the banks of the South have twice resumed, and as often again suspended. And now, at this moment, the local currencies are generally more depreciated, exhibiting a higher rate of inland exchanges than at any period during all that time. The following is a table, showing the rates at the time of the resumption of the New York banks, in May, 1838, at the time of the general resumption in February, 1839, of the resuspension in November, 1839, and at different times since the attempt at resumption in January, 1841, as follows:—

Rates of Domestic Bills in New York.

| | *N. Y. resumption, May*, 1838. | *General resumption, Feb.* 1839. | *Re-suspension, Nov.* 1839. | 1841. *April.* | *Sept.* | *Dec.* | 1842. *Feb.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Boston, | ¼ dis. | par a ¼ | par | ¼ a ¼ | ¼ a ¼ | ¼ a ⅜ | ¼ a ⅜ |
| Philadelphia, | ⅜ a 1 | — a ¼ | — a 14 | 3½ a 4 | 3½ a 4½ | 5½ a 6 | 7 a 8½ |
| Baltimore, | 1½ a 2 | ¼ a ⅜ | — a 14 | 3½ a 4 | — a 2 | 4 a 4½ | 2 a 3 |
| Richmond, | 5 a 6 | ¼ a 1 | 12 a 15 | — a 4½ | 3½ a 3¾ | 6½ a 6¾ | 9 a 12½ |
| N. Carolina, | 5 | — a 2 | — a 5 | — a 4½ | 3½ a 3¾ | 5½ a 5¾ | 5½ a 5½ |
| Charleston, | 5 a 6 | — a 1 | 6 a 8 | 1½ a 2 | 1½ a 1¾ | 1½ a 1¾ | 1½ a 1¾ |
| Savannah, | 8 a 10 | 1½ a 2 | 8 a 10 | 3½ a 4 | 3½ a 3½ | 2½ a 3 | 2½ a 3 |
| Mobile, | 20 a 22 | 1½ a 2 | — a 15 | 10 a 11 | 8 a 8½ | 17 a 17½ | 12½ a 13 |
| New Orleans, | 8 a 10 | par | 9 a 10 | 5½ a 6 | 4 a 6 | 9½ a 9¾ | 6½ a 7 |
| Nashville, | 20 a 25 | — a 4½ | — a — | 15 a 16 | 10½ a 10¾ | 15 a 16 | 14 a 14½ |
| Louisville, | 7 a 8 | — a 2 | — a — | 6 a 7 | 6½ a 7 | 11 a 11½ | 9½ a 10 |
| Cincinnati, | 8 a 9 | — a 2½ | — a 16 | 9½ a 10 | 8½ a 9 | 13½ a 14 | 15 a 16 |

This table presents pretty accurately the fluctuations that have taken place in the value of the local currencies, consequent upon the movement of the banks; as they found it necessary, in accordance with public opinion, to make some show of a desire to return to specie payments. The banks themselves have conceived it more profitable to remain suspended than to resume, as long as they could do so and preserve that conventional credit, which would enable them to keep up among the people the circulation of their irredeemable paper. This could be done, however, only by amusing the public with the prospect of resumption at some short specified period, on the arrival of which they again sought and found some excuse for postponing the event. Such a state of things, it is manifest, could not last for ever. If the banks did not resume, they must sink sooner or later under the discredit created by their own acts. This latter alternative is now rapidly taking place, as is evident in the greatly increased discount on southern points, exhibited in the above table, without any palpable increase in the issues of the local banks; although the contraction on the part of the institutions in the specie-paying districts, causes an increased disparity between the relative values of the currencies. The progress of events in the suspended dis-

tricts is best illustrated by that which has occurred in Philadelphia during the past two years. When the United States Bank failed, in the fall of 1839, great efforts were made to induce the New York banks to suspend also, but without success. Two parties were then formed in Philadelphia among the banks. Those which felt themselves strong and in a sound condition wished to return to specie payments as speedily as possible; while the United States Bank, the Girard, and others, feeling their inability to resume, at least for years, not only made their dispositions to that effect, but endeavored to prevent any consummation of that object by the other banks. In accordance with this policy, the United States Bank continued to expand, and by its overshadowing capital and still undoubted credit, easily controlled the direction of affairs in Philadelphia and at the South. The result of this policy was, that after the success of the now dominant party at the Presidential election in the fall of 1840, public opinion set strongly in favor of resumption, great hopes of a revival in the state of affairs having been promised by the politicians. The United States Bank found it impossible to resist this current, and at the same time so far preserve its credit, as to render its hopes of being restored to its national character successful. (This event would undoubtedly have taken place, had the concern been able to preserve its standing 60 days longer than it did.) It therefore became incumbent upon it to resume specie payments on the 1st of January, 1841. It was then discovered, however, that in consequence of its expansive policy, and of its having furnished the whole circulation of Philadelphia for over one year, the deposites of the other banks consisted mostly of its paper, and it was therefore indebted to them collectively over $5,000,000. This it confessed its inability to pay, and at the same time resume. Then it was that the other banks made a fatal error. They consented to give up their present claim upon the Bank for $5,000,000, and receive therefor post notes at 9 and 12 months. This was, of course, locking up so much of their active means, and all in vain. The resumption lasted but six weeks, and all again was insolvency and chaos. Even then the banks of Philadelphia continued to receive United States Bank notes, and they became saddled with an additional amount of $2,800,000. They were then obliged to discredit it altogether, and it went down in debt to them near $10,000,000. The bills of the Girard Bank, the next largest capital, then supplied the circulating medium, until she became so heavily in debt to the banks, that they were obliged to discredit her, and she followed the United States Bank. Her place was then supplied by the Bank of Pennsylvania, which struggled on until the approaching payment of the State interest on the 1st February, when, the indications being that if that interest, amounting to near $1,000,000, was paid, it must be in the bills of the Pennsylvania Bank, an operation that would, to the same extent, bring her in debt to the remaining banks; she was discredited in her turn, and the State of Pennsylvania failed in its dividends. Thus, three banks that had successively controlled the markets and supplied a circulating medium, broke down under the accumulating weight of debt, each leaving a large liability to the other banks, as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Debt of the United States Bank to other institutions, | $7,500,000 |
| " " Girard, | 1,011,300 |
| " " Bank of Pennsylvania, | 745,000 |
| Total, | $9,256,300 |

This result was brought about by the fact, that the sound banks, wishing to do a snug business in order to resume as speedily as possible, issued no notes. Having none of their own outstanding, they were, therefore, compelled to receive on deposite, and in payment of notes falling due to them, the notes of other institutions that constituted the circulating medium. Unable to obtain any settlement for

these bills, they accumulated rapidly in their hands, until, unwilling to trust the issuing banks any longer, they refused to take them. This, of course, involved the stoppage of the banks uttering them. This has been the general operation of suspension throughout the South. The practical operation is gradually to change the assets of the banks which issue no bills, consisting of individuals' notes, into the bills of other banks; that is, to convert their claims upon good individuals into a claim upon a bad bank, consequently depreciating their assets and ruining their property. The remedy was to be found in legislative enactments, compelling resumption or a forfeiture by a specified day. In all the States this remedy has sought to be applied, and in nearly all of them has been defeated in the (if it may be so termed) aristocratic branch of the State governments; there is too much reason to fear, by the influence of bank corruption. In the following States resumption bills have been passed in the popular branch of the Legislature:—Pennsylvania, Maryland, New Jersey, Michigan, Tennessee, Indiana, Ohio, Alabama. In Ohio and Michigan the resumption bills have been perfected, and in the others they have been defeated in the Senates. In the State of Ohio the 4th of March has been fixed upon for a return to specie payments, and in Michigan it is required of the institutions to resume immediately. The agitation of the subject has caused a diminution of the currency furnished by those banks which intend to resume, and an increased depreciation in that of those which do not intend it, and which therefore take no steps to prepare for it.

The general operation has been, therefore, to increase the difficulty in the means of remittance North, and to induce the failure of a great number of commercial houses at the South and South-West, in the valley of the Mississippi particularly, to a degree that has caused the banks of New Orleans to be very cautious of purchasing the northern bills of the dealers. The reaction of this upon New York is causing great embarrassment among those dealers, and they are not few, who, in spite of all past experience, have sold at 4 to 6 months to the southern trade; and as the spring payments fall due, some trouble is apprehended. More particularly, as the banks of this city and other specie-paying districts begin to feel the pressure of the movements toward resumption, in the natural demand for specie caused by it. The foreign drain has but lately subsided, and should a resumption become general, that from the interior is likely to be more embarrassing. While the people of those sections continued to be satisfied with irredeemable paper for a circulating medium, the precious metals flowed toward New York; now that they demand specie for the same purpose, the current sets the other way. It is, therefore, of the highest importance, that while this process is going on, the imports of foreign goods should be kept at their lowest points, both to prevent a foreign drain of specie at the end of the year, when bills are exhausted, and to assist resumption, by diminishing the amount due the North from the suspended sections for those imported goods. The rates of sterling bills are now low as usual at this season of the year, when the supply is greatest and the demand least. The prices usually advance toward the close of the year, as the demand outruns the supply, until the deficiency is made good by the export of specie. The following is a table of present rates:—

RATES OF FOREIGN BILLS IN NEW YORK.

| | *Nov.* 15. | *Nov.* 30. | *Dec.* 31. | *Jan.* 31. | *Feb.* 15. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| London, | 10 a 10½ | 9¼ a 9½ | 8½ a 9 | 8 a 8½ | 8¼ a 8½ |
| France | 5 20 a 5 21 | 5 23 a 5 25 | 5 30 a 5 28½ | 5 28¾ a 5 31 | 5 28 a 5 27 |
| Amsterdam, | 40¾ a 40½ | 40 a 40½ | 39¾ a 40 | 39½ a 39¾ | — a 39¾ |
| Hamburg, | 36¼ a 36½ | 36¼ a 36½ | 35½ a 35¼ | 35¼ a 35½ | 35¼ a 35¾ |
| Bremen, | 78¼ a 78½ | 78 a 78½ | 77 a 77½ | 76¾ a 77 | 76¾ a 77 |

From this season of the year until mid-summer, there is generally an influx of the precious metals, consequent upon the low price of the exchanges. In average years, there is a balance of imports; in the year ending October, 1841, there was an

excess of exports, as is seen in the following table of the movement of the precious metals, from official sources :—

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS OF THE PRECIOUS METALS IN THE UNITED STATES.

| *Imports.* | 1838. | 1839. | 1840. | 1841. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Gold bullion, | 210.604 | 96,540 | 278 127 | 134,181 |
| Silver " | 322.813 | 169.680 | 469,434 | 274.273 |
| Gold coin, | 11,144,189 | 1,078,040 | 2,872.030 | 1,098,346 |
| Silver coin, | 5,679,390 | 4,260.916 | 5,328,222 | 3,401,730 |
| Total, | $17,747,116 | 5,595,176 | 8,882,813 | 4,908,482 |
| *Exports.* | | | | |
| Am. gold and silver, | 472,941 | 1,908.358 | 2,235,073 | 2,842.738 |
| Foreign gold, | 740,263 | 2 892,310 | 1,468 300 | 842,843 |
| Foreign silver, | 2,294,842 | 3,976,075 | 4,665,092 | 6,334.463 |
| Total, | 3.808.046 | 9 776,748 | 8,369 325 | 10,020.044 |
| Imports as above, | 17,747,116 | 5,595,176 | 8 882,813 | 4,908,482 |
| Excess imports, | 14,239.070 | — | 513,486 | — |
| Excess exports, | — | 4,181.567 | — | 5,111,562 |

From this condition of the financial affairs of the country, and its effect upon business, the imports of the year are likely to prove small, the influence of which upon the finances of the Federal government may lead to new difficulties, arising from its attempts to raise money in a restricted market. In our last number, we alluded to the disgraceful state of affairs, and the numerous protests under which government paper is lying, for want of means in the Treasury. The same state of things still exists. Government drafts upon the several deposite banks daily suffer protest, while the payments that are made to the government consist mostly of Treasury notes; which, being at a discount of ¾ per cent., afford some small saving to the government debtor in making them the medium of payment: at the same time the government creditors, in receiving them, have to submit to a loss. In the present state of the money market, the issue of Treasury notes is preferable to a direct loan; for the reason, that they relieve the market, where the latter would increase the pressure. Thus, the government creditors have claims upon it at the same time that their own obligations are maturing at the banks. On receiving Treasury notes they sell them in the market, and with the proceeds take up their obligations. The government debtor buys the notes in the market, and pays them into the Treasury, whereby no money is taken out of the market, although a chain of credits four or five times the amount of the notes issued has been cancelled. A direct loan to the same amount would have settled the same credits, but the government debtors would then have paid money into the Treasury, which would have been paid out in other directions, causing a pressure upon the market to the amount of the loan. In this view, Treasury notes are the best form in which to supply a temporary deficiency in the revenue. A permanent one can be supplied only by the common sense one of reducing expenditures, husbanding resources, and, if need be, increasing the means of revenue. To create a national debt in time of peace is not advisable, and in the present crisis of the national credit is not feasible. The government 6 per cent. stocks, authorized at the Extra Session, are at a discount in the market, and it is impossible for it now to borrow at a reasonable rate. As we anticipated in our last number, the State of Pennsylvania has been added to the list of States delinquent on their interest. Virtual repudiation is also extending itself throughout the Western States. The Legislature of Indiana adjourned on the 4th of February, after a session of eight weeks, in which they did nothing toward meeting the claims upon the State. On the contrary, they have formally adopted the report of the committee of Ways and Means, in which the inability of the State to pay its debt, as well as the supposed injustice of the debt, are set forth in strong language; also a declaration that, in the opinion of the committee, the inhabitants will never submit to be taxed for its payment, and recommending a reduction of taxes to 20 cts. on the $100 of valuation, which is estimated to yield $200,000,

half of which to be appropriated to the current expenses of the State, and one half to the absorption of outstanding Treasury notes. This was adopted almost without a dissenting voice, and the Legislature adjourned. This is to all intents and purposes—we blush to write the confession—Repudiation. And capitalists look forward to an extension of this example in all the indebted States. We here annex the present rates of State stocks, because a marked decline has taken place since the quotations in the January number:—

PRICES OF LEADING STOCKS IN THE NEW YORK MARKET.

| | Rate. | Redeemable | Aug. 30. | Dec. 31. | Jan. 31. | Feb. 15. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| United States, | 5½ | 1844 | 100 a 100½ | 96½ a 97 | 96 a 97 | 96 a 97 |
| " " | 6 | 1844 | — | 97½ a 97½ | 97 a 99 | 97 a 99 |
| New York State, | 6 | 1860 | 100 a 100½ | 86½ a 87½ | 80 a 81 | 79 a 80 |
| " " " | 5½ | — | 91½ a 92 | 76 a 77 | 75 a 75½ | 71 a 73 |
| " " " | 5 | 1845 | 93 a 95 | 85 a 86 | 85 a 90 | 80 a 87 |
| " " " | 5 | 1846 | 93 a 95 | 85 a 86 | 95 a 90 | 80 a 87 |
| " " " | 5 | 1847 | 93 a 95 | 85 a 86 | 85 a 90 | 80 a 87 |
| " " " | 5 | 1850 | 91 a 92 | 85 a 86 | 75 a 77 | 68 a 71 |
| " " " | 5 | 1855 | 86 a 87 | 76½ a 77 | 75 a 77 | 68 a 72 |
| " " " | 5 | 1858 | 86 a 86½ | 76½ a 77 | 75 a 77 | 68 a 71 |
| " " " | 4½ | 1849 | 75 a 77 | 70 a 75 | — a — | — a — |
| " " City, | 5 | fire | 81½ a 85½ | 77 a 78 | 72 a 75 | 72 a 76 |
| " " " | 5 | water | 84½ a 85½ | 76½ a 77½ | 77 a 78 | 77 a 78 |
| " " " | bonds, 6 | 1 year | — a 100 | 96 a 97 | 96½ a 97 | 96 a 98 |
| Brooklyn City, | 6 | 20 " | 100 a 105 | 85 a 90 | 90 a 95 | 90 a 92 |
| Pennsylvania,* | 5 | — | 79 a 80 | 37 a 58 | 45 a 50 | 44 a 49 |
| Ohio, | 6 | 1850 | 94 a 95 | 73 a 76 | 70 a 71 | 68 a 70 |
| " | 6 | 1856 | 94 a 95 | 72 a 73 | 69 a 70 | 67 a 68 |
| " | 6 | 1858 | 94 a 95 | 72 a 73 | 69 a 71 | 67 a 68 |
| " | 6 | 1860 | 94 a 95 | 72 a 73 | 69 a 70 | 67 a 68 |
| " | 5 | 1850 | 84 a 85 | 60 a 70 | — a — | — a — |
| Kentucky, | 6 | — | 84 a 85 | 70 a 73 | 71 a 71½ | 67 a 68 |
| " | 6 | bonds 4's | — a — | — a — | — a — | — a — |
| Alabama, dollar, | 5 | 1865 | — a — | 40 a 50 | 55 a 60 | 50 a 55 |
| Arkansas,* | 6 | 25 years | 59 a 63 | 27 a 45 | 33 a 40 | 35 a 45 |
| Indiana,* sterling, | 5 | — | 56 a 57 | 19 a 26 | 22 a 23 | 20 a 21 |
| " dollar, | 5 | — | 55 a 55½ | 19½ a 19½ | 22 a 23½ | 19 a 20 |
| Illinois,* sterling, | 6 | 1860 | — a — | — a — | — a — | — a — |
| " dollar, b'k l'n, | 6 | 1860 | 56 a 56½ | 19½ a 20 | — a — | — a — |
| " sterling, | 6 | 1870 | — a — | — a — | — a — | — a — |
| " dollar, | 6 | 1870 | 55 a 55½ | 19½ a 19½ | 21½ a 21½ | 18 a 19 |

Those States marked thus * have failed in their interest.

From month to month what a rapid depreciation of property is here presented! and the tendency is still dowward, although every political expedient has been practised to stay the ruin as it rolls onward. The grand cause, however, yet remains untouched. It is the question of taxation. State after State declares its inability to pay its debts, because that course is easier for political partisans, than to advocate heavy taxes. Even the credit of the State of New York has withered under the gigantic borrowing schemes, and the diminutive revenue plans, of the late party in power. Large as is the business capacity of the State of New York, the extravagance of its rulers had projected a debt too vast for that trade to carry, and still shrank from the test of taxation to provide for the interest. Hence it is, that its 6 per cent. stock is 20 per cent. worse than that of the Federal government. The actual payment of the State interest has less influence upon the credit of a State, than the manner in which it is paid. This was seen in the case of Illinois, the stock of which fell, in August last, to 50 cents on the dollar; although up to that time, its payments had always regularly been made. The State of Pennsylvania is also an instance. She failed on the 1st of February to pay her interest, and the stock fell to 52; by forced means, she was enabled to resume her payments on the 14th of February, and on the next day the stock sold at 42, notwithstanding that payment. These facts indicate that it is actual discredit that causes the fall in stocks. The remedy exists only in prompt and ample taxation.

The aggregate indebtedness of all the States at the outside is but $250,000,000, which is indeed a round sum for money wasted; but if we turn to the annual production of the country, it sinks into insignificance. The census returns give us the following aggregates as the productions of the Union for 1839:

VALUE OF THE PRODUCTIONS IN THE U. S., ACCORDING TO THE CENSUS RETURNS FOR 1839.

| | |
|---|---|
| Agricultural products for 1839 | $806.453.071 |
| Manufactures | 404.832,615 |
| Mines | 62.768.088 |
| Fisheries | 12.206.031 |
| The Forest | 18,845,717 |
| Miscellaneous | 3,199,729 |
| Aggregate | $1,305,305,251 |

With such an amount annually added to the national wealth, it would seem preposterous to complain of an annual tax of $25,000,000 for interest and sinking fund.

Since our last number, the famous Bankrupt Law has gone into operation; and up to this moment, the notices in all sections of the country amount to scarcely 800; notwithstanding that honorable Senators pledged themselves that there were 500,000 anxious to take advantage of it. It is undoubtedly true, however, that a large number of bankrupts have been able to effect settlements, and obtain a discharge from their creditors, without having recourse to the law. The number of persons so situated has, however, been immensely overrated, a fact which may be arrived at with some degree of certainty, by recurring to the late census returns. The statistics furnished by those returns are of the highest importance in arriving at conclusions as to the extent of the different interests in this vast country. They furnish the undeniable fact, that this is purely an agricultural country, in regard to the number of persons employed, as well as the annual productions of each class, and the capital employed in each. For our present purpose, which is to approximate the bankrupt interest, we have selected the following table, of the number of persons employed in each occupation, with the capital invested :—

NUMBER OF PERSONS OF EACH OCCUPATION IN THE U. S., WITH THE CAPITAL EMPLOYED.

| | *No.* | *Capital.* |
|---|---|---|
| Foreign commercial houses | 1,408 | 119,295,367 |
| Other " " | 2.881 | |
| Retail dry goods, grocery, and other shops | 57.565 | 250,301.709 |
| Employed in lumber trade | 1.793 | 9,868,307 |
| " as butchers, packers, &c | 4,808 | 11,526,950 |
| Number of iron furnaces | 804 | 20,432,131 |
| " bloomeries, &c | 795 | |
| " lead smelting houses | 120 | 1.366 756 |
| " gold " | 157 | 224,925 |
| " cotton and other manufactures | 9.820 | 66,867.483 |
| " potteries | 659 | 551.431 |
| " sugar refineries | 43 | 1.769.571 |
| " paper mills | 426 | 4,745 239 |
| " daily papers, printing offices, binderies, &c | 1,964 | 5,673.811 |
| " rope walks | 388 | 2,405.577 |
| " flour, oil, grist, and other mills | 60.518 | 65,858,470 |
| Total of firms engaged in business | 138,489 | $560.977.217 |

The total number of persons occupied in these different employments is as follows :—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| In mining | 15.203 | Trade and manufacture | 791.544 |
| In agriculture | 3,717.756 | Navigation of the ocean | 56,025 |
| In commerce | 117,575 | Inland | 33,067 |
| | | Learned professions | 65,236 |
| Total number employed | | | 4,796,207 |

The agricultural interest, it will be seen, is vastly paramount to all others; yet it is not among them that the bankrupts are to be found. They are to be met with among the trading and speculative classes, the whole number of whom, is scarcely 140,000. If 28,000, or 20 per cent. of these are bankrupt, it is a very large proportion; and from the numerous settlements going on, but a small proportion of them will take the benefit of the act. Out of an active population of 4,800,000, then, an unjust and demoralizing law has been created, by party clamor, for the benefit of 5000, or about one person in 960. This, it will be remembered, was one of the great measures of "relief" at the Extra Session, for the benefit of the whole people. The extent of that "relief" is here seen at a glance. The persons benefited by the law, appear (with a small number of exceptions) to be only that class of desperate and dangerous speculators, whose hazardous operations jeopard the welfare of the whole community, and the disastrous results of which, defying all settlement, have recourse to undiscriminating extinguishment.

# LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The extensive and valuable collection of works of art, left by the great German poet Goëthe, is, it appears, about to be brought to public sale. Several German *savans* are now engaged in preparing the catalogue.

The musical world will doubtless hail with delight the forthcoming publication of those long hidden treasures,—the hitherto unknown-to-have-existed Oratorios, Masses, and Operas of the celebrated Mozart, amounting to just within 300 in number. These MSS. include a ballet intended for the opera of "*Idomeneo*," choruses and symphonies for the play of "*Thamos*," with other interesting works, on the margins of which are to be seen numerous notes in the hand-writing of the author; these, it is said, are highly valuable, and will be given in the publications.

"Libraries are the wardrobes of literature," says a quaint writer, "whence men properly informed, might bring forth something for ornament, much for curiosity, and more for use."

The Ambrosian Library at Leyden, founded by Cardinal Boromeo, is said to contain a great amount of literary curiosities: among others, a series of letters addressed by Lucretia Borgia to the Cardinal, at the end of which are to be seen some lines written by him which breathe the spirit of the purest Platonism, notwithstanding, in one of these curious specimens of *Belles Lettres*, was found a lock of beautiful fair hair enveloped; presenting a phenomenon, as interesting as it is rare, among the musty tomes of an ancient public library.

## AMERICAN LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

J. & H. G. LANGLEY have just published a New System of Materia Medica, entitled, "*A Therapeutical Arrangement of the Materia Medica, or the Materia Medica arranged upon physiological principles, and in the order of the general Practical value which Remedial Agents hold, under their several denominations, and in conformity with the physiological doctrines set forth in 'the Medical and Physiological Commentaries,'*" *by Martyn Paine, M. D. A. M.*, author of the "Commentaries," and of "Letters on the Cholera Asphyxia of New York," Professor of the Institutes of Medicine and Materia Medica in the University of New York, &c., &c. This work abounds with that kind of information which has been so long needed, and the author will doubtless receive the thanks of the profession, for the efficient and important service he has rendered it by the present publication. Its main purposes, as we learn from the preface, are as follows: To arrange the Materia Medica upon intelligible, physiological, and therapeutical principles. To indicate the relative therapeutic value of the various articles under their different denominations, by arranging them in the order of their value. To give to the student a comprehensive and ready view of the merits of the various articles composing the Materia Medica, and of their relations to each other, physiologically considered. And lastly, to supply a convenient means of graduating the doses of medicines, &c.

Besides the ten great classes into which medicines are distributed, these are divided into orders; and some of these orders are subdivided into groups, which are adapted to diseases of a particular character. Thus, alteratives are an order of remedies, embraced in the class of antiphlogistics. This order is subdivided into seven groups, the first of which are general alteratives, such as are adapted to acute and chronic inflammation, and to few in a general sense, and in the relative order of their value. The next division embraces all the remedies for scrofula, bronchocele, chronic enlargements of the liver, spleen, &c., and in the order of their value. The third is relative to syphilis, &c. The fourth to syphilis complicated with scrofula. The fifth to rheumatism and gout. The sixth to intermittent fever and intermittent inflammation. The seventh to obstinate chronic cutaneous diseases, &c. Such is an example of this branch of the work, by which it is well fitted for immediate practical uses.

D. APPLETON & CO. have just issued the second volume of their *Pictorial History of Napoleon*. This concluding volume is even superior in its mechanical execution to its predecessor. The plates are highly interesting, especially those which refer to the period of the Emperor's exile at St. Helena, his premature demise, and the melancholy magnificence of his recent exhumation and reinterment in the Hospice des Invalides. We take this opportunity of again reminding the trade generally of the claims of this beautiful Pictorial series, published by this enterprising firm.

They have also in press, Dr. Lever's new work, "*Continental Gossipings*," in one vol. 8vo, now ready.

Also, Mrs. Ellis's new work, "*The Daughters of Britain*," announced in our former number.

The continuation of Captain Marryat's "*Masterman Ready*"

They have just published "Handy Andy," by Samuel Lover, No. 1, with plates.

"*Our Mess*," by the author of "Harry Lorrequer," No. 1.

Roscoe's Life of Leonardo de Medici, with memoir of the author and plate, &c., one vol. 12mo, &c., &c.

E. FRENCH, of this city, has just issued a neatly printed volume under the title of "*Sketches of New England, or Memories of the Country*." A portion of these papers originally appeared in the pages of the *Knickerbocker*, where they elicited considerable praise, and the result has been their reproduction in their present elegant form, including many hitherto unpublished pieces. The author preserves

his incognito, it being his first essay in the *ars scribendi*; but although this device has been sanctioned by many great names, we think its adoption in the present case needless, as there is a terseness and freshness of style about these sketches that will render them sufficiently attractive to secure for them a passport to popularity.

We take pleasure in announcing a new work by Dr. Samuel Forry of this city, on "*The Climate of the United States and its Endemic Influences.*" This volume exhibits a connected view of the leading phenomena of our climate, both physical and medical, thus supplying a void both in our general and medical literature. It is embellished with two copperplate engravings, illustrative of the laws of temperature throughout the United States. As this work comprises a condensation of all the author's observations on the subject of climate, which have already stood the test of criticism both in this country and in Europe, any further commendation on our part would be supererogatory. Suffice it to say, that no man who aims at keeping pace with the progress of general science, can be without this interesting and highly useful production. (J. & H. G. Langley, publishers.)

E. DUNIGAN, of this city, has in course of publication a new and very attractive series of Juveniles, entitled "*The Little Boy's and Girl's Library,*" edited by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. The entire collection will form twelve little volumes, each of which is embellished by eight finely engraved plates. Two editions are issued, one with the illustrations plain, and the other brilliantly colored. There is positively great taste displayed in the production of these new juveniles; they do equal credit to the nice discrimination of the amiable editor and the liberality of the publisher; they will unquestionably secure a preference over most previous publications for the nursery.

DAYTON & NEWMAN have, we understand, made arrangements to publish shortly the following—a new and revised edition of *Smith's Geography and Atlas.*

Also, Smith's new Arithmetic, 12mo.

The Great Awakening; a history of the revival of religion in the time of Edwards and Whitefield, &c. By Rev. Joseph Tracey. 1 vol. 8vo. Second edition.

Saunders' School Reader, part 4, uniform with the rest of the series.

JOHN S. TAYLOR & CO. announce as in press, an American edition of the new work recently published in England from the French of *Gaussen*, entitled "Theopneusty, or the Plenary Inspiration of the Bible," to be edited by Rev. E. N. Kirk.

W. H. COLYER has just issued "the cheapest of the cheap editions" of *Charles O'Malley*, by the author of "Harry Lorrequer," 2 vols. in one. This work is second to none but the Pickwick Papers of Boz, for its sparkling humor and intense interest, and every one may now possess himself of a copy, from the splendidly embellished work by Carey & Hart, to the present compact edition at one sixth of its price.

A new religious periodical has just been commenced in this city under the auspices and sanction of the leading members of the Baptist denomination, entitled "The Baptist Memorial, and Monthly Chronicle, devoted to the history and biography, the statistics and literature of the denomination," &c. The first number has been issued, and presents all the attractions which the union of freshness and sterling ability can exhibit in such a work. It will doubtless be welcomed most cordially by the members of that section of the religious world whose interests it is especially designed to advance; and in wishing the enterprise, what it assuredly deserves, the largest success, we are only discharging a duty which we owe to the cause of religion, morality, and virtue, throughout the world. (Publication office at the American and Foreign Bible Society's Rooms, 12 Chambers street.)

POETICAL WORKS OF STIRLING.—We learn that Mr. Hooker, of Philadelphia, has in press a complete edition of the Poetical Works of John Stirling, the "Archæus" of Blackwood's Magazine, and one of the best of the younger class of contemporary British poets. "The Sexton's Daughter," by Stirling, is one of the finest compositions of the present century, and Professor Wilson places some of his other works on a footing with the best of Wordsworth's and Coleridge's. The present edition will contain a preface and sketch of the author, by Rev. R. W. Griswold.

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## ENGLISH LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

One of the most beautifully embellished works of the present season, is unquestionably a volume of Poems by Charles Swain of Manchester, engraver, a poet altogether unknown until presented to the world in the pages of Blackwood It is called "The Mind," and is beautifully illustrated, in the manner of Rogers' Italy and Byron's Childe Harold, with exquisite vignettes. Swain is, in every respect, a very remarkable man.

Murray has already disposed of, we understand, 5000 copies of his superb edition of "Childe Harold." The history of the new Portrait of Lord Byron which accompanies the work is curious and interesting. It was painted, we learn, by Phillips, prior to the Poet's marriage. In 1816, when he quitted England, he had this portrait nailed up in a case, with express directions in his own writing, that it should not on any account be opened until his daughter, Ada, came of age, when it was to be formally given to her, if she would accept of it; but if (as he expected) the influence of her mother, or her own lack of affection, should cause her to decline it, it was then to be burned in the presence of certain persons whom he named. It is scarcely necessary to add that Ada Byron, now the Countess of Lovelace, did not hesitate to accept the offering, and the portrait adorns the drawing-room of the family mansion at Oakham Park, Surrey.

The Prize of Eighty Guineas, offered by the Society of the Abergavenny Cymreigyddion, at the Eisteddvod of 1840, for the best *Essay on the influence of Welsh Tradition upon the Literature of Germany, France, and Scandinavia*, has lately been awarded to a German competitor, Herr Albert Schulz. His work is pronounced to be a most elaborate and learned production, and one which opens a new and curious avenue into romantic literature. It has been well translated and published in London.

In the new number of the London Quarterly Review, of the eight articles, no less than four are devoted to the review of American Publications; these are, Stephens' Central America, Irving's Margaret Davidson, Robinson's Researches in Palestine, and the Letters of John Adams to his wife, &c. The opinions of the reviewer are of a highly complimentary character, especially in the instances of Stephens' and Dr. Robinson's Travels. Another highly interesting and important article comprises the whole question of Copyright, with notices of the most prominent pamphlets that have appeared on that subject. The question of *International* Copyright is reserved for future discussion in a subsequent number.

Marryat is publishing a continuation of his Masterman Ready—the best Robinson Crusoeish book of the day. Mrs. Hofland's new work for children is called the Godmother's Tales.

Rev. William Jay, of Bath, a well-known divine, has commenced the publication of a new and cheap collection of his works, which will command a great sale.

The two-penny issue of Scott's Novels has commenced!

England in the Nineteenth Century, to appear in monthly parts, like Hall's Ireland, has just been commenced. Cyrus Redding, sub-editor of the New Monthly, under Thomas Campbell, is the editor, with a corps of assistants.

Captain Barclay, of Ury, the famous pedestrian, who visited our country in 1840-1, has a volume in the press called "An Agricultural Tour in the United States and Upper Canada."

Murray announces a reprint of George Bancroft's History of the United States, (*tenth* edition,) in 3 vols., with portraits. A Ride on Horseback, through France and Switzerland, to Florence, *by a Lady*, is on Murray's sheet of forthcoming works!

Hood's Comic Annual is a dead failure this year. It contains little beyond what had already appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine*, which he now conducts. Theodore Hook's Fathers and Sons has appeared in the regular 3 volume fashion, with a very insufficient memoir. "Frederick the Great and his Times," which is much spoken of as Campbell's, is *not* his. It is written by Thobert, editor of the *Forget-me-Not*—and Tom Campbell has merely sold his name and a very dull preface.

Mrs. Gore has a Novel—The Man of Fortune; Mrs. A. T. Thompson, (the best friend poor L. E. L. ever had,) an historical romance called Anne Boleyn; and the Authoress of Temptation, or a Wife's Perils, another new Novel, entitled "The School for Wives." Madame de Sevigné and her contemporaries will probably be amusing, and the first volume of Madame d'Arblay's Journal and Letters (to be complete in 6 volumes) is out. The authoress of Evelina and Cecilia was no common woman, and saw and observed much.

Allan Cunningham is writing a 3 volume Life of Sir David Wilkie, his tours in France, the Netherlands, Italy, Spain, Germany, Turkey, the Holy Land, and Egypt; with his select correspondence, and remarks on art and artists.

Miss Louisa Costello is publishing her pilgrimage to Auvergne, from Picardy to Le Velay. The second series of Howitt's Visits to Remarkable Places is as good as the first, which seldom happens. It gives a personal account of Grace Darling, the heroine of Farn Islands Light-House, to whom, for the honor of the sex, Queen Victoria *should* have given a pension for life.

Bentley and Ainsworth are at drawn daggers. The new number of the *Miscellany* is capital. *Ainsworth's Magazine* will not appear until February. It will include a new work by Ainsworth, to be continued monthly, entitled "Windsor Castle," with plates. Benson Hill has become editor of the *Monthly Magazine*. His first number is a good one. Mr. Menzies conducts the new aristocratical periodical called the *St. James Magazine*, and Mr. Capper presides over the *Australian and New Zealand Magazine*, a new speculation. A new series of *Punch* was commenced on Saturday. *Hope's British Monthly Magazine* is another new venture.

Bagster, of Paternoster Row, proposes to publish shortly, a complete Polyglot Bible, embracing all such languages of the Holy Scriptures, (whether entire or fragmentary,) with such critical addenda, &c., as may be considered necessary for a Polyglot Bible of the most perfect description, including all that is available in the four celebrated editions,—the Complutensian Polyglot, produced under the patronage and at the expense of Cardinal Ximenes, in 6 vols. folio, 1514-17; the Paris Polyglot by Le Jaye, in 10 vols. folio, 1645; the Antwerp Polyglot, at the charge of Philip II. of Spain, 8 vols. folio, 1569-72; and the London Polyglot of Brian Walton, published by subscription, in 6 vols. folio, 1653-7. Thus the researches and erudition of centuries will be laid under contribution for enriching this elaborate work.

Firman Didot, the celebrated publishers in Paris have, we observe, recently opened a depot in London Amongst other important works, they advertise a new "*Royal Dictionary*," English and French and French and English, by Professors Fleming and Tibbins, in two large volumes imperial 4to.

Drawn & Engraved by A. Fisher from a Bust by H. Dexter

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Published by Chapman & Hall, 186 Strand, London.

THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. X. APRIL, 1842. No. XLVI.

## THE RECEPTION OF MR. DICKENS.

(*With a fine Engraving on Steel.*)

BATING our characteristic extravagance, in perhaps overdoing the matter, the enthusiasm attending Mr. Dickens's welcome to our shores has afforded a spectacle which may justly be regarded, not alone with satisfaction, but even with pride. We see in it an evidence of the quick and warm sympathy with which the popular heart rarely fails to respond to the hand that touches its finer chords, by appealing to its sense of the beautiful, the noble, and the good, its kindly charities and universal human affections. So that it strikes us with an impression of pleasure, akin to that always awakened when, in a crowded theatre, the utterance of any high or beautiful sentiment will elicit, as it usually does, independently of any merit of performance by the actor, a generous burst of feeling from that promiscuous audience, which does as much honor to the hearts it comes from, as to the author to whose work such applause is the noblest of tributes.

We see, moreover, in this a striking symptom of a more just and pure appreciation commencing to prevail, in the general public mind, of the only true greatness by which one man can be distinguished above the common level of his fellows—the greatness of goodness, and of genius faithfully applied to its high mission of the improvement and elevation of mankind. Who, tell us, is this young stranger, about whose path we crowd with so warm and eager a homage of our hearts—toward whom our souls thus yearn so kindly, as to some dear friend or brother whom we have long loved, though never seen—whom we are so anxious to clasp hand to hand, and to meet in that silent sympathy which passes between men like the transit of the electric spark when their eyes meet—who is he? Is it a soldier, coming crowned with all the crimsoned laurels of war—who has proved himself in bat-

tle, fearless of his own life, and careless of that of others, and has heroically murdered his thousands and tens of thousands in some great day of blood, and made desolate the hearth-stones of as many happy homes? No, no—there is no taint of "the military" about him. He never wore a sword by his side, nor a regimental title to his name; and we have no doubt that he holds all the shining nonsense of epaulettes and cocked hats, which delight so many 'children of a larger growth,' in about the same respect that he does the penny trumpets of his nursery reminiscences. No, no, thank God!—the soldier has not yet cursed the earth by his presence, who, in that capacity, would have elicited from the great heart of our people the welcome which has greeted the arrival of this young man to our shores.

Nor is he either aristocrat or millionaire. As to his purse, he has to fill it from time to time by a draft on his wits, like the poorest scribbler of the tribe; and as to rank, we are rejoiced that there is no other nobility about him than the universal title of simple and glorious manhood. He is neither Prince nor Lord —but there is neither Prince nor Lord in Christendom to whom we should have awarded the ovation of such a reception. Whether he ever had a grandfather or not, we are not informed—though, from the silence of the voice of fame, which has busied itself so much of late with him and his, this point may be considered doubtful. At any rate, his very name suffices to acquit him of any taint of 'gentle blood,' and he first appears on the surface of the world in the humblest capacity of plebeian penny-a-lining. But in our day and generation the Pen is a far more powerful weapon, to open the world's oyster, than ever was the Sword; and in the position to which it has already elevated this poor and obscure youth, we delight to read an expression of the homage of the age to its divine right and its magic might.

The chief secret of his extraordinary success is to be found in the accordance of the spirit generally pervading his writings with the democratic genius now everywhere rapidly developing itself as the principle of that new civilization, whose dawn is just brightening upon the world. We see that his mind is strongly possessed with a true sense of the unjust suffering, moral and physical, by which the mass of mankind are everywhere pressed down to the dust, and especially in the country to which hitherto the scope of his observation has been confined, with a kindly and brotherly sorrow for the hapless fate of its victims, and a righteous and manly indignation against its causes. This is that deep chord in the mighty lyre of the great popular heart, from which his touch has drawn forth a note at the same time so

powerful, and attuned to so fine and sweet a harmony with the spontaneous sympathies of millions. We warn Wellington and Peel, we warn Toryism in general, against this young writer. If they had at their disposal the Bastilles and *lettres-de-cachet* of another day, we would advise their prompt application, as soon as he shall set foot in England again, on his return from his present visit, where his popular tendencies are not likely to be weakened. There is nothing in any of the books he has yet produced, of a manifest political character, or of any probable political design. Yet there is that in them all which is calculated to hasten on the great crisis of the English Revolution (speed the hour!) far more effectively than any of the open assaults of Radicalism or Chartism. The great idea they all assert is that idea of human equality, under the influence of the progress of which the regal palaces and baronial castles of the whole world are crumbling and destined to crumble to ruin. He gives a strong shake to all the comfortable illusions with which upper life in England has been so long wont to surround itself, to lay to its soul the flattering unction that all these conventional artificialities of its little world within a world are true realities, and necessary to human existence and society. The English aristocrat looks down, from the eminence of his accidental position, upon the toiling, and suffering, and half-starving millions there far down beneath him, somewhat as from the summit of Dover Cliff:

> ——— "Half way down
> Hangs one that gathers samphire — dreadful trade!
> Methinks he seems no bigger than his head;
> The fishermen that walk upon the beach
> Appear like mice."

He is too distant and too high above them to *realize** that they are indeed his fellows and his brethren, of the same flesh and

* A very good and useful word, however it may be sneered at by English critics as an Americanism. Why should we be afraid of introducing new words into the language which it is our mission to spread over a new world? — we who have introduced into it, for exportation as well as home consumption, so many new ideas and new things. A fig for this affected antiquarian precision of language! It is well rebuked by a great authority in the following extract from those charming volumes, Miss Sedgwick's Letters from Europe:

"I was struck with the different views that are taken of the same subject in different positions, when afterward, in a conversation with the celebrated Manzoni, he asked me if America, in emancipating herself from political dependance, had also obtained intellectual freedom; if, unenslaved by the classic models of England, we ventured to modify the language, and to use such new phrases and words as naturally sprung from new circumstances."

blood, the same form, features, and feelings with himself. The contemplation of them produces not much more real and lasting effect on his mind than if they were indeed so many "mice." Such a writer as Dickens takes him quietly by the hand, and leads him down into the midst of them. He jostles among their infinite throng; he hears now with a thrilling distinctness those voices of their suffering and their despair which the wind could not before waft up to his ears; he looks into their pale and thin faces, and can see their tears, their furrows, and the melancholy stamp of expression left there by the daily hardship of the lot which has passed upon them from their cradle. He learns, too, the truth he never before suspected, how accidental a thing is nine-tenths of the vice and crime which he has always regarded as the natural element of existence to the degraded "lower orders," from whose ranks his soldiers and his sheriffs are daily wont to fill his jails, to people his penal colonies, or to select the subjects with which to grace his gallows. He begins to understand how all this grows out of causes for which he is more responsible than they. And seeing that after all, on the whole, human nature down there is as good and as divine a thing as it is up above; that it is made up of the same materials, the same wants, affections, passions, capabilities; that the loveliness of virtue is not made up of the purple and fine linen with which he has been accustomed to behold her draped, whenever she visits those "circles" to which his daily round of life has been confined, he begins to understand that there is indeed a holy and a mighty truth in that fine, sturdy, plebeian line which he has so often heard quoted, but never before felt:

> "The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> The man's the gowd, for a' that!"

England's "*upper* classes" have too long scorned to believe that men were men; her "*lower*" have too long scarce dared to admit the bold thought into their minds; both are now beginning to see and to feel it; and we trust that the day is not far distant when the latter will prove to all the world, that they not only know their right to the name, equally with duke or king, but that they are not unworthy of it.

We shall not here embark upon any general criticism or analysis of Mr. Dickens's writings, though we regard them and their reception by the people of both sides of the ocean as so important a phenomenon in the times, that we shall before long attempt the task. But there is one striking defect in them which, in the

present undiscriminating applause bestowed on both him and them, we will not omit to notice. We refer to the atrocious exaggeration of his bad characters. There are no such creatures in the world or in Nature. Take Quilp, that hideous and devilish incarnation of the pure abstract idea of all that is malignant,—what right has he to disgust and wound all our moral sensibilities by giving such a thing a prominent place in so many of the finest scenes of his exquisite drama of the Old Curiosity Shop? The angel in the centre, the antagonist incarnation of the beautiful, the good, the true, the wise, the loving, and the innocent, needs no such foil to the sweet radiance of her halo. Take Ralph Nickleby, take Fagan, take the amiable pair of the Brasses, take Sir Edward Chester, and finally, take Noah Claypole, with his oysters, himself more nauseous than the very worst one of them, which even he could not swallow! We protest against Mr. Dickens' introducing such people to our acquaintance, and insisting on bringing them with him so intimately whenever he comes. True, we cannot close our doors against either him or them, if we would, but we should greatly prefer the unmitigated pleasure of his own visits, with those troops of other dear friends whom he has taught us to love and delight in, without having to pay for it the price of tolerating the presence of all these night-mare monstrosities in his train. But Mr. Dickens is "a privileged character," and we suppose we must put up with his eccentricities, like our fair friend whose favorite pet was a snake, for ever peering from her sleeve, or emerging to twine about her neck from a nestling place which many might envy him though none might share. Still there are no such characters in human life or human nature; and the moral effect of exhibiting such to the imagination is very bad, and a serious drawback on the useful influences of the rest of his writings. The reader learns to believe in the possibility of such total depravity. He meets with persons presenting single aspects of character, or guilty, perhaps, of single acts, resembling the traits of these hideous creations of the magic pen, and is half unfitted to judge them either with that justice due to all, or that charity needed alike by all.

This same tone of exaggeration runs indeed through most of his characters, though some of the best are free from it, the locksmith and sweet Dolly Varden for instance. It is like that kind of sketching which produces such brilliant effects by strong white masses and points, thrown out by equally strong depths of black shade. His humor is constantly running into the gro-

tesque, and many of his most admirable portraits are after all only capital caricatures. Few of his comic characters are free from this; and like all caricatures, it is in their very absurdity, the basis of nature and truth magnified and distorted into a sort of possible impossibility, that their drollery chiefly consists. This was perhaps inseparable from the mode of publication, with reference to which he has had to weave out his regular weekly or monthly measure of matter for his busy printers and his expectant public. Each part must stand as a complete picture and a complete action by itself. The characters must be rapidly struck off by a few dashing and sketching strokes of outline, their remarkable traits standing out with such a salient boldness as to throw them necessarily out of all regular proportion or consistency, when closely scanned, — as Mr. Tyler's nose, for example, a very extraordinary phenomenon when viewed under the most favorable circumstances, a something new under the sun, the sage of old to the contrary notwithstanding, as the presidential nose, we say, (and it is in no spirit of either irreverence or unkindness that we thus point our illustration,) would certainly produce a very startling effect on the canvass of an artist who in his haste should concentrate all his light upon that feature, and throw back the rest of the face into dimness and shade.

We sometimes hear a comparison instituted between Dickens and Scott, but they do not admit of it; it is almost like comparing together a color and a sound. The difference between them, without disparagement to either, was happily struck off in a word by a lady, herself one of the most rare ornaments, not only of her sex, but of the art in which she sought her illustration:— "Scott is Raphael, Dickens, Hogarth."

The future lying before the subject of these brief and hasty remarks, it is impossible to predict. He is still very young. Most men, writing so much in early life, and so rapidly, write themselves out. It is astonishing that he has been able to do so much within the past three or four years. He must have been under perpetual whip and spur, with the press for ever, as Scott expressed it, "clattering and thundering at his heels." He is now taking a necessary interval of rest — lying fallow, as it were. Is the next product of the soil to be on the principle of the modern agriculture, the rotation of crops? We should be inclined to doubt whether the field can yield much more of the same as of old. At all events, we know that it is a right good soil, and we should be sorry to be absent from the harvesting.

# ON ASSOCIATION AND ATTRACTIVE INDUSTRY.

BY ALBERT BRISBANE.

*Third Article.*

To discover the principles of a true Organization of Society, we must first know the ends to be attained by such an organization. How can we plan so complicated a mechanism as that of society, unless we ascertain the objects which are to be effected? Let us therefore examine some of them.

The first object of a true Social Order should be to realize practically, Political and Social Equality. The principle of political equality is admitted in this country, but it is carried out in practice only to a very partial extent, and that because *social equality*, which is its foundation, does not exist. The first condition of social equality is to give to every child *equal chances of education, equal facilities for developing all the capacities and talents with which nature has endowed it.* This will not result in a monotonous uniformity, but in a rich and varied development of character and genius. The child comes into the world helpless and ignorant; it is therefore a sacred duty on the part of society to give it an education which will call out and perfect all its faculties and intellectual powers. (Such an education cannot be given at present even to the children of the rich.) If the child be left to grow up in ignorance; if the germs of talent which exist in its young mind be smothered; if its moral and intellectual nature be perverted or degraded, its most precious rights are violated. It goes through life maimed in intellect, and perhaps a stupid dolt or a depraved being. Such an individual cannot take advantage of the political equality which may exist in society; he cannot hope to attain rank and preferment; he must struggle through life in ignorance and degradation, possessing in reality no other privilege than the nominal right of voting for more favored beings, to whom the advantages of education and intellectual development have been extended. Thus Political Equality is fallacious without Social Equality. Let the latter be established, and the former will grow out of it as a natural and necessary consequence.

A second object of a true Social Order should be to throw open to all its members a broad field for employing the skill and knowledge which they may have acquired, and the faculties and talents which have been developed in them. This may be looked upon as another condition of Social Equality, as it secures to

man one of his most valuable rights, *the Right of Labor.* When society has secured to children such a scientific and industrial education as will fully develop their abilities and powers, and make of them *all* that Nature intended they should be, then it should afford to them every facility for making the best use of those abilities and powers, and guaranty to them the profits and honors which may result from their exercise.

A third object should be, to ennoble Industry, and render it *honorable and attractive.* Our present system of hired labor is repugnant, degrading, and ill-requited; it brutalizes the multitude who wear out their lives in it, and entails upon them poverty and a long train of evils. To improve and elevate the condition of the Laboring Classes, we must reform the present false system of Industry, and give to it a true organization. Man must always labor: without labor he would starve upon the fruitful earth. But the present mode of exercising Industry makes it rather a curse and a scourge which all strive to avoid. If we can give it an organization which will dignify it, and render it attractive, as will hereafter be proved perfectly possible, we will make it a blessing and a delight. Industry is the source of riches and of health. Without it, man vegetates in poverty, and in polished societies, he is harassed by physical debility and disease. How can we suppose that a wise and benevolent Providence could have so made us as to render industry absolutely necessary for our health and welfare, and then have coupled with its exercise repugnance and degradation!

The principle of Liberty has not been applied to Labor: there is as much tyranny at present in this department of society as there is in politics under a despot or any form of absolute rule. The hired laborer is as dependant upon the capitalist or employer as a Turkish subject is upon a Pashaw. He must beg the privilege of toiling, and must submit to the control of any one who can give him work; he must suffer himself to be dictated to as to the time he shall devote to toil, and he must labor at the occupations which are pointed out to him, whether suited or not to health and inclination; the time he can take for his meals is fixed, he is often forbid to speak to his fellow-workmen around him, and in large manufactories he is rung up in the morning by a bell as if he were an animal. To add to his humiliation, he must go on a Saturday night, and ask humbly for his week's wages, as if the scanty stipend he was to receive was more than a requital for the labor he had given. Is not this a servitude *de facto* as complete as that to which the meanest subject of the most despotic government politically is reduced? What a satire

upon reason and common sense to pretend to the Laboring Classes that they are in the enjoyment of liberty and equality, because they can leave their workshops or dens of labor two or three times a year to vôte for a few public officers — and must then fain return to them with all speed to produce the means of paying their salaries! How can men, who lay claim to honesty and intelligence, and who have any regard for their future reputation, continue to advocate such superficial theories of Human Rights?

A fourth condition, which a true system of society should fulfil, is to do away with poverty, and secure to all a sufficiency. It will be asserted by the great majority of persons that the thing is impossible. This is a very great error; Association and Attractive Industry will not only secure to man an abundance of material riches, but will secure to him also those intellectual riches — those delights which arise from the enjoyment of the arts and sciences, and agreeable social relations — which the rich even possess so sparingly at present.

There are various other objects which a true Social Order should attain; I will mention, however, but one more. I stated in my last article, that man is the Overseer of the globe; that it is a noble domain confided to his care, and that to his intelligence is delegated the high trust of supervising and regulating it, and the creations upon it. As Overseer, he should cultivate and embellish its surface, clear it of its forests, fertilize its wild plains and valleys, drain its marshes, dike and regulate its streams, develop its varied resources and riches, cover it with vast works of internal improvement, and make of it a beautiful terrestrial residence, where he would surround himself with all the wonders of the arts, sciences, and industry, and live that noble life which was intended for him by his munificent Creator. God has given man a mind capable of performing the great work of Overseer which he has intrusted to him, but to accomplish it, he must discover and organize a system of society which will direct aright his labor, his genius, and his energies. *The highest object, consequently, of a true social order, is to aid and second man in fulfilling his destiny.* Let this great object be attained, and all other desired ends, such as his liberty, social elevation, and happiness will follow as natural results. Every being that fulfils his destiny is happy: the present misery of the human race is the sign of a deviation from their destiny.

Politicians of the most liberal and advanced views will probably assert that the idea of setting up so great an object as the overseeing of the globe to be attained by human efforts, is per-

fectly visionary. It may seem so to them, because they are completely absorbed in partial and sectional interests, and those of classes, and in the party quarrels which result from the clashing of those interests. Here one set of leaders is linked in with the commercial interest, and wish an extended paper currency; there another set, taking a different view of the commercial and financial policy, advocate a specie currency. Some leaders go for the interests of the South, others for those of the North; all are splitting hairs about the Constitution, and other subjects which admit of sophistical controversy; and personal ambition and pecuniary profit are the two principal springs of action which impel those leaders to side with this or that party or interest.

It is not surprising that men whose minds are so preoccupied by sectional, partial and personal interests, and by party quarrels and rivalries, should regard as visionary the idea of organizing a society which would enable man to attain his destiny. Human intelligence has not elevated itself to the idea of a Social Reform; it has been and still is engaged in secondary reforms relating to the government, administration, legislation, the judiciary, &c., but it has not yet comprehended the importance of a Social Reform. Some of the most advanced nations are now nearly prepared, I think, for this idea. The people of this country have achieved and obtained all that the most liberal political theorists have for centuries past aspired to realize—to wit, political liberty and equality, democratic institutions, liberty of the press, universal suffrage, &c., and still happiness has not been the result. Social evils, such as poverty, ignorance, vice and crime exist, and to a sad extent, and are increasing under the influence of our demoralizing systems of trade, finance, and industry, and the growth of population. If anything is to be learned from the experience of the past, it is that a *social*, instead of a *political* or *administrative* reform is necessary, and that if any great and permanent good is to be effected, and the condition of the people is to be effectually improved, new and thorough measures must be resorted to. We have had in this country over half a century of political controversy; various parties have had the ascendency; different policies have been carried out, and where are the great results which have been attained? We have increased in population and power, we have extended our commerce and developed our industry and natural resources, but the impartial observer must admit that social evils have also increased, and in some respects with a fearful rapidity. The anxiety for the future — the uncertainty of employment — commercial revulsions — the fierce and relentless competition

which exists between all classes, and in all branches of business, destroying profits and all fair remuneration of labor — financial frauds — party and sectional antipathies, &c., — are greater than they have been before, and the mass are verging gradually towards that poverty and pecuniary dependance, in which they are now sunk throughout Europe. To arrest this downward tendency, the country wants deeper changes than political and administrative reforms; and if our statesmen possessed elevated views upon social questions, they would see this truth, and would not waste their talents and energies, and defeat their ambition of future fame, by a devotion to a temporary and superficial class of reformations.

The reform which we contemplate will not be effected by violence, nor even by party agitation and influence, which are but a kind of disguised violence; it will encroach upon no individual or vested rights; it will not impoverish the rich to enrich the poor: on the contrary, it will offer a safe and profitable investment to capital, and will, by means of attractive industry, so increase real wealth or production as to add immensely to the prosperity of all classes. It will change those elements of the social mechanism which are false and defective, such as the system of labor, trade, education and isolated households; but it will respect and develop nobly those which are true, such as the religious sentiment, the marriage bond, the family union, and individual property. In short, the reform we advocate will not be destructive, but constructive; it will not pull down, but build up; it will not undertake at once general and organic changes in society, but will proceed by practical experiments upon a small scale, and by local substitutions of present false arrangements.

The mode of procedure will be this: a first Association will be founded:—if it is found that it pays a good interest upon the capital invested in it; if it improves vastly the condition of the laborer; if it gives the rich, who may choose to join it, attractive industrial occupations, and, as a consequence, health and corporeal strength, besides pleasures and enjoyments of an intellectual nature; if it thus forwards the interests of all classes, and does not conflict with any established religious opinions and individual rights, it is evident that the system will spread rapidly from its own inherent excellence. A second, third, fourth, and fifth Association will be established. When the system is tried upon so large a scale, it will, if found far superior to the present order, spread and become universal. It was only necessary to build one steamboat to spread the discovery over the globe; it will only be necessary to organize one Association to prove the incalculable

superiority of the system of combined action, unity of interests, attractive industry and vast economies which would result from it, over the present system of isolated households, repugnant industry, waste, conflict of interests, discord, and false competition.

The primary organization of society, the simplest compact or germ of the social system, is the village or township. A state or nation is but a repetition of townships, as a city is but a repetition of houses. If we know how to build one house, we can, by erecting others, build a city: in the same manner, if we can organize one township rightly—and Association is the true system—we can, by spreading these rightly organized townships, cover a country with them, and replace the present defective ones by them. Such a substitution would lead gradually and quietly to a change in the condition of society.

The township, as now constituted, is false; it is composed of a few hundred families, living isolatedly, each in a separate house, with distinct interests, feelings, &c. Each family is striving to advance its own interests, at the expense of all others around it, which gives rise to that selfishness, antagonism, and anti-social spirit, which we behold so generally prevailing. From the false organization of the township, result the present defective systems of commerce, education, and labor; the ignorant and wasteful mode of prosecuting agriculture, the humiliating dependance of woman, the necessity for large numbers of unproductive menials, and other glaring defects. The form of government, or the policy pursued by the administration, has little or no influence upon all these matters. So true is this, that notwithstanding the difference which exists between this country and Europe in the form of government, there is very little difference in the system of labor, commerce, education, social and domestic relations, *and that because the organization of the township with us is the same as the organization of the township there*—that is, of the parish in England, the commune in France, the dorf in Germany, and the paese in Italy.

The present organization of the township, composed of isolated families, is, as I said, most false. I will point out a few of its most striking defects, and their consequences. It is the cause of:

1. A miserable system of agriculture, as the skill, experience, and means of but one man are applied to this great work. Agriculture is a vast science, which requires the practical and theoretical knowledge of a large number of persons, and abundant means to prosecute it successfully.

2. Repugnant industry, for industry can only be rendered at-

tractive in large Associations, where a great variety of occupations can be established, and a free choice of, and frequent changes in, the same, are offered to all, and the greatest convenience and elegance are given to everything connected with labor; such as tools, implements, machinery, workshops, fields, gardens, dresses, &c.

3. A bad application of the labor, talents and capacities of the different ages and sexes to industry, and a poor adaptation of crops to soils, and of cultivation to localities.

4. The most unbounded waste. Three hundred families (I take this number because it is about the proper one for an Association) require, under the present system, three hundred houses, three hundred kitchens, three hundred kitchen fires, three hundred women to do the cooking—and, if they are farming families, three hundred barns, three hundred teams, innumerable fences, three hundred wells, and everything else on a similar scale of complication and waste. These families make, in the course of the year, thousands of separate little sales and purchases, which give rise to numerous law-suits, and to discords and antipathies without end. In an Association of two thousand persons, say about three hundred families, a few hedges would replace the present vast number of fences; two or three large granaries and stables, the barns; forty or fifty teams, the three hundred. All purchases would be made at wholesale, which would be a vast economy, and abolish the host of little bargains and sales which now take place between individuals. Instead of three hundred inconvenient little kitchens, and as many fires, two or three large kitchens, fitted up with every convenience, and four or five fires, would answer all purposes infinitely better. Three hundred poor women would not have to wear out their lives as at present in cooking daily the year through; thirty or forty experienced cooks, whose functions would be rendered honorable, and who, besides, would be well paid, would be occupied alternately on different days, and do the work in a far superior manner.

So long as industry remains repugnant, dishonorable, and degrading, and the great waste attendant on the system of isolated households is continued, four fifths of the population will be poor, and nothing can prevent it: republican institutions, and the best conducted administration, offer no remedy for this evil. Our evils, I will repeat, are social, not political, and it is time that our leading statesmen and legislators should comprehend this simple, evident and undeniable truth, and endeavor to do something effectual for the cause of suffering humanity.

5. Universal distrust, selfishness and duplicity of action.

I could extend very greatly this list of defects, but the few mentioned are sufficient to show that any system of social organization which contains them must be extremely defective. The conclusion at which I wish to arrive is, that the present organization of the township is false, that it is full of incoherence and waste, and is the source of repugnant industry, of poverty, conflict of interests, selfishness, and of an anti-social spirit. It must consequently be reformed.

Now, an Association with its unity of interests, concert of action, vast economies, increased production, its system of attractive industry, equitable division of profits, and its practical truth and real liberty, coupled with the highest refinement in family relations, is nothing more than *a reformed Township.*

If we can organize one Association rightly, and it leads to the above results, we shall then have a true primary organization of society, the germ of a true Social Order. All we then have to do, is to spread these primary organizations or Associations, until they become universal, and they will lead to all those changes in labor, trade, law, banking, currency, &c., for which political parties are now vainly contending.

A State or Nation, however extensive, is, as I before stated, but a repetition of townships or primary organizations. The United States, for example, is composed of States, the States of counties, the counties of townships, and thus the United States is but a repetition of townships. If the township be falsely organized, and leads to all the evils which we have pointed out, and if this falsely organized township is spread and rendered universal, then we have a falsely organized State or country. But if, on the other hand, we can organize one township rightly, which we can do by Association, and can spread this rightly organized township, until it becomes universal, we shall then have a rightly organized State or country. By proceeding in this manner, we can introduce gradually a great reform, which will increase vastly the prosperity of the country, benefit the rich as well as the poor, and shock no opinions of a moral or religious nature.

I have entered rather minutely into this subject, in order to show that the advocates of Association have a *positive* and *practical* plan for effecting the Reform for which they are laboring. So long as our political leaders act upon generalities, like the administration and the currency, they can produce no important beneficial results; they cannot reach social evils, and must be content to declare, as they now do, that poverty and misery can never be banished from the earth, that man was placed upon it to combat and to suffer, and that the idea of human happiness is the

dream of an Utopia. To effect any practical good, we must go to the foundation of the social organization, and reform those defective departments of it, which have a daily influence upon the welfare of the mass. If we cannot, for example, render industry attractive, how can we give man health, strength, and riches? We cannot. How much more important, then, is this single item of the practical reform to which Association will lead, than all those political and partial reforms which now absorb the attention of the public.

The reform we aim at consists, if viewed in its most practical light, in *replacing our incoherently organized townships by well-organized Associations.* This transformation will bring with it a reform in industry, commerce, banking, the law, education, and individual relations; and as these departments are the principal elements of society, it will produce, as a consequence, a social Reform.

The piecemeal and fragmental measures which are now advocated by various parties, can alleviate but very slightly human misery; they are palliatives for partial evils, but cannot assuage the deeply-rooted evils under which humanity groans. The world wants a comprehensive, thorough reform, and nothing short of it can bring deliverance.

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I intended to have entered, in the present article, upon a description of the practical organization of Association, but the subject is so new, and appears so impracticable to minds which have not reflected upon social questions, that I deem it best to devote one more article to preliminary considerations and explanations.

In conclusion, I will make some remarks upon a question of the deepest interest—that of Abolition. This question, which is rising portentously on our political horizon, and threatens the dissolution of the Union, cannot be met and solved by the political wisdom of the age. It requires a new Social Science, and new measures. All one-sided or partial philanthropy is apt to lead to commotions, and produces but little or no permanent good. This is the defect of Abolitionism. To render any important service to the cause of humanity, it should take a universal character—and its advocates should endeavor to discover the means of abolishing all kinds of slavery and servitude. They should first analyze and set forth the various kinds of bondage and oppression to be abolished; they should then search for the original cause of all slavery, and labor to remove the cause, instead of attacking the effect. The age, it is asserted, tends to universalism in all

things; the Abolitionists should catch its spirit, and aim at eradicating universal servitude.

The only measures which have heretofore been employed against slavery, are liberations by force; simple liberations without recompense to owners; and purchases of individuals. These measures are extremely partial and defective, and lead to no general and effectual results.

I will point out some of the different kinds of slavery which exist on the earth, and examine the original or primary cause of all slavery. I will then show how the cause can be removed, and slavery or the effect abolished without commotion or injustice to any party.

The first step to which a spirit of an enlarged and noble philanthropy should lead, should be to enumerate the different kinds of slavery which exist, and the next, to search for the means of abolishing them all. FOURIER gives the following list, which comprises the leading classes of bondage:

SERVITUDES TO BE ABOLISHED.

1st. Native slavery, or persons born of slave parents.

2d. Slavery of prisoners taken in war; a custom still prevalent among some nations, and which was general in antiquity.

3d. Slave trade and exportation of slaves.

4th. Sale and seclusion of women in seraglios.

5th. Servitude of the soil, or feudal bondage.

6th. Military conscriptions.

7th. Perpetual monastic vows.

8th. POVERTY, OR PASSIVE AND INDIRECT SLAVERY.

The last mentioned servitude is the most universal, and is the source of great numbers of minor servitudes; among others, that of the white laboring multitude, who, from want and destitution, cut down their wages and prolong their day's work, until they reduce themselves to a worse bondage than that of real slaves.

The world wants some broad and comprehensive scheme which will abolish all these servitudes at once. Men of high ambition should feel a repugnance to waste their time and energies in little reforms and measures which grow out of accidental circumstances, and which in a few years sink into oblivion, enshrouding in their nothingness those who devoted themselves to them. But the philanthropy and ambition of the day are decidedly contracted, so much so that the leading and influential men of society declare all reforms of a universal nature to be impossible; they are besides so hampered by the narrowness of public opinion, that they

dare not advocate them, or any which the great majority cannot easily comprehend. This is the reason why administrative, legislative, currency, temperance, abolition and other partial or piecemeal reforms engage public attention, and become popular, while a fundamental or a social reform is deemed impracticable and visionary.

Let us now examine the original and primary cause of all slavery; it is Repugnant Industry. So long as industry is repulsive and degrading, man will not undergo it, unless he be forced to it. To compel the mass to toil, two systems of labor have been instituted. The first, which is slavery, makes use of the lash as the stimulant to industry; the second, which is hired labor, makes use of want and starvation. Both systems degrade the human race, and produce in different ways the most odious and oppressive results. All human societies have been and are based upon a false, tyrannical and repugnant system of industry, so that injustice and oppression exist at their foundation. If we disguise this false foundation with a little political liberty, and a few political rights, social bondage and servitude for the mass are not the less real. So true is this, that the changes which have taken place in the condition of the producing classes since the early formation of societies *have been but so many changes of one general tyranny*, — at one epoch they are slaves, at another serfs, and now they are the laboring classes. The tyranny of the lash gives way in some societies to the tyranny of want, but dependance, privation and degradation remain.

The strong philanthropic feeling which is entertained for the comparatively small number of negroes of the South, should be extended to the white laboring populations of civilized countries, which are so much more numerous. Their constancy in labor, the responsibility and anxiety imposed upon them by the care of families, their respect for property and public order under all the poverty and privations which they endure, merit in the highest degree the attention of those who feel an interest in the social elevation of man.

The abolitionist should extend his views of improvement to the white, as well as to the black slaves; for the black population of the south is but a small portion of the human race, whose rights are plundered, and whose natures are degraded.

The means of uprooting all kinds of oppression are discovered; those means are Association and Attractive Industry. They will abolish slavery without trouble or commotion, and while they will indemnify fully the owner, they will elevate as well as free the slave. I will here remark, that the white and black races

should live separately; all discords or duplicities (and difference of color is one) derange social harmony, and cannot be permitted to exist in a true system of society.

To be convinced that Repugnant Industry is the cause or source of all Slavery, we have but to examine when and how slavery commenced. It took its rise when the human race had so increased in numbers that hunting and fishing, and the spontaneous productions of the earth, were no more sufficient to supply their wants, and it became necessary to resort to labor to live. At that period no facilities for exercising industry existed, implements and machinery were not invented, and man had to toil in the rudest manner, without the aid of those labor-saving machines and conveniences which his inventive genius discovered at a later date. Industry was then doubly loathsome and repugnant, and was avoided, of course, as one of the greatest of scourges. War was then universal, for the strong found it easier to plunder the weak than to produce themselves, and the prisoners taken in combat were reduced to slavery, and forced by the rudest means which occurs to the human mind—the lash—to toil and produce for the victors. The slave became the property of the master, and to man was thus given the most absolute control over the life and destiny of his fellow-man.

This dark tyranny had its origin in repugnant industry; and as repugnant industry is still universal, tyranny and servitude exist under innumerable odious forms, though changed and modified in various ways.

Thus slavery, which took its rise at an early period in the history of the human race, has been continued under various shapes without intermission since. There are at present at least one hundred and fifty millions of slaves upon the earth, and the number is gradually increasing. We must not look upon slavery as an isolated defect of, or a single blot upon, human societies; it is but one symptom of a vast social malady, which is much deeper than is generally supposed, and which must be cured before the evils it engenders can be eradicated. That malady is *repugnant industry*. I ask again, is it not evident that if labor be repulsive, degrading, and but poorly rewarded, the mass must be forced to it by CONSTRAINT? It is. Two modes of constraint have been discovered, which are WANT and the LASH. Whether other kinds can be invented, I will not here examine; but this is certain, that until industry is rendered *attractive, honorable and lucrative*, direct or indirect slavery, with its attendant results, degradation and oppression, will be the lot of the laboring classes;—that is, of the vast majority of the human race.

In Antiquity, slavery was almost universal, and violence or the lash was the stimulant of its industry. Its temples, aqueducts and other great works, are monuments of a reckless, hideous and loathsome sacrifice of human liberty, rights and happiness. In modern civilized countries, slavery has, with a few exceptions, been abolished, and a system of hired labor has grown up in its place. The stimulant of industry has, with this modification, undergone a change; it is now want and starvation, or the dread of them at a future day. The luxuries of the world are produced by famished operatives; and the injustice of Antiquity, although cloaked over, is not the less real, and entails not the less upon the multitude, poverty, ignorance, and misery.

It may be supposed at the first glance, that some of the servitudes mentioned in the list above — for example, the sale and seclusion of women in seraglios, and the dependance of the female sex under all its various forms, — cannot be traced to repugnant industry. Directly or indirectly, however, they can. To show this, I will touch briefly upon the question of the dependance of woman.

Labor being, as now prosecuted, repulsive and degrading, being exercised for the most part by persons who are coarse and vulgar in their manners, woman, with her more delicate nature, shrinks from all contact with it. Owing to this and other reasons, she is almost entirely estranged from industry, at least from productive industry, and those higher occupations which procure independence, rank and fortune. She becomes, as a consequence, dependant upon man for her support. Pecuniary dependance poisons all social relations, and wherever it exists, abasement, sacrifice of rights and subjection follow. In none of the societies which have existed on the earth, has woman possessed real liberty and independence; nowhere has she been the maker of her own destiny, the controller of her sympathies and affections. In a majority of societies she has been a slave, a thing bought and sold, a bauble secluded in a harem; in her most favored position, she has been but a secondary being, annexed to him who can give her support, and in return for which she is required to pay him devotion and obedience.

The truth is, that, in the present state of society, woman must, on account of her dependant condition, barter her sympathies and feelings for the house which covers her, the clothes which she wears, and the food which she eats; she must, in a vast number of cases, sacrifice the attractions of her heart, the aspirations of her soul, to the sad necessity of satisfying physical wants. Reformers in general overlook this servitude or think it no hard-

ship, which shows how little they analyze social evils; let them search closely into woman's heart; let them seek there for the effects of tyranny which, for public opinion's sake and other reasons, are carefully hidden from the world, and they will find wounds — that ever bleed — more frightful than those on the negro's back!

To give woman her rights and independence, I would not advise that industry and commerce, *as now exercised*, or that the arena of politics, should be thrown open to her. The selfishness, duplicity, fraud, and overreaching, which characterize them would corrupt and degrade her. Industry must be ennobled, refined and rendered attractive; *it must be elevated to her;* she can then enter it with honor to herself, and while she finds in its pursuits the means of individual independence and social equality, she will find it a new and noble field of action.

It is deeply to be regretted that they who are willing to devote themselves to the cause of human liberty, should not add to their philanthropy that high order of intelligence which comprehends the whole truth of a cause, and advocate that comprehensive liberty which will banish slavery and servitude under all their forms from the face of the earth.

We want liberty for the Child that is now growing up in ignorance, — in intellectual bondage, and which is robbed of its most precious right, the right to a complete education, and the development of all the faculties and talents which Nature has given it.

We want liberty for the hired Laborer, who toils the day and year through in confined, unhealthy manufactories, in filthy workshops, and who must obey servilely an employer to whom accident gives the means of buying his labor.

We want liberty for the Slave, who is cut off from the slight chance which the hired laborer enjoys of improving his condition and of elevating himself.

We want liberty for the Woman, who must often sell body and soul, and sacrifice her whole intellectual nature, because she is pecuniarily dependant.

We want liberty for those noble Minds—men of talent and genius—who are discouraged by poverty and neglect, and whose existence is but one scene of anxiety and mental servitude.

We want, in short, liberty of all kinds, a vast deal more than has yet been thought of by the most liberal reformers. Will they think so? Doubtful; men reject as impracticable what they have not thought upon and revolved in their minds, and as the age has not yet arrived at the idea of integral, universal liberty, it is not prepared to admit its possibility.

How is slavery under all its various forms to be abolished? It can only be done by eradicating the original cause—*Repugnant Industry*, and by establishing a system of *Attractive Industry* in its place. If industry can be ennobled and rendered honorable and attractive, all will take part in its occupations. Production or real wealth will, as a consequence, be immensely increased, poverty banished from society, and liberty and independence guarantied to all. Let Industry be dignified; let it be made (as it can be, if organized according to the mechanism of the *groups and series* which I will hereafter explain) an avenue to fortune, rank and distinction, as war, politics, commerce, and banking now are, and the world will not want slaves and poor hired laborers to exercise it. All slavery would disappear without an effort, like the wintry snows before the warm sun of spring, for the cause which produced and maintains it—the repugnance of the great, the rich, and the powerful, to industry—would be eradicated. If industry were rendered attractive, and presented a field for agreeable and healthy occupations, the favored classes would no more want slaves to exercise it, than they now want them to attend to legislation, banking, commerce, or to take the command of armies.

The idea of rendering industry *attractive* will appear, probably, visionary to a majority of persons, who see it exercised in its present repugnant and degrading manner; but when we reflect that war, that the killing of our fellow-creatures, which is naturally the most hideous of occupations, has been rendered honorable and attractive, because powerful incentives and stimulants have been connected with it, and because it has opened the way to rank and fortune, we should see that if similar inducements were connected with industry, and if it afforded similar opportunities for obtaining honors and preferments, man would seek its exercise with avidity, as a means of gratifying those strong desires of the human heart. The occupations of industry are in themselves far more pleasing, and require, to be prosecuted successfully, a much higher order of intellect than banking, commerce or politics. The principal qualifications for the latter, are but shrewd suspicion, and persevering intrigue, while industry requires a knowledge of nearly all the sciences, and great research and experience. There is nothing in its nature to prevent it from becoming one of the most honorable and noble pursuits, and *Association* will elevate it to that rank.

Let conscientious minds examine the vast question of Industry, and they will see what an immense part it has played in the history of the world. Repugnant industry is not only the cause of

slavery, and of our servile system of hired labor, but it is also the cause of the greater part of the deception, fraud, and double-dealing, which exist so universally at present in the commercial, industrial, and social relations of men.

Man, considered as a social being, as a being who should perform a useful part in society, starts falsely in his career; *he requires the products of industry*, as they are absolutely necessary to his physical wants and comforts; but he wishes *to avoid the labor of producing them.* Here is a false commencement, a contradiction, which has led to all the evils referred to above.

In the earlier societies, in the barbarian, and in the commencement of civilization, military leaders oppressed the mass and robbed them by violence of the product of their toil; in our later civilized societies, a minority equally small, favored with knowledge, capital, and other advantages which the mass do not possess, manage no less effectually by indirect and intricate means to appropriate to themselves the best part of the product of their labor, and thus avoid also the task of producing. Thus injustice and servitude have been universal upon the earth; they have varied with different societies in *form*, but not in *substance.* The slavery of the negro race is but a very small fragment of this universal servitude. To abolish it isolatedly would advance but little the cause of human happiness; and to attack it separately, leaving the cause of it untouched, would produce commotions and evils of the greatest magnitude. One tenth part of the efforts and money which are now devoted to the cause of Abolition would, if devoted to the cause of Association and Attractive Industry, prove practically their truth: and this mighty truth once demonstrated, the death-knell of universal slavery would be sounded throughout the earth.

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## WHO ARE THE PEOPLE?

BY JOHN INMAN.

One might suppose, without being set down as a numscull, that if there is a country upon earth in which this question, Who are the people? ought not to be asked in sincerity, and with a real purpose of having it answered because an answer is wanted, that country is our own.

"The people" are here so much and so deferentially spoken of—professions of appeal to them, as the depositories of both wis-

dom and power, are so perpetual in the harangues of politicians, the pages of pamphleteers, and the leading articles of political editors—and devotion to their service is so boldly assumed as the only object and chief merit of all who are striving for public distinction or recompense, that one might almost as well profess to have doubts of the existence of sunshine, as ignorance of their exact character and locality. Yet the writer of this article, perilous as the avowal may be to his reputation for wisdom or even for sanity, does not scruple to make the avowal, that for the life of him he cannot pretend to know who are "the people;" and although he thus confesses his ignorance mainly in hope of being enlightened by somebody, yet he ventures to say, farther, that, as at present advised, he does not believe there is a man, anywhere between the "Jumping-off-Place" in Maine and the very southernmost rock of Cape Sable in Florida, who can tell him, so that there shall be no hesitation or doubt in the matter, whom he shall recognise as "the people."

Now, strange as the assertion may seem, we contend that the entity of this "people"—their specific existence—is nowhere else in the world so questionable, or so difficult to define. In Russia, for example, it is easy enough to say who the people are; the term is comprehensive, and includes all the millions of that overgrown empire except the Czar and his ministers; these last being excepted from the physical necessity of the case, because the Czar, absolute as he is, can neither see all, hear all, do all, nor command all, that is to be seen, heard, done, and commanded within his extensive dominions. If it were otherwise—if his absolutism of will were not practically and very essentially curtailed by his non-absolutism of capacity, or rather of capability, the ministers themselves would be of "the people," and their august master would stand alone in his contradistinction to the vast swarm of mankind who think proper to take his will—or what purports to be his—for their system of government. But the case being as it is—the ministers of the Czar—by which term we mean to designate all who wield any authority in his name, from Count Nesselrode down to the pettiest commandant of a Tartar village—being thus clothed, *ex necessitate rei*, with a portion, be the same more or less, of his absolutism, they partake also of his exceptive quality, and belong not to the ranks of "the people." In this case the matter is plain enough, and we can be at no loss to know who are "the people" in Russia.

In Great Britain, "the people" are those who pay taxes, in one shape or another, without exercising any share of the power by which the country is governed. This definition, on the face of it,

and at first blush, seems specific enough—intelligible enough. But on looking more closely into the matter, we find—(so artificial and complicated is the English system of polity—so many features are there in which a name exists without a thing of which it is, or should be, the representative—and again, so many things exist, and possess no small potency, without being recognised under any specific name)—that it is almost as hard to tell who do or do not exercise any share of power, as it is in this country to say who are "the people." The nobility, it is clear enough, have by theory a certain quantum of power; and if fact were in agreement with theory, the portion enjoyed or wielded by them would be so nicely adjusted in balance against that of the crown on the one hand, and that of the commons on the other, that they might fairly be considered an integral portion of the people. But in fact, the power of the crown, in these modern days, is a nullity; and the share that it once enjoyed is now vested somewhere else One of the equalizing or balancing elements is gone. But where? That is the question.

A very large proportion of it, undoubtedly, has lapsed into the hands of the nobility; not, however, as nobility, but as the great landholders of the kingdom; and they wield it, not in their own house of parliament, but in the House of Commons. As nobility, all the power they have is that of legislation in the upper house,—and this they had in the times of the most vigorous sovereigns—of Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth. Then, as now, they could at any time defeat any action of the other house, if they thought proper to incur the odium and the hazards; that odium and those hazards being less then than they are now, because the physical power of the masses was less available, less easily and readily to be brought out in united action. But, to counterbalance this disadvantage in modern times, the power of the royal veto, which, in the earlier ages of English history, was promptly enough exercised, or would be when occasion might require, has now fallen into desuetude—is in fact gone. On the other hand again, the crown has gained something in the more frequent exercise of the power of creating new peers, by which it might, on an emergency, in fact control the legislative action of the upper house by a wholesale and vigorous act of "pitchforking;" but this it would hardly venture to do when the adverse majority to be overcome was large, and indeed "pitchforking" for the sake of votes in the House of Lords, is at all times so unpopular a measure, and gives rise to so much clamor and indignation, that it can hardly be reckoned on as an element of the royal authority, available for political purposes.

On the whole, then, we conclude that the nobles of England, as such, have come into possession of little, if any, of the power once vested in the chief estate, or person of the sovereign; but the case is widely different with them in their capacity of landholders. In this capacity they wield, in the House of Commons, even since the passage of the Reform Bill, a very considerable, and, we suspect, an increasing share of political influence — which is but another name for power. It is our opinion that, taking the average of years, the share they possess in this way, added to that which belongs to them legitimately, as one of the three estates, is something more than a fair half of the whole ruling or governing power in the kingdom; but there is occasionally a "pressure from without" which in a moment, as it were, breaks down their superiority, and which they neither can nor dare resist. The passage of the Reform Bill was one of these occasions; we think that the repeal of the Corn Laws will be another. When such occasions present themselves, the Lords have no alternative but to yield, after resisting as long as they conceive resistance to be safe. But the "pressure from without" is generally short-lived in proportion to its vehemence; and the Lords, having always at their command the same elements of power in their influence over the rural constituencies, are almost sure, sooner or later, to regain the position from which they have been temporarily driven. We conceive that an alternation of such losings and regainings will continue to be presented in England, until the whole business is set on a new and more stable basis by a revolution which shall not be moral only.

It is clear enough, then, from what we have shown, that the nobles in England are no part of "the people." They pay taxes, undoubtedly, and heavy ones too, both directly and indirectly; but they have also a great deal to do with the laying of taxes, and this is one of the chief items in that governing power, participation in which we have assumed as not belonging there to "the people." Now let us look at the Commons.

In considering these, and their position, we must be careful to draw a distinction between the Commons of England, and the *house* which bears their name. For although the latter is supposed to represent the former, there is in truth as much difference between them as between the client and his attorney. Mr. Latitat does the business of John Doe, to be sure, — but it is for his own profit.

The Commons House of Parliament undoubtedly possesses the remaining share of the power theoretically supposed to be vested in King, Lords, and Commons, but now, as we have seen, divided

between the latter two. There is, to be sure, a sort of *tertium quid* in ministers of the crown — to wit, the power derived from place, patronage, preferment, and the bestowal of honors. But this *tertium quid* is held by them in such absolute subjection to majorities in Parliament, and is therefore so temporary and uncertain in its nature, that we are not called upon to give it any consideration in discussing the actual polity of England. Time was when a minister or a ministry could repose on the personal or political attachment of the sovereign, and in the strength of that reliance retain office in spite of Lords and Commons; but it is not so now, as we have lately had occasion to observe.

The House of Commons, then, divides the power of the government with the Lords. But as it is not, like them, a permanent body, it is clear enough that, ultimately, the power which it wields resides in and belongs to the source or sources from which it derives its existence. What are those sources?

Now this is just the most difficult question to answer that can be propounded in relation to English affairs, — except one other question, to wit, how the nation sustains its monstrous extravagance of debt and expenditure. We answer it in part very readily, by reference to what has been said of the Lords as landholders. The rural constituencies are for the most part tenants under these Lords, either by lease, at will, or by copy-hold; subject to their influence, and, in the main, returning members to Parliament at their dictation. In the country towns, moreover, the small shopkeepers, tradesmen, and mechanics are in like manner under this influence; their votes too may be set down, generally speaking, as the votes of the Lords. Then there is the squirearchy — the class of untitled landholders. Their interest coincides, principally, with that of the Lords; their influence of course is added to that of their noble neighbors, — and so they may be omitted in the enumeration. The votes of the farmers, large and small — (and, by the way, small farmers are much less common now than they were fifty years ago, their holdings being mostly swallowed up in the estates of the great land owners) — generally follow the direction of the Duke, the Earl, or the Marquis; — so they too may be omitted. Then what have we left?

First the great cities — next the manufacturing districts — then the independent rural constituencies — then the independent boroughs — then the corporations, as Oxford and Cambridge, —next the maritime districts — and lastly the small infinitude of individual franchises derived from old and out-of-the-way customs, such as the "pot-wallopers," the freemen of Bristol, made

so by marrying Bristol women, under a grant from Queen Elizabeth, &c. &c.

Now these form but a small proportion of the inhabitants of England; and, small as the proportion is, still smaller is the comparative number of these who vote independently — that is, who vote under the impulse solely of their own judgment and conscience. Take the miserable inhabitants of the manufacturing districts, for example; those unfortunate wretches, the tale of whose destitution and misery is wafted to us upon every breeze that sweeps westerly across the broad Atlantic; take the thousands upon thousands in London and the other great cities, who rise in the morning, not knowing where they shall get the first morsel that is to break their fast that day; the thousands upon thousands whose lives are passed in contemplating or acting upon the horrid alternative between crime, suicide, and starvation; take the hundreds of thousands throughout the kingdom whose enduring misery has created a distinct and vast class among the population of England under the fearful designation of "pauper;" take the aggregate of all these — the starving operative, the wretched London vagrant, the still more wretched "pauper" of the rural districts, and consider how few of them have votes at all, and how many of those having votes regard them only as a property which they can dispose of, in their pressing need, for some amount of coin — openly and avowedly offering their suffrages for sale to the highest bidder; add all these to the voters whom we have already shown to be utterly devoid of independence or freedom of will in their employment of the elective franchise, and we begin to perceive how small is the number of Englishmen who really enjoy any share of power in the administration of the government — even of that little more than nominal power, which, in such a political system as that of England, arises from the possession of the electoral franchise.

But all these — the tenants of the great landholders; the shopkeepers, who dare not offend the nobility and gentry; the starving operatives of the manufacturing districts; the indigent population of the cities; all except the miserable paupers who drag out a wretched and squalid existence in the bastilles of the poor-law Unions — all these fulfil one of the conditions which we have adopted as defining the character of "the people;" they all pay taxes in one shape or another. Every morsel of bread which they put into their mouths contributes to the enormous expenditure of the crown, the aristocracy, and the government; the very light of heaven that finds its way into their miserable dwellings is taxed for the support of England's armies, England's navy,

England's placemen, pensioners, and sinecurists. And they fulfil also the other of those conditions; for they exercise no share of the power by which the country is governed. These, then, are in England "the people." The nobles are not of the people; neither are the untitled landholders, nor the wealthy manufacturers and merchants, nor the holders of the funds, nor the professional men, nor the placemen, nor the occupants of fat sinecures. "The people" of England are the laborers, whether in the workshop or the field, by whose toil the nobles, landholders, placemen, fund-holders, and sinecurists are enriched; from whose sweat, and bones, and blood, the wealth of the kingdom is drawn, and whose endurance of misery and wrong, so patient, so protracted, has become a spectacle for pitying amazement to the world.

How is it in France? Generally very much as it is in England, but with some considerable variations of detail. The constituency of France is much smaller even than that of England, there being not more than three hundred thousand voters among more than thirty millions of subjects; but the franchise of these thousands is on the whole real — they exercise it under neither the dread of landlords, nor the influence of rich customers — so that whatever share of power in the government belongs to and arises from the possession of a vote, and the free use of it, that share may clearly enough be held to reside in the hands of the three hundred thousand. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that all the rest is in the hands of the government, or of the government and the legislature. A very large share indeed is possessed by the Chamber of Deputies — (the Chamber of Peers, by the way, may be looked upon as little more than a nonentity — a body without a soul, and capable of doing little against either the crown or the lower house) — and perhaps a still larger by the press. A very considerable portion also falls to the share of the Parisian mob; some to the mobs of other cities; and not a little to any individual scoundrel who thinks proper to amuse himself with a shot at the king, after the fashion of Fieschi or Alibaud.

Now these may seem strange propositions to such as have taken notice that in speaking of England no allusion has been made either to mobs or to the press. But it is believed that the propositions can be made good, and that the distinction taken between England and France, on the score of mobs and newspapers, is perfectly valid.

The fact is not overlooked, that an immense control of public opinion is ascribed to and assumed by the English press; but we believe that the ascription and the assumption are entirely fallacious—quite as much so as the general opinion that the English

press is conducted with an extraordinary degree of talent. We maintain that the newspapers in England are to a very considerable extent the organs or exponents, but by no means either the guides or the creators, of public opinion. By their immense industry and enterprise, the vast amount of capital employed in them, and the extremely minute division of labor resorted to in their production, they surpass all the other newspapers in the world in furnishing the public with materials, true or false, upon which and with which to form opinions; but there is an independence of judgment about most Englishmen—an opinionativeness we may call it, which leads individuals to the formation of judgments for themselves, and even looks with a sort of disdain upon the idea of being guided in thought by another. We have had abundant proof of this in a recent and very striking instance. But a few weeks since, the whole press of England, with a very few exceptions, came to us freighted, surcharged, with hostile denunciations of our own country, and with intimations little short of positive averment, that there must be war; yet all the private letters written from England to America, by Americans and Englishmen, by merchants and bankers to their correspondents, by gentlemen of leisure to their friends or relations, in short, by all sorts of people, were equally positive in their averments that the English press did not in this matter speak the sentiments of the English people, and that there would be no war. The letter-writers told the truth, and the public scribes were baffled in their endeavor to guide public opinion and feeling to war. They were wrong even in their supposition of what the public opinion was on the subject; but this is a matter in which they are not often wrong.

Another proof of the little influence wielded over the public mind by the English press, is afforded in the long exile of the Tories from power. For ten years the strength of that press was banded against the Melbourne ministry; the ablest journals, and those having the largest circulation, were for ten years exerting their utmost power against it; but the Melbourne ministry destroyed itself at last; and but for its own want of firmness, of sincerity and consistency, it would have continued in power for ten years more, despite all that the Times, the Herald, the John Bull, the Courier, the Post, the Argus, the Britannia, the Spectator, and the whole host of tory and radical journals could have done for its overthrow.

We have not room to dwell upon this point, or we could give all the reasons which unite in accounting for the fact—not the least among which is the unknown and irresponsible character of the writers for the English press,—but our present business is with France, not England.

The French press, and especially the Parisian, unlike that of England, does exert an immense influence over the French people. Partly because it is conducted with very great talent—far greater than the English—partly because its conductors are known, and are for the most part men of high character and distinguished reputation, and more than all, perhaps, because the French people are of a nature to be led by newspapers. In France, therefore, the press actually constitutes an estate—and a very potent one. But this point need not be dwelt upon, for we have all seen with what desperate energy the opposition press has been for years contending against the government, and how very little the government has had to boast of in the struggle. We all know, too, how distinctly the dynasty of the elder Bourbon branch was overthrown by the press in 1830.

The National Guard is another part of the state in France, exercising, indirectly, a share of power in the government. And there are other elements which might be named, besides the constituencies proper. But the mobs and the regicides constitute a feature so singular, that it is worth while to dwell for a moment upon their influence.

At first sight it may seem a strange proposition, that in considering the polity of a kingdom, notice must be taken of an *émeute*, or a single ruffian who can muster coin enough to buy a charge of powder and a bullet. But in France *émeutes* and shooters at the king have been so frequent that they can no longer be regarded as exceptional individualities. They form a class—they have actually created a contingency that must be taken into the account. And this not so much for what they have done or can do, but for the necessity of doing which they impose upon the government. George the Third was shot at once in England; and so was Queen Victoria. But these events were so remarkable, so uncommon, so little to be looked for, that they gave occasion for no distinctive line of policy. The shooters were brought to trial before the ordinary tribunals, and in each case the crime was ascribed, truly perhaps, but at all events very sagaciously and wisely, to insanity. In France, on the contrary, the attempts of Fieschi, of Alibaud, of Meunier, and the rest, by their repetition, by their attendant circumstances, by the strong presumption that they formed parts of a continuing conspiracy against the life of the king, and undoubtedly to some extent by the solemn and important character given to them in the mode of trial and the execution of the criminals, have created an eventuality for which the government is forced to provide; a circle of necessity in which the sovereign and his ministers are compelled to move. Thus the act of a single individual, reckless of his own life, has come

to be considered as establishing an obligation of the state, and the monarch on his throne has been constrained in his agency by the meanest of his subjects.

The same course of observation applies to the mob gatherings of Paris; but this article is already too long, and we must hasten to its conclusion.

The result is, that in determining who are "the people" of France, we have, as in England, a deduction to make from the tax-paying population; a deduction, however, not so large, and compounded of very different elements. We have the three hundred thousand electors, the National Guard, the press, the deputies, the troops of the line, the turbulent and inflammable elements of which *émeutes* are composed, and every desperate fellow who can be induced by liquor, or money, or mere love of excitement, to pull a trigger with the king for his mark; and all the rest are "the people." The peaceable bourgeoisie, the tillers of the soil, the laborers of every description and name, the *rentiers* who live quietly on the incomes of their estates, the manufacturers, those engaged in commerce and the press, are in France "the people."

We have selected these three from among all the European states, France, England, and Russia, because they represent, with some modifications, all the rest. Austria and her dependencies, Prussia and most of the German states, may be classed with Russia; Sweden, Denmark, Norway, and Portugal, with England; and Spain, in her present anomalous condition, belongs, if anywhere, to the same category with France.

And now we think it may be seen where the difficulty lies of characterizing or classing "the people" of the United States—that is, if we are bound to look at things in the same light here, and employ terms in the same sense, as in the countries we have been examining. Of such elements as constitute the class of "the people" in France, England, Russia, and the rest, it is clear that we have none in the United States. The broad distinction existing there between the governors and the governed, has in this republic no existence. We have no class, unless indeed it be the slave population of the South and Southwest, who contribute to the expenses of the state without enjoying any share of its power. And the conclusion we arrive at is, either that all—presidents, governors, senators, and representatives in Congress, legislators of the States, and their constituents—the whole collectively, and no separate part or party exclusively, whether a majority or a minority—all, alike and with equal individual right on the part of each to participate in the designation—all are "THE PEOPLE," or there are no "people" among us.

# THE STARS THAT HAVE SET IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

## No. II. — Sir Walter Scott.

It has been said that the "Author of Waverley" looked on all things through a romantic medium; the splendid plantations and finely laid-out enclosures of Abbotsford were created out of a peat-bog; and the house itself, at once convenient and picturesque, was pronounced by a Frenchman to be a romance in stone and lime. This is true also of his romances. The Jail of Edinburgh has inspired a story which will last as long as Arthur's seat; from the dry-as-dust materials of vague tradition, he has raised the magnificent edifice of "Ivanhoe;" from the wild acts and fanatic sayings of the Cameronians, he has made a story of lasting interest; and out of a blacksmith, laboring in the sweat of his forge, he has created a hero, both in mind and courage, and left him a laborer in fire still. To do all this — and this is but a tithe of what he did — required imagination, sensibility, knowledge of character, an eye for all that is beautiful, a heart for all that is heroic, added to powers of combination and description, such as none but a poet of a high order ever possessed. He found the prose fiction of his country deformed by many strange inventions, inoculated with much false sentiment, overwhelmed with idly minute descriptions, and the voice of nature nearly lost in that of affectation; he reformed and restored it in far more than its original beauty. He re-inspired whatever his own heart pronounced good in the narratives of his predecessors and contemporaries, and he added a breadth and variety of character, a dramatic life and vigor, and a poetic richness and elevation, which have rendered our best prose romances more than a match, in general interest, to our best poems. Lord Byron poured out poem after poem; Scott poured out romance after romance; the poetry of the one, and the prose of the other, became so popular that no other works were regarded, and the question was, which of the two was the greater. Without attempting to decide this, it may be safely said that as Byron had formerly triumphed over Scott in song, Byron was certainly triumphed over in his turn by Scott in prose; and yet not one word of vexation or envy was uttered by either of those illustrious spirits; on the contrary, they spoke and wrote of one another with respect and affection.

Walter Scott is, by a proud and unquestioned distinction, the poet of the most poetical times that England or any other country ever knew. Most of the leading poets of our day have been in-

spired with the present — Sir Walter Scott was inspired with the past. To him, as a poet, the world before his eyes was encumbered with matters too mean for his muse; she scorned communion with the times, out of which the soul of chivalry had been crushed, — from which picturesque splendor had departed, and in which there was no pomp and antique revelry. She looked on the world around, observes Allan Cunningham in his Memoirs, and seeing it filled with steam-engines, spinning-jennies, and men laying down rail-roads, or teaching water to run within walls of hewn stone, and other mechanical and rule-of-three sort of things, glanced back on other days, where she saw so much according to her own taste and spirit, that she strung her harp, and sang of the princes of the Stuart line, and of the chiefs of the northern chivalry, with all their combats in the lists, their meetings on the battle-field, their masking and their minstrelsy. In other words, the school in which he formed and prepared himself was that of the old metrical romances; and born and educated as he was among scenes of feudal warfare and romantic song, and in the bosom of a people who cherished the memory of gallant deeds and the names of those who achieved them, his song could not well be otherwise. The very spirit of chivalry reigns and revels in his gay, graceful, romantic, and inspired pages. His readers are rapt, as in a dream, from all the dull and debasing realities of this "ignorant present" — all the vulgar gentilities and barbarous refinements of this *enlightened* age, this "Fools' Paradise" of ladies and gentlemen, this millennium of law, liberty, and legitimate governments, this drab-colored era of coats, waistcoats, and common-places, and transported to a plumed and turreted period, when castles occupied the place of cotton-mills; when tilts and tournaments were held in more esteem than contested elections; when men were ranked as such on proof, not on sufferance; when might was right, openly, not covertly; when law was a tool and a scourge in the hands of power alone, not of cunning and chicanery; when cant and hypocrisy were not lords of the ascendant, and, above all, a period when ladies' eyes "held sovereign sway and mastery:" in short, a period when life was a brilliant pageant, not a dull promenade.

Until the appearance of "Childe Harold," Scott was without comparison the most popular poet of the day. Yet it cannot be denied that he owed this more to a happy and novel choice of subject, and the skill and tact by which he made the utmost of the knowledge and materials that he brought to bear upon it, than to any rare or surpassing splendor of poetical genius. That he is a great poet there can be no question: but ease,

animation, and facility, a gay and graceful freedom, and an unrivalled flow of animal spirits, are his characteristics, rather than power, elevation, or originality. The high degree of romantic interest, too, which he has contrived to throw into his stories, and the clear and vivid manner in which he has related them, contributed not a little to the extraordinary success which his works at first met with. In fact, they were read more as romances than as poems; and the number of readers they found was greater in proportion. It is probable that if they had been written in prose, with the same attention to the excitement of what is here called *interest*, they would have been still more successful; as the prose tales which he composed soon after Byron drove him to raise his banner on another field, where he gained honor and glory such as no one save Cervantes can rival, have indeed since proved. It is singular enough, that within the brief space of twelve months, the legitimate reputation arising to him from his avowed works as a poet, was almost entirely eclipsed by that which was actually forced upon him as the supposed writer of those anonymous novels, which he is said to have at first distinctly and unequivocally disavowed. He had already become such a universal favorite with the literary world, that they were determined he should enjoy the reputation of those unrivalled works, whether he willed it or no. In fact, it was inconceivable that any one but himself *could* be the author of them; for, to say nothing of their being precisely congenial with all his known studies and acquirements, who could be found willing to forego such a brilliant reputation as they conferred, but one who, like him, had already reached the very highest point of literary fame as a poet? It was no objection to the probability of his being the author to ask, why did he not avow them? — because he did, in point of fact, enjoy the reputation they conferred as fully as if he had avowed them; and there was a stimulus, a piquancy added to this reputation, by the mystery and concealment that attached to it.

The peculiar attractions of Scott's poetry arise from the vivid and picturesque manner in which he presents to the reader whole scenes, or particular objects, and the rare skill with which he as it were compels us to take a personal interest in the events and characters which are the objects and actors in his narratives. At the commencement of each tale, the persons who are to figure throughout it start up before us as objects of almost actual *sight*, and with all the claims upon our curiosity which are given to them by novelty of situation, habits, and modes of feeling: and yet they are capable of exciting all the sympathy we are

susceptible of feeling towards the real beings of flesh and blood who are about us: such is the natural and skilful manner in which the poet develops the motives and passions by which they are actuated. Our earliest and most delightful associations are called upon to assist in creating an interest towards beings of our own nature, who we feel *might* have existed; and who are placed in situations and circumstances in the highest degree strange and romantic, and yet which we know actually *did* exist in times not long past; and which times have acquired an air of remoteness and antiquity, more from their dissimilarity to our own, than from the years that have elapsed since they have changed and passed away. There is a still more intense interest given to his narratives, and we yield ourselves up to this influence with a still more full and entire satisfaction, from being assured, as we are, that his extensive knowledge on antiquarian subjects, and his admirable skill in the use and arrangement of his materials, have enabled him to place before us nothing less than real and authentic pictures and transcripts of whatever he professes to represent; so that his tales of chivalry may be read almost with the same feelings as if they had, in fact, been written during the times, and on the very occasions, of which they speak. This is undoubtedly a very great addition to their immediate attraction; and it may probably hereafter be considered as their most striking and valuable quality, and that in virtue of which they will live, and will deserve to live.

Although in external elegance and precision of outline the poems of Scott resemble works of art, they have nevertheless less of the repose of sculpture about them than any characters in modern song. No one since the days of Homer has sung with such an impetuous and burning breath the muster, the march, the onset, and all the fiery vicissitudes of battle. In his "Pibroch" he has given the very pith and essence of the Highland character, as well as a brilliant picture of manners; and we cannot better show his large genius in small compass than by quoting that extraordinary song:

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
  Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
  Summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away,
  Hark to the summons!
Come in your war-array,
  Gentles and Commons.

Leave the deer, leave the steer,
  Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear,
  Broad-swords and targes.
Leave untended the herd,
  The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
  The bride at the altar.

Come as the winds come, when
  Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
  Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
  Faster and faster;
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
  Tenant and master.

This song is characteristic of all Scott's poetry; action, action, action is its fault as well as its excellence. Other bards have indulged their heroes and heroines with pastoral retirements and bowers of bliss; and even the devils of Walton enjoy at times a sort of uneasy repose. Scott alone keeps them up and doing, till action becomes almost fatiguing, and the reader longs for pleasant places where he can sit and ruminate on the perils he has passed, or has yet to encounter.

Undoubtedly, if to entertain and please by liveliness of narrative, variety of incident and description, and novelty and interest of fable; if to give animation and elasticity to the fancy, and sprightliness and vivacity to the animal spirits, by the perpetual exercise of them among an endless succession of pleasant thoughts and images; if to give a healthful stir and motion to the feelings which lie on the *surface* of the human heart, by calling on and compelling them to sympathize with and take part in the natural development of character and passion; if this be to fulfil the sole or chief ends of poetry, (as some critics would persuade us,) then Walter Scott is the first of poets; for no one compasses those ends so directly and so effectually as he does; and this without producing any counterbalancing mischief in the way of over-refined or morbid excitement. But these are *not* the loftiest ends to which poetry may aspire and attain. It *may* purify and elevate those spirits which the existing institutions of society have polluted and debased. It *may* close and heal those wounds which the canker of disappointment eats into the heart, when the visions of youthful hope melt away like a mist before the realities of after life. It *may* be made to beam forth a light upon all the

prospect about us, which shall beautify the path we tread in, cast a glory on the distance, and even change the clouds that hang over it into images of loveliness, and the shadows that rest upon it into prophetic types of the goodness that is to come. Poetry, in its highest and noblest shape, may do all these things, and a thousand more. And, in fact, in minds which are susceptible of its power, it does them. It is to them the true philosopher's stone, which converts every thing it touches into gold; the only elixir vitæ, which endows the spirit of its possessor with perpetual health and youth. These qualities the poetry of Walter Scott does *not* possess; but it possesses others that are rare and valuable in the next degree. If it cannot cure the ills of humanity, it can at least lull us to sleep in the midst of them, and make us dream that we have no share in them. If it cannot dry up the springs of sorrow, it can at least brighten the streams that flow from them. If it cannot clothe the beauties of the external world in a mantle of imaginative glory, it can at least bring them before us at all times in all their actual freshness and variety, and teach us to feel their power. If it cannot lift our mental aspirations to a level with those moral attributes of our nature from which they spring, and to which they tend, it at least increases their desire to rise, and gives a vigor and elasticity to that power which enables them to do so.

Upon the whole, there is no writer, except Shakspeare, from whose works we receive so much unmixed pleasure as from those of Walter Scott. Were we to descant on the kindred nature of their genius, we would say, that Shakspeare and Scott are two of our chief benefactors; they have each diffused happiness and delight among ten thousand thousand firesides. They are always fresh, and ever new; and we welcome them in the twentieth and hundredth reading as we welcome the summer sun which brings the same light and warmth to our old age as it did to our youth. They have each peopled our fancies and memories with creatures more bright and natural than any other workers in "the art unteachable, untaught;" and amid all the discoveries and inventions of science, viz., flowered muslin, damask silk, and tenpenny nails manufactured by strength of steam; statues hewn by machinery; ships impelled against wind and tide by fire; men walking on the bottom of the sea, and women flying in the air; the inventions of Shakspeare and Scott are still the most wonderful, the most delightful—we had almost said, the most useful. Watt, Arkwright, Fulton, Bennie, Telford, with the whole tribe of scientific benefactors, to whom be all honor, have smoothed our roads, shortened our journeys, brought distant lands to our door, clothed us

in purple and scarlet and fine-twined linen, at little cost; in short, have indulged us with the grosser realities of existence to overflowing; but it requires minds of a higher order to pamper and feed the imagination; for this Shakspeare and Scott had to make and to create; and as creators and makers, they are entitled to rank above all the mere discoverers that have flourished between the days of Jason and John Ross.

In command of human character the magicians of the North and South have a strong resemblance. They were both great imitators, but not copyists. They ransacked written history and oral legend for plots, for incidents, for sayings, and for hints. They breathed life and feeling into the dead, and recalled the heroes, the sages, the wits, and the beauties of their native lands into existence, and shed such a charm over every scene, and gave such life to all, that the longest night seems short in their company. Their chief, nay, their humblest characters, are to us creatures of flesh and blood—of sentiment and of soul; we cannot regard them as unembodied and unsubstantial; yet, in our mind there is a difference between the characters produced by Scott and Shakspeare. We speak but of our own sensations. The characters of the former seem so real that we number them among our acquaintance. On the banks of the Liddel we look for Andrew Dinmont; as we pass through Glasgow, we peep into the Salt Market, with the hope of meeting Bailie Jarvie; and when we visit Aberdeen, we expect to meet with Dugald Dalgetty by the way. The characters of the latter seldom awaken such lively expectations. And why? They are more poetical; they are purified more from the realities of life, and arise above ordinary sympathies. The drama, or at least poetry, requires this: prose is of a lower order, and Scott moulded his characters accordingly. We never think of the heroes and heroines of Shakspeare but as creatures raised by imagination, from slender material furnished by nature; we can scarcely believe that beings so fair and so blameless as Imogen and Juliet could have existed, but we have seen something like Julia Mannering and Diana Vernon, and we imagine Sir Walter saw the rest.

Though we perceive this difference between the creations of Shakspeare and Scott, we have no wish to say, that because the latter refused to go to work like the former, he committed an error; on the contrary, we regard it as a great excellence. We once heard Coleridge assert, that while Shakspeare drew all his characters from man in his unsophisticated nature, Scott was content to manufacture his from the callings and pursuits of life. This we thought then, and think still, was unjust. Not that the

remark is without truth, but our language and sentiments are colored by our condition: a soldier is distinguished not only by his look, but by his language, from a lawyer; the manners of a rustic are not those of a courtier; we need not multiply instances; it is enough that the characters of the great novelist are natural and unborrowed

The taste of Scott was that of his times; the taste of Shakspeare was that of his times also: they both wrote for the world; they walked the way they found the world walking; they made no attempt to form new schools, and yet they are founders in the truest sense of the word. They both loved home subjects, and delighted in working up the ordinary occurrences of life or of history in a spirit and shape at once natural and rational. It was the fault of Shakspeare's age to overrate rank and high descent, and to regard all as "base, common, and popular" beneath the condition of a gentleman. It was the glory of Scott's day to honor man as God made him; to think, with Burns, "A man's a man for a' that," and to look with respect and affection on the humble children of the cottage. To this difference we owe the pie-coated fools and heroes of Eastcheap, and the utter absence of the bold yeomen of England, in the Southern poet; and the presence of the Dinmonts, the Headriggs, and the Ochiltrees, in the novels of the bard of the North. Both poets were men of large souls and wide sympathy; but were we to account for this difference by supposing that Scott had more of these qualities than Shakspeare, we should say more than we feel; yet it is not the less true, that the great dramatist has failed to give a faithful picture of social English life as it was in his day; he was more of a courtier, we fear, than Scott, and though a striker of deer himself, he had no hearty love for "Hob, Dick, and Hick, with clubs and clouted shoon," his country companions.

Shakspeare and Scott resemble each other, too, in never exhausting either subject or character, and in the full command they hold over both. That monster of wit, Falstaff, is evidently killed by his maker out of mere wantonness, and not because he was exhausted, for some of his latest sallies are his best; and we know that the author had to bridle in and restrain himself, both in Ochiltree and Dalgetty, lest their humors should overwhelm their companion characters. Their handling, too, is in the easiest and happiest manner imaginable; nor is their sense of propriety less visible than their ease; all is in its right place; nothing is out of keeping, and the unity of their performances is wonderful, since they seem not to have studied it. But a man who follows nature will seldom break rules, for rules came from nature; a

truth acknowledged by Walpole, when he said, Gil Morice observed all the rules of Horace, but in such a way as showed that the writer had never heard of either Horace or his rules. Let us now see how the chief characteristics of the genius of Scott assimilate and contrast with those of Shakspeare.

One of the chief attributes of the genius of Shakspeare, and that which has always been allowed him, under some mode of expression or another, is his *universality*. This term is of so comprehensive a nature, that the reader will perhaps be startled at our claiming the same excellence for Scott. We mean to express by it, *the power of identifying himself with every kind and condition of existence.*

This felicitous power of the mind has been the theme of panegyric with all the writers on Shakspeare, and in it we recognise the great charm of Scott's productions; its great characteristic is fitness, and to its exercise we owe the admirable impersonations of both our authors; the splendid procession of princes, nobles, simple citizens, and peasants, with all their general and particular attributes, each clothed in his proper garb, and each speaking the sentiments of his kind. Nor is this vivid and distinct representation confined to vague generalities, or generic distinctions; it deals equally with individual features and specific differences—such as are to be found in the moral as in the natural world.

In this general sympathy with man, in all his natural and social relations, we recognise the very essence of the dramatic character; and how it can be said that the genius of Scott is not dramatic, we cannot divine. His romances are dramas in everything but the precise form. Nor is this sort of spontaneous metempsychosis confined to the moral condition of man, and his relations to external things; we may observe the exercise of the same *many* or rather *every*-sidedness in relation to things themselves—the same fitness, propriety, and verisimilitude; and circumstances and scenes are ever as much before the mind of the reader as the persons who move in them.

If this be conceded for Shakspeare—and we can hardly bespeak anything for his genius that will not be conceded—it is only necessary to call to mind such scenes in the most popular works of Scott as are represented in "Old Mortality," "Marmion," "Ivanhoe," and indeed any other. Or, to be more particular, take for example the magnificent opening of "The Talisman," the graphic scene in the desert, and the single combat of the two heroes of the tale; or the escape of Sir Walter Wardour and his daughter from the sea, and ascent from the cliffs, in "The Antiquary;" or the more familiar but spirited scene in the Clocksmith's shop in

Fleet-street, in the commencement of "The Fortunes of Nigel;" or the tragic end of the poor usurer Trapbois, in the same tale; or any of those living pictures in which the actors and the natural accompaniments harmonize with the features of surrounding objects, like all the parts of the finest performances of the sister art.

But the best *test* of this power of delineating the thoughts, actions, and passions of human nature, in their various phases, is, as we have before hinted, to be found in the manner in which the same passions, the same virtues or vices, are made to operate differently in different persons, according to their several constitutional casts of character, situation in life, or other ruling circumstance. Take for instance, in Scott, his various modifications of religious enthusiasm. In Beaumanoir, the rigid adhesion to prescribed forms, the devotion to the preservation of the privileges of his order; a bigotry grounded in selfishness and constitutional soundness of heart. In the Abbot Eustace, the same objects operating with warm and kindly affections. The religious enthusiasm of David Deans, again, is homely, steadfast, and patient in suffering. In Balfour, selfish, superstitious, and brutal. But we have in that *chef d'œuvre* of Scott, the tale of "Old Mortality," in illustration of this test of *universality*, a whole tribe of fanatics, in which the same general features are preserved with an individuality of form and coloring that makes each a distinct and perfect portrait; and the whole together is one of the finest exemplifications of the crimes and follies of men, who mistake the vain workings of their own imaginations, and the impulse of their own selfish passions, for the dictates of the divine spirit. The maniac Mucklewrath, the savage Burley, the gentle but energetic Macbriar—after these come the shallow and wordy Kettledrum, and the prudent and conforming Poundtext; not to mention the well-imagined dogged ignorance of Mause, and easy faith of Cuddie Headrigg, whose religion rests upon the means of a comfortable subsistence, and deals rather in the realities of life than the abstract questions of doctrine and church government: in all these we recognise a certain individuality which makes them species of the same genus; and all drawn with a correctness and form that are truly wonderful.

Take again, for instance, his exemplifications of loyalty. We mean, by loyalty, a steady adherence to personal opinions, regardless of the accidents of fortune; a virtue so various in its character, as to seem in some cases like mere animal instinct; in others, a principle rising to the highest pitch of moral excellence. In Flora Mac Ivor, or Kenneth, or Sir Henry Lee, high-minded, disinterested, secret, and valiant. In Leicester and Varney, base and selfish. In Caleb Balderstone a warm and heartfelt, but almost

brute impulse. In Andrew Fairservice, mercenary, cowardly, and loose. In Dalgetty, crafty, calculating, and easily transferable. In Wamba, (the prince of jesters,) fearless and romantic, and suiting the character of one of Scott's happiest creations. To all these you will find no parallel in our literature but in the writings of Shakspeare, who has, with the same power of universal sympathy, and the same discrimination, shadowed forth his living portraitures, different and yet the same.

Akin to what we have called the *universality* of Scott, which makes him, like Shakspeare, always at home, from the cottage to the throne, is his genius of *appropriation;* the happy use of the scattered materials of history and tradition, and of the popular poetry and superstition of his day. Of the obligations of Shakspeare to contemporary literature, and of the freedom with which he seized upon everything that turned to his own purpose, few persons can have any conception, who have not made themselves a little conversant with the labors of his numerous commentators. Whole passages from the chronicles, tales, songs, and popular works of the day can be traced to their several sources; and much of the most admired dialogue of his most impassioned scenes, is a literal transcript from those authorities. To this power of *appropriation* we owe many of the beauties and excellences of both our authors.

In conclusion we will only add, that to Sir Walter Scott belongs all the credit of having given to the literature of English fiction a poetic form and pressure, reduced it to a clear and consistent system, and crowned it with that glory which has made it the wonder of Christendom. In his novels he has invaded the province of the epic poet and dramatist, and discussed topics which the muse contemplates with fear, and in which the tragic bard dreads the taste of the galleries. Fielding, and Smollett, and Richardson, contented themselves with delineating the domestic manners, individuals, characters, and passions of social life; and though Smollett, particularly, more than approached the poetic, none of them touched the historic, or presumed to color the waters of truth with the fascinating hues of fiction. Sir Walter Scott rose, and by a series of magnificent creations, he led the herd of novelists and writers of all kinds to fresh pastures, and awakened a desire in the public for that kind of pleasing reading. All the qualities which pleased us in his poetry reappeared in his romances, with the addition of the dramatic drolleries and humbler humanities of rustic life. No writer since the days of Shakspeare has created so many fine, healthy, life-like, and original characters.

L. F. T.

## A SECOND SLAP AT THE LOGGERHEADS.*

In our December number, we told a few truths to the new sect of the Loggerheads, or Home-Leaguers, — as they prefer to call themselves, although the difference is only in sound — yet they go on with their proceedings with as much effrontery as ever. They put forth their stale arguments as though they had never been refuted; they run through the regular catch-phrases about "home interest" and "native production," as though the silly clap-trap had not been long since exposed — and they arrange and pile up their masses of statistics and figures with as much complacency as if they were not open violations of all the principles of experience and science. Are they not aware that Adam Smith, Say, Ricardo, and Franklin have lived? Now, when a set of men make fools of themselves for the first time, we are disposed to forgive them; we feel, indeed, a sort of sympathy with one who has at some time or other fallen into error, for we remember to have done so ourselves when we were very young; but that individuals or associations, for year after year, in the face of the whole teaching of history, with dreadful demonstrations of their wrong-headedness staring them in the eyes, with the philosophy of politics and economy as dead against them as the north wind, should go on, from week to week, and month to month, deliberately asserting the most preposterous paradoxes; that they should prove themselves to be fools, not only once, but three times and for ever, exhausts our stores of patience, abundant as they are, and compels us to call things by their right names. Nor let any one be inclined to think that we are naturally severe. Bless their souls, we are as gentle as a sucking dove. We are possessed even with a genuine respect for the genius of Nonsense; but then it must be that little sprite, upon whom, as Miss Edgeworth says, Reason condescends to smile, "even when Logic frowns and chops him on the block," and not that monstrous hideous Nonsense, which outrages all common sense. The Home-Leaguers themselves, we should think, as much as they fondle and nourish the imp, must soon grow tired of him, for he is in the end a terrible and dangerous fellow. Or if they take to him naturally, why not confine their liking to their own houses, — why flout it in other people's noses?

Above all, why do they put it in print? We repeat the question, why do people who are bit with an absurd scheme or a

* Address of the Home-League to the People of the United States. New York, Van Norden & Co., 1841.

silly notion insist always upon presenting it to the public? These gentlemen, for instance, who have signed their names to the Address at the head of our article, could they not have contrived to conceal their weakness? Could they not, under a milk and water diet, have managed to wait until their strange fit was over? Or, if a discharge of ink became an absolutely necessary evacuation, to avoid a fatal and plethoric congestion, why not let it off in a private way? We can hardly suppose, as some evil-minded person has suggested to us, that this address is put forth as a specimen of "native manufactures," under the nursing mothership of the Home-League; we cannot suppose it, for surely no people, let them be as crazy as they please; would be so careless as thus to strangle their project in the birth. The old maxim says, "Put the best foot foremost"—alack, what a foot the hind foot of the Loggerheads must be!

This Address, emanating from the great centre of influence, the commercial emporium of the United States, is no doubt uttered as the manifesto of the Home-Leaguers. It is intended to state the grounds of their movements, the objects they propose to accomplish, and the means they wish to use. It is designed to rally a vast party, and to declare a general war against the more liberal notions of the age. For such a document, it is an exceedingly meager and rickety affair. It is neither new nor good; neither profound in its logic nor agreeable in its style; and is in fact in the worst manner of our jejune and sickening stump speeches. It exhausts the whole world of common-place, with an astonishing readiness and fertility of remembrance. The writer seems to have drawn a drag-net through the stagnant waters of the old tariff controversy, and, from perished pamphlets, fly-blown reports, and worm-eaten newspapers, scraped together much of what was stalest and most nauseating. There is a class, mentioned by Dean Swift, whose brains admitting but one scumming, he advises to gather them with discretion, and to manage their little stock with husbandry. But, unmindful of this sage admonition, our champion of the Loggerheads presents us with the seventy times the seventh scumming. He regales us with the thrice-baked meats of the last year's table. The "rights of industry," "the protection of American interests," the "advancement of the laboring classes" forsooth! Why, we heard of that drivel many years agone, and thought it was buried.

Let not our readers frighten themselves with the apprehension that we seriously entertain the design of controverting this miserable trash. We have no such preposterous intention. If we did not respect their intellects enough, we should certainly have

too much respect for the nib of our trusty pen — now in the winter of its use, lusty and vigorous — to dull its point on such small matters. To confess the truth, we are heartily tired of this fighting over of old battles. There is very little honor in achieving a victory which has been won a hundred times before. When you have beaten the effigy, of what was once an argument, to pieces, when you have knocked the straw from its legs, let the bran out of its belly, and stove in the pumpkin that serves for its head, it is well to retire from the contest. Should any person see fit to gather its tatters, and restuff its rags, let time correct his folly.

The secret of the new-fangled attachment which many are beginning to profess for the old doctrine of protection, it is not difficult to divine, and is another proof of the uselessness of argument with such fellows. It is found in a scrap of history which Gibbon has bequeathed to the instruction of posterity. When Sultan Mahmoud, he says, in his expedition to Hindostan, approached the splendid Pagoda of Sumnat, with its musicians, its dancing girls, its barbers, its Brahmins, and its revenue from two thousand villages, he was threatened by the priests of the idol with the blasts of the divine vengeance. But not deterred by the menace, he drew nearer to the deity, he aimed a blow at its head with his iron mace, when lo! the devotion of the Brahmins was explained by the pearls and rubies that rolled from the idol's belly. And thus, with these modern idolaters who profess so much zeal for special legislation, it is not the sanctity of the worship, but the treasure to be won, that moves them.

But while the arguments of this sort are hardly worth answering, their aims are important enough to be talked about. What must strike every one, at the outset, is the perfect nonchalance with which they step forward as new when everybody knows they are as old as a thread-bare coat. They are the old friends of the tariff, the old advocates of protection, the old champions of the American system, and we know not how many other old things, in disguise. Their name, adroitly chosen, is alone new. This, of itself, looks suspicious. There are two classes of men, who delight in the chameleon quality of perpetually changing color — impostors, that like the security of a change of dress, and arrested knaves, who are ever stopping the mouth of justice with an alias. Is it not right to suspect, then, that imposition and knavery are at the bottom of this movement? Is not the suspicion fortified, when we find them professing doctrines which we know they abhor. They pretend, for instance, that they are disposed to favor free trade; but what sort of free trade is it?

Free trade on conditions, — free trade with limitations, — a free trade forced by legislation — a free trade that is to begin in restraints! We, however, welcome their admissions; we look upon them as concessions of the abstract doctrines of free trade; and we hail them as the signs of that progress which liberal principles are everywhere making. When we find the sworn friends of restriction proclaiming, even insincerely, their attachment to free trade in the abstract, we regard it as a bright promise of the future.

Yes, they cry, give us free trade! but first establish a system of restriction to bring it about! Great Britain, France, and all the nations of Christendom have closed their ports to whatever comes in competition with their native products, and therefore we should do the same! Now, had we a child just beginning to trundle his hoop, who should presume to talk such stuff as this, we should certainly condemn him to small clothes and short commons. And when we see grown men — men, too, apparently of good digestion — clinging to such transparent absurdities, we are forced to ask, why are they suffered to circulate without keepers? Why does Chancery fail to exert its guardianship? Just think of it. Great Britain adopts a policy, which is absolutely ruinous, which inflicts upon the masses of her degraded and starving population the deepest injuries, which shocks the intellects and hearts of her wisest and purest statesmen, and because she does so, the United States are urged to follow her example. France, in her folly and prejudice, cuts off a little finger, and therefore the United States must demolish its great toe! Because the poor weaver of Lyons, or the well-dressed exquisite of Paris, refuses to chew or to smoke any more Virginia tobacco than they think fit, or because Louis Philippe, for reasons of internal policy, chooses to make a monopoly of the traffic in the fragrant weed, all the women of the United States are called upon to give up those heart-darlings, fine silks, and all the men are called upon to relinquish their good wines! Because the electors of Tamworth are told by Sir Robert Peel, to starve the miserable manufacturers of Leeds to death, therefore the representatives at Washington must abuse and oppress their constituents all over this nation! We have read in a late work of a hideous specimen of mental and moral deformity, one Quilp, who, whenever vexed by his neighbors, wreaked his vengeance in pinches upon his unoffending wife. Our home loggerheads follow the beautiful example, by destroying the prosperity of their friends, whenever they happen to take a dislike to the legislation of their neighbors.

This is the substance of their teachings. If there be any question in the whole range of moral inquiry that admits of demonstration, it is that of the pernicious effects of restrictive laws. Even their most strenuous defenders, as we have just seen, confess that they are wrong in the abstract, and found their whole argument upon the necessity which they suppose exists for countervailing the erroneous legislation of other countries. They abandon the issue of right, and raise a new issue on the ground of expediency. They pretend that they only resort to tariffs, because they are forced to do so by the policy of foreigners. Let us look at this pretension. It is nothing more than pretension. These men, with all their talk, are not friendly to free trade under any circumstances. The notion is put forth to bewilder the public mind as to their real aims.

In the first place, if they were really disposed to promote free trade, they would make a proposition to foreign nations directly to that effect. They would say to France, Germany, or Great Britain, "Now we are anxious to bring about a more unrestricted intercourse; we propose to lessen the rates of our imposts on articles important to you; we ask you to join us in the effort. We believe that it would be highly advantageous to both parties; that it would extend the commerce, enlarge the manufactures, stimulate the industry, increase the productions, and multiply the enjoyments of all; and that a solemn obligation rests upon us to get rid of the grievous evils fastened upon us by the errors of the more ignorant past. Come, then, on with the good work! We wish you to understand, however, that whatever decision you may make, we shall be guided by the dictates of wisdom and justice; we shall not wound ourselves to spite you: we wish you to aid us in a magnificently great and benevolent enterprise, in a work that will reform the commercial relations of the world; and we are willing to furnish you the benefit of a noble example." This would be the language of the sincere friends of free trade. But that of the Humbuggers is directly the reverse. Their course is as narrow and selfish as the other would be magnanimous and just. To retaliate wrongs, to reciprocate evils, to exchange injury for injury, to play off madness against madness, is their highest ambition. Nothing like a generous and lofty course of mutual goodwill and helpfulness ever entered into their wishes. Hatred, revenge, malice are the passions that inspire them, although they have conscience enough left to warn them to mask their real sentiments under the attractive drapery of a devotion to home interests.

In the second place, these men know well enough that a plan

of retaliation never led to the abandonment of restrictions. We doubt whether a single instance can be found in all the record of history, of a nation that has been induced to liberalize its policy by the opposing legislation of another country. That a nation may have been prevented from putting on a restriction, when free from it, by the menaces of a power with which it held a large intercourse, has perhaps often happened; but that a restrictive system has been surrendered, when once established, in consequence of threats from foreigners, we think cannot be shown. Sometimes, too, nations have stipulated for reciprocal intercourse, in articles of peace after a war, or in conventions of amity and commerce; but they are never led to give up their settled policy because some other nation may choose to adopt the same policy. One reason is obvious.—Retaliation, founded upon a hostile feeling, is apt to provoke increased hostility. But a stronger reason is, that restrictive laws temporarily build up a multitude of vested interests, that form a strong, almost impregnable barrier against any subsequent alteration of the system. Suppose, for instance, that our Congress should lay a heavy duty upon the importation of cotton fabrics. Domestic manufactures in that line would receive for a time a vigorous impulse. A large amount of capital would be diverted to them, and a numerous body of employers and workmen, whose subsistence and profit would come to depend on the continuance of the business, would be formed to oppose every change of the tariff. Suppose, further, that the effect of this impost should be, as the Home-Leaguers say it would, to countervail the restrictive legislation of Great Britain—that in consequence of it Great Britain should be led to repeal some of her more oppressive restraints; could the United States reciprocate her liberality? Would it any longer be in the option of the United States to abolish the duties on cotton fabrics which had been decreed? According to the doctrine current with the Protection party, evidently not? Our government would have already guarantied protection to the manufactures grown up under the law; thousands of men would have been encouraged to embark their fortunes in the cherished enterprise; their stability, nay, their very existence, in their own opinion, would be involved in the maintenance of the tariff; and thus a powerful public opinion, resting upon a strong conviction of justice, becomes arrayed against every attempt to unclasp the fetters which had been fastened in a moment of folly. We should be unable, without violence, to meet the free-trade policy of other nations even after we had forced them into it; we should have incapacitated ourselves for acting with good feeling when the period for so acting, by our

own showing, had arrived; we should be in the condition of a silly prodigal, who, in a moment of irritation or phrensy, squanders his wealth, and is not able to recover it when it becomes necessary to his honor and existence.

A striking fact, connected with this topic, and which proves the utter groundlessness of the reasonings of the protectionists, is the remorseless and insatiable nature of the demand for special encouragement. "Let the system be once recognised," said Mr. Calhoun, in one of his unanswerable and lucid speeches, "let the system be once recognised, let the most moderate duties be laid for protection, and its course would be onward, onward, by an irresistible impulse." This tendency to increase results from causes that are inherent and inseparable from it, and has evinced itself by the fact, that every tariff for protection has invariably disappointed its friends, and been followed, periodically, after short intervals, by the demand for another tariff with increased duties, to afford the protection vainly anticipated from its predecessor. Such has been the unvarying result, from 1816 to 1828, when the first and last protective tariffs were laid, as any one can verify by the briefest reference to the history of that period.

The war of 1812, with the restrictive measures that preceded it, had the effect of driving much of our commerce from the ocean, and diverting the capital employed in it to various branches of manufacture. This fact, at the close of the war, produced, on the part of Congress and the country, a friendly feeling towards that interest, accompanied by a desire so to adjust the revenue laws of the nation as to give as large a protection as possible to its peculiar fabrics. In this wish, the act of 1816 had its origin, and was passed almost exclusively for the encouragement of what was termed our infant industry. The manufacturers themselves regarded it as furnishing full and adequate protection. But two years had not fled when this class became clamorous for more protection. To meet their wishes, duties were laid, from time to time, but with a corresponding result. They were not satisfied; and in 1824, the tariff was readjusted on a basis which it was supposed on all sides would be ample and efficient. Under this impression, those parts of the Union which had felt themselves aggrieved by the operation of the unjust and oppressive law, acquiesced in the decision. But lo! *mirabile dictu*, in less than two years again, large conventions of the manufacturers were held, proposing a still further increase of duties, high as they then were, and leading to the tariff of 1828, which raised the rates, in some instances, about forty per cent. above what had before been known. Nor did the fierce rage stop here; even that

enormous rise proved insufficient; and there would have been another increase accomplished, had not the menaces of civil war at the south brought the restrictionists to their senses, and forced from their selfishness and tardy justice a compromise. Thus, we see that, throughout, the cry of the protected classes has been, like that of the daughter of the horse-leech, "Give! give." Their cravings have been more insatiable than those of the drunkard, with whom each additional drop provokes the thirst for more, and who, we may add, can only be made to stop by downright ruin or by total abstinence.

It were easy to show, that a similar experience pertains to the protective legislation of other nations; that they who expect to reap the benefit of restrictive laws are never satisfied, and that the amount of protection is never adequate. "When is it," said a man one day to the great *millionaire* of New York, Mr. Astor, "when is it that a rich man has enough?"—"When he shall get a little more," was the pithy reply. And thus, the beneficiaries of the tariff are only contented when they shall have pushed their system one step farther—and so on for ever. Nor would it be difficult, had we the space or inclination, to show the immutable principles of politico-economical and social science in which the necessity of perpetual increase is founded. How absurd, then, for the loggerheads to talk of forcing free trade from other nations, by a miserable system of restrictions!

No! our policy lies in another direction. After the toil and agony of many years, the tariff is about to come to an end. Already we have sweated and groaned too long under the inflictions of its falsehood and injustice. The sacred instincts of the people have been violated; their prosperity impaired; the influences of their institutions thwarted, and peaceful relations and friendly feelings disturbed, by its violent and discordant interposition. It is time that we take a nobler stand. Fidelity to our general principles, as well as to our interests, demands that we should set a worthier example. It is not for us, not for the free and generous hearts of an exalted and happy republic, to follow with slavish obedience the hollow-hearted policies of the older world. Great God! has not their tyranny produced misery enough? Are not the tears, and groans, and wretchedness of the debased population of Europe, sufficient to satisfy the fiendish lusts of the Moloch of special legislation? Must this fair land, too, become its prey? Must the beautiful existence and prospects of this people likewise be sacrificed to its deadly ambition? Must the blight of individual poverty and social distress come over us, as it has over all of our forerunners, to corrupt, prostrate, and destroy?

## THE MISSISSIPPI BOND QUESTION.*

"THE Mississippi Bonds must be paid"—were the opening words of the first article in the first number of this Review for the present year. "The Mississippi Bonds must be paid"—we repeat, after bestowing upon the subject the most attentive revision of our former conclusions, for which the materials have been laid before us in the two pamphlets cited at the foot of this page. Be the cost of entertaining and expressing the opinion what it may — in the resentment of friends, and in the loss of our subscribers, in that section, the number of whom withdrawing their subscriptions since the publication of that article, we shall not even take the trouble of summing up — we reiterate a third time the declaration of our conviction, that "*the Mississippi Bonds must be paid.*"

The speech of Mr. Thompson in the House of Representatives contains a vigorous and eloquent defence of his State against some aspersions which had been cast upon her recent course and doctrines in regard to "Repudiation" — in which her gallant and able representative found not only no just ground for censure, but, on the contrary, every reason for the highest admiration and applause. He deserves well at the hands of his constituents. Even those who may differ from him in his view of the subject, will concede to him the praise of a proper pride and zeal, in the advocacy of the honor of those to whom his first duty on that floor was due. "Our country!" was Decatur's famous sentiment—"may she always be right!—but our country, right or wrong!"

The Report of the select committee to which the subject was referred in the Mississippi Legislature, drawn by its chairman, James E. Matthews, Esq., goes over the same ground in rather more elaborate detail, and contains the replies of the Gov. M'Nutt, Gov. Runnels, late President of the Union Bank, and the commissioners of that bank, who negotiated the sale of the State bonds to Mr. Biddle, to the interrogatories propounded to them by the committee. The report takes a similar ground with the speech of Mr. Thompson — regarding the position of Mississippi in relation to this question, rather as a just subject

* Speech of Hon. Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, on the Treasury Note Bill. Delivered in the House of Representatives, January 10, 1842. Washington: Printed at the Globe Office, 1842.

Report of the Select Committee on the Union Bank Bonds, to the Mississippi Legislature. Presented February, 1842. Printed by order of the House. Jackson: Price & Fall, State Printers, 1842.

of pride and pleasure, than of mortification or regret. We wish that we could bring our judgment to coincide with either.

The following resolution exhibits the conclusion to which the committee arrives. What may have been the action of the Legislature upon it, has not, at the date of the present page, reached us.

"*Resolved, therefore, by the Legislature of the State of Mississippi*, That for the reasons set forth in the foregoing Report, this Legislature denies that the State of Mississippi is under any legal or moral obligation to redeem the five millions of Bonds, sold by the Commissioners of the Mississippi Union Bank to Nicholas Biddle, on the 18th day of August, 1838. But while this Legislature does most solemnly repudiate said Bonds, and declare the sale thereof as illegal, fraudulent, and unconstitutional, yet, that the holders of those Bonds may have every possible legal and equitable remedy for collecting the amount paid on said Bonds, they are hereby invited to pursue the remedy afforded by our laws and constitution against the Mississippi Union Bank, and against all and every person, who, by his, her, or their connexion with said institution, have rendered him, her, or themselves liable, either in law or equity, for the debts of said Bank."

Whether the State of Mississippi shall ever see fit to repudiate this repudiation or not, we trust that, at any rate, none of these unfortunate creditors who have been led into their present position, by their reliance upon the faith of the State pledged on the face of the Bonds they were in an evil hour induced to purchase, will be tempted to a further ruin, by any judicial pursuit of the "Mississippi Union Bank," or any of the persons connected with that respectable institution—the former being notoriously as bankrupt in its resources as any of the latter in character.

That our readers may judge for themselves of the opposite points of view in which the course of the State is regarded by at least a portion of its own citizens, and the general public opinion of other sections of the Union, we select the following extracts from these two documents. The following is the conclusion of the report of the committee:—

"The Committee, in coming to the foregoing conclusion, are aware that they differ from many worthy men in opinion. But they cannot believe but that, if this subject be examined, free from all party influences, and determined by an application of the principles of law and morals to the facts, any other conclusions can be arrived at than those which they have adopted. Entertaining, as we believe, mistaken views as to the true principles of this government, as well as of the facts in this case, men have taken the liberty of slandering the State, both at home and abroad, on account of the stand she has taken. It was so at that memorable era when our fathers leagued together, and pledged 'their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor,' to resist an unconstitutional invasion of their rights as British subjects. They, also, were slandered. Every opprobrious epithet was heaped upon them that the ingenuity or malice of their enemies could invent. Many of *their* fellow-citizens, under mistaken views of the principles upon which they acted, denounced them as disorganizers, agrarians, and rebels,

and joined their enemies to force them into submission to an unconstitutional law. The result of the memorable and eventful contest that ensued is now known. The decision of the civilized world has been had as to the correctness of the principles and conduct of that much-abused, and slandered, but noble race of men. Through scenes of toil and blood, they maintained the position they assumed, and have transmitted to their posterity their principles, together with the rich inheritance of Liberty, secured by a well-regulated and constitutional government. Their names are stamped on the pages of immortality, and their memory is embalmed in the hearts and affections of a grateful people; and distant generations will pronounce with exultation the names of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Hancock, Franklin, and a host of worthies who struggled together through that gloomy period in our history. The people of Mississippi have taken a similar stand. They are not controlled by selfish or mercenary motives. The low and grovelling consideration of dollars and cents has nothing to do with the merits of this question. Their honest obligations they will fulfil, should they have to divest themselves of the comforts and necessaries of life to do so. Higher and holier motives than mere pecuniary considerations actuate them. They have determined that they never will submit to an invasion of their constitution by either foreign or domestic foes. The rights secured to them under that sacred instrument they will maintain at all hazards: And relying on the correctness of their principles and the justness of their cause, they will, with confidence and cheerfulness, submit to the verdict of posterity."

And the following is the conclusion of the speech of Mr. Thompson, on the floor of the House of Representatives:—

"Sir, said Mr. T., I have looked forward to a glorious destiny for this country. I have imagined, in contemplating the future history of these twenty-six States, to be increased in number as we drive back the savage, and subject the earth to the ploughshare, that we have been a people peculiarly favored, to convince and illustrate to the world that man is capable of self-government; but unless these States adhere to cardinal first principles, I feel that we never will carry out and realize the great results anticipated by the philanthropist and patriot. To secure life, liberty, and property to every individual in the community, constitutions are formed by the people themselves, limiting the power of their agents to the particular trusts confided to them. In all other governments, ancient or modern, the legislative authority, I care not under what form it existed, had unlimited control over the rights of the mass. We have made one great step in the march of the destiny which awaits mankind, by adopting written constitutions as the muniments of the people's rights.

"Every infraction of this constitution by those intrusted with power, necessarily violates some of the rights of life, liberty, or property; and whenever the people shall be brought tamely to submit to these infringements of right, I care not from what motive it may proceed — it may be from ignorance, or for the want of nerve to face down the frowns of the interested, or from want of vigilance to detect the unwarranted assumption of power, — that moment liberty receives a shock, life is rendered insecure, and the rights of property confounded. *Obsta principiis*, is a sound maxim in morals, but as useful and indispensable in constitutional governments. Let the people rebuke every assumption of power — let them show to the world that when their agents act without authority, it is the act of the agents, and not of themselves — an act without authority, and therefore is null and void. They owe it to themselves and the institutions they have

inherited, to preserve an eternal vigilance. They owe it to posterity to check and set aside every aggression, and to hand down their fundamental law untouched by unholy hands, unimpaired, in full force, as the ark of their political salvation. If their courage fail them, if they are frowned down and insolently told that dishonor awaits those who call in question the acts of their rulers, and thus they submit, they prove themselves degenerate sons of their ancestors, unworthy to be freemen, and will inevitably invoke the curses of an injured posterity. If, therefore, the agents of the State of Mississippi made and disposed of her bonds in defiance of her constitution and laws — if they contracted debt without her consent — will not every honest community — will not every friend of liberty call upon her people to set them aside? — will not justice and expediency alike forbid the submission of her people to taxation for their payment?

"Mr. Chairman, I rejoice that my destiny has been cast in that State. It was not my position by birth, it was so from choice. When years had ripened me into manhood, and I found this extended and prosperous country spread out before me, the soil, the climate, the resources of that State, — the energy, enterprise, honor, and integrity of her people, invited me to pitch my tent among them. And this day, I feel prouder of that people than I ever felt before. Difficult is the task in a free country to call the minds of the people from their various pursuits, and induce them to discuss and decide upon their constitutional rights. They are more disposed to submit to the acts of their agents than to rise up and call them in question. There is an aversion to the discussion of abstract questions, and few have been the instances in which our people have been aroused to a due appreciation of their constitutional rights. But from the late action of the State of Mississippi, I feel a renewed, a deeper confidence in the intelligence, the honor, the firmness, and patriotism of that people. Frowned upon at home by those who denied their power to inquire into their rights, denounced and misrepresented by their enemies from abroad, they have gone on in the even tenor of their ways, seeking truth and asserting right. And I am now prepared to say to the friends of liberty, of the rights of freemen, of constitutional government, everywhere, Stand firm — be of good cheer. Here is a people who will extend to you sympathy, and succor, and effective aid. Doubt not their courage, their honor, or their willingness. Let the hour and the necessity come, and Mississippi would go forward and take as bold a stand in asserting the rights of mankind, in resisting oppression, in vindicating the integrity of constitutions, as any other State in the Union. Let the emergency come, when the Federal Constitution is endangered, or our rights of property invaded, and she will never sleep upon her arms. Let this nation be assailed, and its flag be insulted, and she would be foremost in the ranks of its defenders.

"She was a younger member of this confederacy; but when only a Territory, and her citizens few in number, they tarried not when their country called: but, headed by the lamented Hinds, they acted with such bravery and chivalrous daring at the battle of New Orleans, as to excite the 'astonishment of one army and the admiration of the other.' If the rights of the nation should be again invaded, she would be the first to make the heaviest sacrifices for the common cause. Mississippi is one of the largest exporting States of this Union, and if war comes, it will fall heaviest on her. Yet I do not believe there is within her borders a single individual who is not prepared to sacrifice her great agricultural and commercial interests, and rush forward to sustain the country.

"Mississippi has passed through some severe trials. While the credit system was considered a blessing, and others were sipping of its delicious and intoxicating poison, she slaked her thirst with eager haste, and drained the cup to its very

dregs. Exhilaration followed; for the hour, there was 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.' The hectic flush upon her cheek was mistaken for the rich crimson of health and beauty. The life currents coursed rapidly through her veins, and gave a charm to being, which cast its rainbow tints on all surrounding nature. She walked in grandeur — the wonder, the admiration, the envy of all. The excitement grew higher and higher. Flattered and caressed on all sides, she was deemed the fairest of the fair, the loveliest of the lovely, the proudest of the proud. Wherever her citizens travelled abroad, they were the 'observed of all observers.' Each one was considered a hero, of princely fortune and princely liberality. The dealer in the cities hasted to make his acquaintance, laughed at his wit, aided and connived at him in his prodigality and irregularity, and quailed at his frown. But the fatal hour came, foretold and foreseen, indeed, by some of the wise and considerate, but well nigh forgotten by all in the general intoxication. Her overstrained nerves gave way, and prostration ensued. Then were seen the awful contortions of the limbs, and the wild flashings of the eye, which betokened madness, and presaged death. The alarmed Executive called together the legislative doctors, and bade them in their wisdom consult, and speedily administer the healing balm, or dissolution was inevitable. They did consult, and they determined that, as the patient was sinking, more stimulant must be procured, and speedily applied. The Constitution, the bulwark of the freedom of the citizen, intended to guard his rights in this hour of trial and temptation, stood in the way! With more benevolence than wisdom, they leaped its barriers, and drenched the sufferer with a copious draught of the noxious poison. The disease grew worse, the pains increased, and the writhings were more distressing. At last the physician's skill and the physician's medicine were exhausted, and no further reliance was placed in artificial means. The patient was told that she must trust for recovery to the strength and vigor of her constitution, and to her natural resources. From that hour she felt more calm and easy, and recovery commenced. The improvement has been slow, but progressive; still she feels debilitated and enfeebled; but all look forward to an early and complete restoration. The only precaution required in her condition is a total abstinence from that intoxicating poison which caused her disaster. In recurring to the past, she feels mortified and chagrined at her excesses; and, in returning to a state of soundness, her first and highest duty is to herself. Restore a bleeding prostrate constitution, which has been trampled under foot. She will

"'To her own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
She cannot then be false to any man.'

"I said I felt prouder of Mississippi this day than I ever felt before. I have seen her people tried, and I know them. Too proud to acknowledge themselves insolvent, too firm and too proud to submit to a violation of their rights — regardless of the strokes of calumniators, they take their stand, and appeal, as our ancestors did, to a candid world, and an impartial posterity for support. Every true-hearted Mississippian feels proud of his State. She has forty thousand freemen who are ready to risk all, to sacrifice everything for her honor and her rights. Warmed by a southern sun, fanned by a southern breeze, fed upon a generous soil, our hearts are entwined around our noble State, and we 'grapple her to our bosom with hooks of steel.' We love Mississippi, our sovereign mistress, to whom we owe fealty and obedience; for her we would live, and for her sake we would not refuse to die. It is praise enough to satisfy the ambition of a common man, travel where he may, to feel and to say, Mississippi is my home."

Such are the views and feelings with which distinguished Mississippians themselves regard the recent course of their State, which, we regret to say, has elsewhere elicited a very different tone of opinion. We have been invited and challenged to review our former conclusions in relation to this question, and cheerfully perform the task, though having before us only the ex-parte statement of it, to be found in the two productions above referred to. It may safely be affirmed that together they constitute the most complete vindication of the other side of the case, which its friends can put forth. We have examined them attentively, but in vain, for any reason on which to found a change of our former views. As this is a question second to none in importance that now engages the public attention, we shall make no apology to our readers for again entering into its discussion in a somewhat more full detail.

There are two principal grounds on which the proposed Repudiation is placed—namely: *first*, the unconstitutionality of the well known supplementary law of Feb. 15th, 1838; *secondly*, the violation of the essential requisitions of that law itself in the sale of the bonds to Mr. Biddle. In considering these, we will reverse the order in which they are here stated.

It is certainly true, that, in the sale of the bonds, the three commissioners on the part of the bank, Messrs. Wilkins, Wilkinson, and Pinckard, were either most egregiously taken in by the eminent "financier" above named, who now enjoys so deserved a popularity with his own quondam political and pecuniary worshippers, or that they were guilty of a disgraceful and dishonest violation of the law under which they were acting. Their only choice lies between the alternatives of being regarded as the most consummate of knaves or of fools. It appears that after trying in vain to sell their stocks in New York, the market price of such stocks being eight or ten per cent. below the rate to which they were restricted, they go to Philadelphia, and address Mr. Biddle a note, offering them to him, and proposing to make them payable in England at the rate of four and sixpence to the dollar, or £450 to every bond of $2000. Now, four and sixpence they must have known to be equal at the true par of exchange not to $1,00, but to $1,09½, and £450, not to $2000, but to $2189,92. That Mr. Biddle accepted their offer by a prompt note of reply, on the same day, will hardly be a matter of surprise. Nor need we have recourse to the liberal motive attributed to him by the commissioners, of a desire to aid the State of Mississippi to a resumption of specie payments, to understand why he was thus ready and

quick to take these astute negotiators at their word. Another advantage was also conceded to Mr. Biddle, namely, that whereas the bonds were to be immediately delivered, the current interest on them dating back to June 7, 1838, the payment for them was to be made in instalments, payable the first in November, 1838, and the others in January, March, May, and July, 1839. This sale on credit gave Mr. Biddle, of course, the advantage of the difference of interest within that interval on all that remained unpaid—an amount stated by the committee at $145,993 45. The total amount of loss on the transaction which would be sustained by this item of interest, and on the future payment of interest and principal at the sterling rate above referred to, the committee compute at $1,091,254 55. Gov. M'Nutt, in his letter to Hope & Co., stated it at $1, 84,781 00.

The payment, by Mr. Biddle, (acting on behalf of the Bank of the United States,) consisted in $1,000,000 in specie, $150,000 in notes of the Merchant's Bank of New Orleans, and the remainder, $3,850,000, in exchange upon New Orleans—that is to say, in the privilege of drawing upon that place to that amount, at the times specified, from Jackson, the seat of the Bank, that being the point to which the funds were to be transferred. The calculation of the commissioners was, that the premium on these drafts would more than cover the loss of the back interest. In point of fact, such was not the case, the amount of those premiums having been only $86,667 19, falling short of the amount of back interest, as above stated, by the sum of $59,326 26. One of the commissioners, in his testimony before the committee, declares, that "an inspection of the books of the Union Bank will, in part, verify the soundness of this calculation, when it is ven capable of proof, that the exchange operations of the Bank were not managed with all the advantages of profit that might have been expected." On the whole, then, the Bank realized, at Jackson, the amount of $5,086,667 19, on the sale of the bonds—in what was then universally, in that region, understood as "current money of the United States;" nor can we regard this error of calculation, together with the small loss of the excess of the back interest over the premiums on the exchange, as offering any sufficient basis for the repudiation of the Bonds by the State, on the ground of the violation of the "par value" requisition of the charter.

It is true, indeed, that according to the true standard by which *we* would measure the "par value in current money of the United States," and by which it ought always and everywhere to be measured—namely, the constitutional currency of gold and silver—the amount thus received by the Bank, in the local currency, for which it sold its drafts on New Orleans, including its own

depreciated post-notes, fell doubtless considerably short of the just and full sum of five millions. Yet a fair allowance ought to be made for the general sense in which these expressions were understood at the time, and in the bank-besotted section referred to. As remarked in our former article on this subject, we all know that extremely vague and loose ideas have been of late years very prevalent, of the meaning of that little monosyllable. "Par" has had a very different meaning with the one of our political parties than with the other. With the Whigs, including a great majority of the commercial community, the current value of a suspended bank-note circulation has constituted the local standard of "*par*," while specie has been said to be at a greater or less "premium;" while with the Democratic party, the currency of the constitution and the world, the precious metals, have alone afforded the standard level, from which the depreciation of the respective paper circulations have been measured downward. We cannot perceive in this feature of the transaction, taken even in its strongest shape, a just and honorable ground for the proposed repudiation.

The conversion of the bonds into sterling at the rate of 4*s*. 6*d*, to the dollar, by the endorsement on them, was certainly very improper on the part of the commissioners. Being a sacrifice from the face of the bonds of about 9½ per cent., it was, of course, designed to cover the depreciation of their stocks below par, according to the market price at the time, which, they say, was from 8 to 10 per cent. They were governed by their anxiety to sell the stocks, so as to start the bank; and this was doubtless the highest price they could get for them. Mississippi would probably have been too hot to hold them, had they returned from their mission without the money. For Mr. Biddle, who intended to pay the greater part of his purchase money in the funds "current" at New Orleans, it was, "*per se*," a capital operation. Yet, this fact alone, however it may subject these individuals to censure, would scarcely justify the State's repudiation of the bonds according to their face, which was in the form of the United States currency. The *endorsement*, by which each bond was virtually raised from $2,000 to $2,189 92, (as above shown,) was the act of the Bank; and though binding upon the latter, as regards the holder, yet could not extend the liability of the State beyond its own promise, as stated on the *face* of the bond. This remark is, of course, equally applicable to the periodical interest payable on them. How this circumstance can, justly or honorably, be strained into a justification to the State to repudiate the whole—its own promise to pay the $2,000 on the face of the

bond, as well as the Bank's endorsement to pay $189 92 more —we are at a loss to understand. On the whole, then, it appears that the Repudiation argument cannot find an adequate foundation in the second of the two principal grounds above referred to, namely, the violation of the essential requisitions of the law, (the Supplementary Act of January 15, 1838,) in the sale of the bonds to Mr. Biddle. It remains for us to ascend to the higher ground of the constitutionality of that law itself, by virtue of which the bonds were executed and sold. This is, indeed, the point on which the chief stress is laid by the committee and by Mr. Thompson.

The constitutional argument against the payment of the bonds by the State, is this:—The Constitution of the State (ninth section of the seventh article) declares, that no law shall ever be passed "to raise a loan of money upon the credit of the State, or to pledge the faith of the State, for the payment or redemption of any loan or debt," without the express approval of two successive Legislatures; with provision for the publication of the same in three newspapers of the State, for three months previous to the next regular election after the first passage of the law. This requisition was duly complied with in the passage of the act "to incorporate the subscribers to the Mississippi Union Bank;" which was originally passed at the session of 1837, submitted to the people by the proper publication, and re-enacted, so as to become a law, on February 5, 1838. This act provided for an issue of State stock, at 5 per cent., to the Bank, to the amount of $15,500,000, to furnish the capital for its operations. This loan was to be secured by a prior subscription of a corresponding amount to the stock of the Bank; such subscriptions being confined to citizens and owners of real estate in Mississippi, secured by mortgages to the satisfaction of the directors, and accompanied by payment of ten per cent. of their amount, if the same should be called for by the directors—though this ten per cent. was to be refunded with interest, as soon as the cash proceeds of the Bonds of the State should be realized. The profits of the Bank were to afford a sinking fund for the redemption of the bonds—that is to say, the whole profits for the first ten years, and three-fourths after that period; the other fourth going to the stockholders. After the payment of the whole of the bonds, ten per cent. of the profits were to be paid at certain times into the State treasury, and the State was to have a standing accommodation loan of $200,000. The Bank was to go into operation as soon as $500,000 should be subscribed, the Governor thereon appointing, provisionally, thirteen directors, to hold their office for a year. The important

feature ought not to be omitted, that each stockholder was to be entitled to a credit in the Bank to the amount of half of his shares.

It will thus be seen that this was to be substantially *a State Bank*, the State furnishing the money capital in the shape of its bonds, being itself nominally secured, in doing so, by mortgages on the property of its own citizens, to the amount of the face of its bonds. This was one of the great "relief" measures of the time, for the benefit of the great staple interest of the State, to keep up the falling price of cotton.

Within ten days after, however, it was concluded that the law in that shape would not answer. Probably it was found that individuals could not subscribe, under the obligation to pay up ten per cent. of their subscriptions in a time of hard pressure, even though the same was to be again refunded to them. A "Supplementary Act" was passed by the same Legislature, changing the mode or form in which the substance of the transaction took place, and making the State itself a direct subscriber to $5,000,000 of the stock of the Bank, leaving the other $10,500,000 to stand on the same basis as before; that is to say, the further stock to be issued on the subscription of corresponding amounts by individuals, with the mortgages as stated above. The profits on this $5,000,000 were to be applied for the benefit of the State, to purposes of internal improvement and the promotion of popular education.

It is now contended — and we think justly — that this "supplementary act" was a violation of the constitutional provision above cited. It made a material change of the law which had been submitted to the people. It altered the relation of the State to the Bank, and varied those conditions of prior security which it may be presumed had thus obtained for the law the popular ratification. It ought not to have been passed. It ought to have been vetoed by Governor M'Nutt. It ought not to have been carried into execution by him. It was opposed by a minority in the Legislature, at whose head was Mr. Tucker, the present Governor of the State, and its repugnance to the Constitution denounced. In our former article, we stated that a formal protest against the law on this ground was entered by the minority. Such was our impression, though we infer from the silence, both of Mr. Thompson and of the committee, on this point, that it must have been erroneous. So far as it went, the error affected the Anti-Bond argument only to strengthen it.

The question then arises, whether this violation of the Consti-

tution was so material as to justify, under the circumstances, the proposed repudiation. It was not.

It decidedly was a violation of the strict letter of the restriction referred to. It was also not less decidedly a violation of its spirit, as it would be understood by any one disposed to a fine and high sense of constitutional duty. But it is very certain that it was not generally understood at the time as so clear a case of gross unconstitutionality as it is now regarded — now that *the Bonds are gone!* Else why did Governor M'Nutt sign it? Why did he carry it into execution? — he who, according to his own testimony before the committee, (page 33,) "did not recommend either the original or the supplementary charter of the Bank," who "opposed the charter in 1835 and 1836," and whose "vote is recorded against the charter in January, 1837, on the journals of the Senate." All that Governor M'Nutt says himself on this point is, very coolly — when we remember the subsequent lead taken by him in the Repudiation movement — that "when I approved that act, (the supplementary act of Feb. 15th, 1838,) I had strong doubts as to its constitutionality and expediency. I yielded those doubts to the deliberate sense of the Legislature. I was warranted in pursuing that course by the precepts of Mr. Jefferson, and all the illustrious fathers of the republican party;" — and again: "Although opposed to the principles of both acts, I did not, under the circumstances, feel warranted in vetoing either."

In the name of "Mr. Jefferson, and all the illustrious fathers of the republican party," we cannot let such an insult to their memory pass without an emphatic 'repudiation' of it. To charge that any one of that 'holy fellowship' ever penned or spoke a precept, which would palliate the conduct of a Governor who could sign and carry into execution a law clearly, flagrantly, and grossly in violation of his constitutional oath, and then, within a couple of years, and perhaps with the same pen, put forth, on the very ground of its unconstitutionality, a repudiation of the pledge of public faith thereby contracted,— to make such a charge as this, we say, were almost enough to startle from their tombs the indignant ghosts of the great dead, to frown upon its author the terrible scorn with which, if living, they would have been the first to denounce his act. No; they never uttered such a precept, for they never could have anticipated that such a principle could ever be thus invoked — such an act ever perpetrated in practice — in the land to which they bequeathed their own sacred memory, as the best palladium to secure the perpetuity of the freedom they fought for, and the institutions they founded.

We would by no means be understood as applying to other Mississippians who may advocate repudiation, the opinion of which the expression is thus extorted from a just indignation, at this prostitution of the names of "Jefferson and all the illustrious fathers of the republican party," by Governor M'Nutt. Others may perhaps assume and maintain this ground — *he*, at least, cannot thus plead his own wrong and his own shame. On the contrary, we believe fully in the integrity and the honor of the people of Mississippi. We regard the Anti-Bond party as misled by a confused complexity in the question at issue, and by a natural and rightful indignation at the abominable frauds of which the State has unwisely and unguardedly allowed itself to be made the victim. It is because we entertain this faith in the people of the State that we have before stated, what we fearlessly repeat, our firm assurance that these bonds will yet be recognised and paid, from the teeming treasures which every year developes from their prolific soil.

But to return to the point from which we have been thus tempted a little aside. It certainly was not generally understood at the time as so clear a case of gross unconstitutionality as it is now regarded—now that the bonds are gone! The main proposition, of furnishing the capital to the bank by the pledge of the State credit, to the amount of $15,500,000, had been ratified by the people. The false and morbid public opinion generally prevalent at that time in Mississippi regarded the establishment of this great State Bank as a measure not merely of "relief," but of salvation. It was believed that its profits were to be very great. It was to save the tottering cotton interest. The privilege of subscription to its stock was restricted with a patriotic jealousy and exclusiveness, not alone to the mere owners of real estate in Mississippi, but to actual citizens of the State. It was not till the expiration of five years, that the former were even to be entitled to receive it in transfer from the latter. Every subscriber was, as we have seen, to be entitled to a credit in the bank to the amount of half his stock—a credit to be repaid only by the most gentle and gradual process of instalments. The State was 'all agog' for the establishment of the Bank. If there were no other evidence of this, it would be sufficiently found in the fact that Governor M'Nutt, with all his former opposition to it, and his present "strong doubts as to its constitutionality and expediency," did not venture to veto either the one act or the other. It is easy to conceive the process of reasoning by which both the Legislature and Governor justified to their own minds the constitutionality of their act in making such subsequent variation of the *mode* in which the State

credit, thus authorized, was to be applied to the object in view, as they deemed best conducive to its efficiency—as in fact necessary to its attainment at all. They doubtless knew that the act would have been as readily ratified in the one form as in the other, by the general public opinion whose prevalence they reflected. They knew, too, that there was nothing material, in point of precedent security to the State, in the provision requiring the payment of ten per cent. on the subscription of stock by individual citizens; because that was to be paid only if called for by the directors, and on the realization of the proceeds of the bonds of the State was to be refunded with interest. They knew, too, that even the mortgages which were to accompany and secure these subscriptions, and upon which so much stress is laid as a condition precedent to the issue of the bonds, did not after all amount to much, by way of security to the State, inasmuch as each individual subscriber, as above stated, was to receive back *half of the amount of his stock or mortgage*, in the shape of a credit in the Bank. We, therefore, see little to surprise us, in the fact, that neither the Governor nor the Legislature of 1838, under the full sway of the paper-money infatuation of the day, saw, in the Supplementary Act in question, any very essential variation from the spirit and intent of the original act, of which the former was rather a change of form than of substance.

Here, then, we come to a point made in our last article on this subject, and on which we feel bound to insist. A legislature representing the People, is, at least to a certain extent, the authoritative judge of its own constitutional powers, until a decision is made in any particular case by the judiciary in the mode established by the constitution. The relation is a closer one between the People and their legislature, than between an individual and his delegated private agent, notwithstanding the analogy in many respects subsisting between the two. In the latter case the principal and his agent are twain—two separate persons, liable to legal account to each other — in that light regarded by third parties, so as to awaken, naturally and habitually, a prudent caution in dealing with the agent which carries with it its own proper responsibility. But in the former case, the People and their elective legislature or government are not in the same sense *twain;* the government *is* the People, embodied, concentrated, represented, if not to all intents and purposes, yet still so far at least as to create a higher degree of equitable responsibility on the part of the one for the acts of the other. So the world are accustomed to regard them in theory, and to deal with them in practice. For the People to take advantage, beneficially to themselves, of the wrong of their legislature,

on the ground of a transgression of delegated power, would be nearly analogous, if not identical, with the act of an individual pleading his own past wrong to his present interest—the borrower, for example, "repudiating" the debt on which he had himself tempted the lender (perhaps unconsciously on the part of the latter) to take usury. We are accustomed to speak of an unconstitutional law as being "null and void." In public equity and moral right, even if not in strict technicality of legal effect, this expression must sometimes be understood with a qualification. So far as it may act prejudicially to the rights of a third party, the act may be declared by the judiciary "null and void." If the people, by an unconstitutional law, passed by their representative government, injure me or any right of mine, I may treat the law as a nullity; and any public officer, or any other individual, may at his peril and at his own responsibility to the consequences, if the act eventually prove indeed unconstitutional, disregard it and set it at naught. But if by such a law, uncontradicted by any judicial veto, the government has tempted me into a confidence in its integrity, it cannot rightfully at a subsequent day declare the law a nullity from its inception to its benefit and my ruin. It cannot "rightfully," we say — and in such questions the phrase means that it cannot in the true and proper sense of the word, at all. And before concluding upon this point, we would complete its statement by the following quotation from our January number, though at the expense of a repetition which we regret:

"Their act was an expression of their own judgment that it was constitutional; and representing, as they did by their majority, the people of the State, it is too much to expect that the foreign creditor, when in the act of lending his money, should undertake to revise and overrule their decision upon a point of that nature, made under their own high political and moral responsibilities, to the people and their own oath of office. Faithfully and honestly or not — yet actually it cannot be denied that they represented the people; and the doctrine would be absurd, that when in the interval between the passage of a law, of perhaps disputed constitutionality, and a judicial decision to that effect, equitable rights have arisen under its operation, involving the public faith to innocent private parties, a subsequent change of majority should justify the Legislature in repudiating all such obligations, on the ground of the different view now taken by it of the constitutional question. A legislative body must stand as the sole authoritative judge of its own constitutional powers, until the action of the judiciary supervene, in some controversy of private rights. And though a law may of course be declared void for unconstitutionality, as affecting injuriously the rights of others; yet it would be monstrous to claim for the people of a State, as represented and embodied in its regularly constituted Legislature, the right themselves to take advantage of such a subsequently declared unconstitutionality, to repudiate, to their own benefit and the injury of innocent third parties, obligations assumed by them with all the solemn formality of an act of legislation, claiming to be for an object of public interest, and in the very act positively asserting its own constitutionality. They

cannot thus take advantage of the dishonesty or ignorance, as the case may be, of their own elected representatives. If they will be guilty of the folly of sending such a set of men to their legislative halls, they must for the present submit to the consequences for which they have themselves chiefly to blame, and for the future profit well by the experience for which they have been thus made to pay."

And even if the distinction thus taken between the relation of a principal and his agent and that of a people and its elected representative government be not admitted, yet we might then ask, where were those expressions of dissent on the part of the people, on which alone the repudiation of the act in question by their government could be justified? Even in the private relation, if the principal stands quietly by, and with a full knowledge of the transgression of delegated power by which his agent is tempting the confidence of a third party—by an operation, too, purporting at least to be for the benefit of the principal himself—if he does not protest against the act so as to give timely warning to those about to be thus imposed upon, he becomes himself *particeps criminis;* his silence gives consent; and certainly so far at least ratifies the act as to estop him from any future "repudiation" of it, if the hopes of benefit on which it is based should be ultimately disappointed. Where were the popular meetings to denounce the act, and give notice that it would not be recognised? Where did the Press, now so loud in its thunders of "Repudiation," then bury its bolts? Where were the public addresses by the leading politicians, now so vehement in their eloquence? Where were all those many modes of the manifestation of Public Opinion by which a notice might have been given of that popular dissent which would have forewarned the too trusting foreign capitalist, and which might have justified a subsequent popular refusal to recognise the act? Where were they all then—*then?* The Legislature (the same body of men, indeed, though fresh from a recent intercourse with their constituents) reassembled in January, 1839, and, as Mr. Thompson states, sanctioned the sale of the bonds by the commissioners, involving of course a sanction of their issuance. It was not till July 14, 1841, that the doctrine of Repudiation was announced to the world,—and then by the very last man in the world from whom it should have proceeded, Governor M'Nutt. We have nowhere seen it advanced that even a minority of the Legislature of 1839 made any movement of Repudiation which might at least have served as a notice of intention. And yet, at the time of their assemblage, only one or two millions, of the five for which the bonds had been sold, had yet been paid in—the periods in which the payment of the remainder was to be made running, as has been seen above, through the

summer of that year. And again, after another popular election, the Legislature of 1840 assembled, nor did any such movement or intimation proceed from it. On the contrary, the remaining ten and a half millions of stock having been issued by the Governor to the Bank in 1839, after the completion of the subscriptions required by the charter, no step was taken by the Legislature to arrest the Bank in its unconstitutional career; and it was only by a proclamation of the Governor, of March 2d, 1840, forbidding any attempt to hypothecate them or sell them on a credit, or for paper money, or other depreciated paper securities, that the further disposition of five millions more was prevented.

It is *too late*, then, we repeat, for the people of Mississippi to "repudiate" the moral and equitable obligation of these bonds, whatever subtly spun arguments upon legal forms and technicalities her ingenious lawyers may make in support of such a course, whether in her own Legislature, or on the floors of that of the Union.

The Anti-Bond argument labors also to show that the State never received or had the use of the money in question; and in support of this position we find Mr. Thompson saying: "No evidence of stock is found in any of the offices of the State. Not a single dollar has ever been received into the Treasury of the State. Not a dollar has been appropriated by the Legislature, since the sale of the bonds, for the use of the people, or for a governmental purpose. Nor has that body, in any way or manner whatever, controlled or used this money." This is a piece of sophistical special pleading, altogether below the dignity of a high political question of this character. Though the actual form of a delivery of certificates of stock in the Bank, to any public officer of the State, to the amount of the $5,000,000 of its subscription, may not have been performed, yet the omission was wholly immaterial. It neither affected the rights of the State as a stockholder to that extent, nor her ability to enforce them. Governor M'Nutt, in his message to the Legislature in 1840, speaking of the refusal of the Bank to be examined, expressly says: "the State at this time was the sole stockholder." And Governor Runnels, the late President of the Bank, in reply to an inquiry by the committee on this point, says: "If a certificate of stock by the State has not been issued, it is attributable alone to the fact, that it was not applied for by his Excellency. I am not aware that anything in the charter requires the issuance of stock certificates. The stock was subscribed for by Governor M'Nutt, and paid by the delivery of the State bonds, which were sold as before stated. This subscription and delivery of the bonds, I regarded as sufficient to constitute the State a stockholder, as did Governor M'Nutt in his

Message to the Legislature of January, 1839.—House Journal, page 28." And as for the other point, that the money proceeds of the bonds never came into the hands of the Legislature, or any department of the State government—it was simply because the act authorizing their issue simultaneously gave the direction and made the appropriation of their proceeds. The Legislature invested them in a Bank, as a great measure of supposed public good and "relief," and directed the application of the profits expected from this investment, "for the benefit of the State, to purposes of Internal Improvement and the promotion of education."

So far as the views of any may be influenced by a regard to the parties between whom this issue lies, it may be proper to refer to the obvious fact that the creditors here concerned are neither Mr. Nicholas Biddle, nor the Bank of the United States, nor even Hope & Co., in Holland, to whom the bonds were passed. They are the hundreds or thousands of private individuals for whom a large European banking-house of that character acts but as an agent for the investment of their moneyed property, or the earnings of their industry. How many times these bonds, stamped on their face with the pledge of the faith and honor of one of the republican States of our glorious Union, may have changed hands, we can of course have no means of estimating. But it requires no unusual sagacity to conjecture what must be the influence on the public mind, on the moral sense, of the civilized world—what must be the disheartening effect on the friends of freedom and America, the exulting pleasure of the foes of the one, and the scoffers of the other—when such an act of Repudiation of that pledged faith and honor, by one of our proud and boasted free democracies, without even the excuse of inability to pay, can be pointed to as the practical fruits by which the tree of popular liberty may be known.

It has been said that our interference in this question is an impertinent intrusion into the heart of a matter with which we can claim no rightful concern, as a political question affecting the State of Mississippi alone. Not so. To say nothing of its certain effect on the general estimation of the American character, not only in Europe, but to the uttermost ends of the earth, of its influence on the credit of the heavy securities of many of the other States already outstanding and current, there is another point of view in which the course of the State of Mississippi presents a question of public interest and importance to which we could not, if we would, refuse our most anxious attention. The influence of the false and thrice-accursed "Credit System" which has overshadowed the land with the Upas taint of its atmosphere, has

already exerted a sufficiently lamentable effect to demoralize society, and derange the natural and healthful action of all the relations of life among us, without superadding the fatal influence of a public act of sovereign dishonesty and dishonor, such as we feel ourselves compelled to regard this Mississippi repudiation, if, contrary alike to our hope and our belief, it shall be persisted in by the people of that State. The moral mischief of which the myriad seeds are scattered broadcast through a nation by a high and solemn governmental example of this nature, it is impossible to conjecture. This is one of the most important points of view in which the great responsibilities of legislation and government ought always to be regarded. If such an act as this is allowed to pass unrebuked by the offended moral sense of the public opinion of the country, unretracted by the returning reason of its authors, it will soon be found to produce a very distinct effect even on the private character of Mississippians, as well as on the public character of their State. It will generate a disregard of the moral equity of contracts, the main principle of cohesion of all human society, suggesting and justifying perpetual evasions of their essential right and spirit, under the screen of legal technicalities and subtleties akin to those on which the Repudiation argument is seen to rest in the present case. Nor will this influence be confined to the State of Mississippi. As well might we assign a local limit to any of the great movements of the atmosphere, which may take their point of departure from within her borders. The flow of the mighty Father of Waters, whose name she ought never to dishonor, is to be observed far forth amid the infinite waves of the ocean, even to a greater distance from its mouth than the backward distance thence to their very original rill. The public opinion of the society in which men live is a sort of moral atmosphere, whose pressure upon their minds to restrain them within the rules of right is a far greater power than that which, in the physical creation, presses upon their bodies with the force, as science tells us, of fifteen pounds to the square inch. There is no higher social interest, no more important social duty, than that of preserving that vital element of our very existence as a people, in a state as pure and healthy as possible. None of the influential organs of this public opinion throughout the whole length and breadth of the land ought to be silent on such an occasion. So far as regards the Democratic Review, it at least will not be false to so high and sacred a duty, alike of patriotism, of morality, and of a true party interest, in the only sense in which it understands the words *party* and *interest*. We have received and given due heed to the remonstrances which have been addressed to us, as to the injuri-

ous bearing of our course on this question upon the interests of "our party" in the local politics of the State referred to in these discussions. We repel, as a slander upon that name, the imputation that the Democratic Party of Mississippi is the Repudiation Party. Accidental circumstances and temporary delusions may perhaps for a while give some seeming color of justification to the charge. A natural and righteous exasperation against the authors of these great public frauds, and against the system of which they are the natural fruits, coupled with the dexterity of party leaders to catch in their sails every present breath of popular excitement, may perhaps have led a portion of the Democracy of Mississippi into a false position on this occasion. But we have no fear but that they will yet fully justify the unwavering reliance we have expressed before on their integrity and honor; and that at the same time that they will visit with an unforgiving wrath all who, with the taint of the slightest art or part in these abominations, should ever present themselves as candidates for their confidence in any post of public employment, they will never allow the stain of this dishonor long to tarnish the fair escutcheon of their State sovereignty.

One word farther, in reply to some personal imputations which have been elicited by our former article on this subject, from some to whom its arguments and views happened to be not exactly acceptable. Though no agreeable task, we are unwilling to omit it. The Democratic Review, with the removal of its place of publication from Washington to New York, has *not* become imbued with "the contagion of the atmosphere of Wall street." It is *not*, nor is ever likely to be, under the slightest control or influence, direct or indirect, of any "clique" or of any person in any manner "interested" in the subject of State credit generally, or of these Mississippi Bonds in particular, except as a general question of public concern. It has *not* in this matter either fallen or declined from the former "elevated tone of its democratic principles," whatever that tone and those principles may before have been, or may be now. It has *not* imbibed, from its nearer contact to the waves and breezes of the Atlantic, any "foreign sympathies" alien to the cause and the rights of our own country or countrymen. And finally, its former article on this question was *not* written by either "stockjobber" or "financier;" but, like the present one, undictated by any other influence than his own sense of right, proceeded alone from the pen, humble and feeble as it may be, of the responsible editor and proprietor of this work, whose name is of course easily accessible to any one desirous of inquiring into so unimportant a piece of information.

## BANKS AND BANKING.

The sudden and general success of the Democratic party, occurring so shortly after sustaining the most signal defeat, is one of those striking events in the history of politics, which cannot "overcome us like a summer's cloud." It constitutes a period in the progress of time, calling upon us to look back into the past, around us at the present, and forward into the future, that we may behold what we have accomplished, and discover what remains for us to do.

After a protracted struggle of nine years, we have achieved the complete and final overthrow of a National Bank. It may not, indeed, be dead, but it is mortally wounded, and all the givings out of a *fiscality*, are but the spasmodic efforts that usually accompany the throes of expiring existence; and all that we may hear of "Exchequer Boards," or "Boards of Control," we may regard as a coroner's inquest over its remains.

What has it left? It is of the essence of the system of which it was part, that an artificial credit, created by law, operating through all the various contrivances, dignified with the names of "institutions," is a good and effectual substitute for that real credit, founded upon direct confidence in character and ability to pay; and being thus good and effectual, can be multiplied to any extent, without exhausting the supply, or impairing its efficacy. We will give, somewhat in detail, an example of its benign operation. A gentleman of sagacity, in the country, has a farm of the value of twelve thousand dollars, which he determines to make the basis of a credit operation. He makes up his mind to subscribe for shares in the capital stock of the Columbia County Bank, just chartered by the Legislature. He makes application for a loan of $8,000, in the Dutchess County Bank, to be secured by a mortgage on his farm. The security being ample, and the directors being friendly to the enterprising applicant, grant him the loan, wherewith he becomes the owner of eighty shares, of $100 each, of the stock of the Columbia County Bank, and becomes a director thereof. He pays 7 per cent. on his loan, and realizes 12 per cent. on his stock. He has become a man of influence. He is one of the holders of the magic key of Accommodation! Finding himself thus in the actual incipient enjoyment of the blessed workings of this excellent system, his vision becomes clearer as he looks into the future, and he exultingly exclaims, "This is undoubtedly the road to wealth, and all that remains for me to do, is to travel therein in the direction which

I have begun." There is shortly to be a subscription for and distribution of the capital stock of the Delaware County Bank. He makes application to the Farmer's Bank of Westchester, for a loan of $8,000, to be secured by the hypothecation of his stock in that well-conducted "*safety-fund*" institution, the Columbia County Bank. The security being unquestionable, and the principal director desiring a similar accommodation from the Columbia County Bank, the loan is made, and $8,000, in stock of the Delaware County Bank, is obtained, which latter stock he pledges in like manner in the Albany Bank, for a loan to purchase stock in the Schoharie Bank, by pledging which in another Bank, he makes a loan to purchase stock in still another Bank.

We have now carried this example far enough to afford us a good place to stop, and profitably review some of the most prominent beauties of the system. Our friend, without a cent of banking capital when he started, has become the proprietor of stocks to the value of $32,000, all paid up, and in institutions in which he is not a debtor to the amount of a cent! He does not owe a cent which is not well secured by his own resources! His $32,000 are invested in institutions which are allowed by law to loan for him to twice and one-half the amount thereof. He is not only enriched himself by the system, but it is a process which, from its general adoption, gives such "an impulse to the enterprise of our whole population," as to enrich the country itself! It is a system of infinite progression, and the farther it advances the more "maturity and perfection" are there in it. That farm has become the basis of a series of credits, accumulating wealth to its owner with such delightful rapidity, as to make him reject his old course of industrious husbandry as ridiculous and absurd, from its want of conformity to "the spirit and intelligence of the age." We will give another example, comparatively illustrative of the soundness in theory, as well as excellence in practice, of this system.

*Question.* What does this world rest upon?

*Answer.* On the back of a great turtle.

*Question.* What does the turtle stand upon?

The philosopher was cornered.

*Question.* What does the Union Bank of Mississippi rest her credit upon?

*Answer.* Upon the State of Mississippi.

*Question.* What does the State of Mississippi rest her credit upon?

*Answer.* Upon the Union Bank of Mississippi.

This, as old Coke said of the common law, is the perfection of

reason! there is no fault in this hypothesis! It is a perfect structure in all its parts, and as an entirety, for each part, rests upon an adequate foundation, and all put together make one harmonious whole. Thrice blessed Mississippi! Her credit runs in a circle without end—an everlasting stream. Her "resources" are "developed." She can construct railroads and canals at her pleasure, relying solely on the "perfection of credit!"

Many of the advocates of that system, to this hour, have an unshaken belief in its soundness and excellence. They view it as *the* contrivance imparting to this age a character of wisdom over preceding ages, in the ratio of its capacity of expansion over that of the old system; and they believe with the full assurance of faith, that if it were not for the "specie circular," and other Democratic enormities of similar character, the proof of its enriching excellence would have amounted to demonstration. Such is the system of which the National Bank constituted, as a part, the most prominent artificial creation, and such was and is the faith of the advocates of that system. There are those among us who believe that a National Bank was so essential a part of that system, that the system itself must fall with it, and that the labor of enfranchisement is therefore complete. There are others who believe, that although a National Bank was the nursing mother of the lesser abominations which, with it, supported that system, the greater having fallen, the lesser abominations will thereby undergo such a modification of their characters as to make their existence not only endurable, but valuable. We cannot subscribe to either of these views, all important as we view the prostration of the Bank. An invading army may take the strongest garrison of their adversary, and enter their capital city, by which it is rendered certain that the provinces can be subdued. An ability to conquer does not always result in conquest. The possession of the provinces by the adversary may afford the means of erecting a stronger garrison, and of recruiting greater strength, and that which was a great victory may become a bootless triumph. So it may be with us.

We have obtained an advantage which, if followed up in the same spirit in which it was achieved, will lead to the entire overthrow of that false system which has deluded and corrupted our citizens, and degraded our country; but if we halt now, it were better that we never began! Unpleasant as may be the recollection of the hatred that we encountered in the late strife, making the allurements of peaceful repose now the more seductive, the obligations of duty, the interests of our country, the good of our fellow-men—all command us, in the most imperative tones, to halt

not, but advance to the end. That end is the restoration of REAL CREDIT, the credit which rests alone upon the direct confidence in the disposition and ability of the seeker of credit to pay—confidence inspired either by the knowledge of his integrity and present means, or by the knowledge of his integrity and the belief that his industry will produce the means by the day of payment. A system of credit, constituted by the aggregation of credits, thus inspired, is indeed a great blessing. It is as fructifying to the enterprise and wealth of the country, as the rains and dews to the vegetation of the earth; and instead of fostering indolence and avarice, and an overreaching spirit of dishonesty, will encourage those habits of industry, frugality, and integrity, which will make us, as a people, zealous of those good works necessary to the accomplishment of our mission of free government.

This system we never can introduce, or rather restore, so long as credit is stimulated by legislation,—so long as the States create *manufactories*, over which they throw the panoply of special legal protection, and which they hedge around with the barriers of exclusive privilege, for the purpose of blowing into its bubble-existence the credit we have described.

Banks of Incorporation are of the most deadly hostility to sound credit and to a sound currency. The *free Banks* (so miscalled) of the State of New York are the true progeny of that system. That the State begat the Banks, and the Banks begat the State debts, and the State debts begat the "free Banks," is as genealogically direct, as that "Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob, and Jacob begat Judas and his brethren."

It is plain to our view that incorporated banking may be a great evil, and that banking may still be highly useful. The present President of the United States, in his annual message, has intimated his conviction that the researches of philosophic inquiry would lead to the conclusion, "that the paper system had probably better never have been introduced, and that society might have been much better without it." If by paper he means that paper which is the natural offspring of commercial operations, we conceive that he is mistaken; but if he meant that paper which is engendered in the hotbed of legislation, nothing can be more true than his remarks, and their truth is written on the face of the country.

We are not opposed to banks or banking, or the paper system. Paper is the necessary go-between of commerce; it gives facility to the exchange of articles in trading between distant places, which would otherwise be cumbrously conducted; it is the prop-

er depository of debt and credit between mutual dealers, in the intervals that occur between the commencement and final close of healthful commerce; through its agency trade to the greatest extent may be conducted without the passage of actual money; it transfers the balance of such trade, and if the balance is lacking, it gives the first warning of the excess by its demand for money to supply the deficiency, and thereby restrains further excess.

Banking, like other commercial business, is properly a private pursuit. To say, and to say it with the force of law, that a selected and privileged few shall engage in that business to the exclusion of all others, and that those few shall be exempted from all personal responsibility for the liabilities they incur in conducting this their private business, is a monstrous proposition in its repugnance to that plain justice which is founded upon equality of rights. It is palpably unjust in itself, at war with the genius of our institutions, and a violation at once of the laws of civil freedom and of trade.

What is it but immunity from responsibility, conjoined with exclusive privileges, that constitutes the very definition of a despotism? and what grosser injustice in principle can a despotism perpetrate?

That banking ought to be left as free, and subject to the same responsibilities as other pursuits in life, is a truth, but a truth that has to encounter that most obstinate of all unbeliefs, the unbelief of self-interest.

The condition of the North and the South, of the East and the West, the condition of the States, of the country, of the commercial world, all bear testimony to its truth with that force which carries the fullest conviction. "Vested interests" alone disbelieve.

The *free* banks of New York have that name but in mockery of freedom. It is that freedom which is guarded by law, prohibiting all other banking; it is the freedom to choose where there is no choice. A system of free private banking, commenced when the country was free from commercial embarrassments, produced by the excesses of credit, would of necessity be conducted by men of capital with real capital. The bankers would be careful to conduct their business so as to ensure their own safety, for their fortunes would stand as the pledge of their faithfulness; and banking, restrained by all the inducements of personal safety, must be safe banking for the public. The public judgment of the soundness of paper would then be judiciously formed; individuals would consider themselves the guardians of

their own interests; their individual interests would make them watchful; their watchfulness would make them intelligent; and their intelligence would, ordinarily, defy imposition.

The public judgment of the credit of a bank would then be formed from the aggregation of individual opinions judiciously formed under the influences of the quickening impulses of self-interest. Under the present system, the legal guardianship of the State is substituted for this public judgment; individual watchfulness is put to sleep under the false hope of State protection, and individual sagacity is therefore at fault, and the public is as ignorant as the individuals of which it is composed, whether credit is deserved or not, and they grope in the dark till they are favored with the startling light produced by an "explosion."

The persons in Buffalo, who, through the medium of legal institutions, flooded the country with their current promises to pay, never could have done so as private bankers, simply for the reason that they never deserved the credit. The good and the bad are now alike respected, and alike suspected. Give individual sagacity free scope, and it would separate the good from the bad, and thereby create and cherish a spirit of high commercial integrity and honor. The prejudices which have been kept alive against free private banking, as a system, are unjust and unreasonable. The instances of private banking which existed when the country was drained of its specie, and the incorporated banks were unable to grant the least relief, and stood themselves in the greatest need of it, instead of being experiments to test a system, were the desperate efforts of more desperate persons to prey upon the wants of a community without resources, without money, and without even bank bills, and whose hunger would make them grasp at that least substantial of all things, the similitude of a bank-bill, the shadow of a shade!

The proper time to try this system would be when the country is recovering her energies, that it might grow with her growth, and strengthen with her strength. The present system can bring the country down, but cannot help it to rise; it cannot keep the country down, but the country can rise without it, and even with it. It has the power of doing great evil in the time of prosperity, but it is impotent to do good in the time of adversity. Under the free system, that high elevation of unreal prosperity could not be reached, from whose giddy height a crashing fall is inevitable. Banks controlled by the laws of trade would be controlled by the laws of their nature. Banks under the control of the State are in a foreign bondage, whose yoke is

uneasy, rendering their service unprofitable. It is objected, however, that there is not banking capital enough in this country to supply the vacuum that would be created by the overthrow of that system of credit. All the capital that now exists would still exist in its unexpanded state, shorn of its false dimensions. The objection presupposes that something may be made by the wisdom of man out of nothing; that the imaginary partakes of the value of real.

Ten thousand air-built castles may all be destroyed and annihilated, without diminishing the quantity of existent matter. The ideal, the imaginary, and the false have deluded us too long to our cost. We want now the real; we desire to exchange instability for stability, uncertainty for certainty. We have suffered under the present system all that the ingenuity of man could inflict in suffering, and humanity rebels at its continuance. Look around and behold its desolating march. It has swelled the tide of debt, in which tens of thousands of our citizens have been overwhelmed. Our country, hitherto as unspotted in her honor, as bright and glorious in her youthful career, is placed by that system in a position which we dare not look at, and which makes us cover our faces for shame. Through the working of that system the sovereign States of this Union are presented in the attitude of prostrated suppliants, begging sustenance, begging their life from the Banks which they made, — penury begging from insolvency! And who can tell where or in what it is to end?

Would it not be fatuity itself to continue the system? Yet we hear it surmised that even Democratic Legislatures may entertain the proposition to renew a Bank charter. It cannot, it must not be so. The calm and sober judgment of that people who dictated the result of the late election cannot, must not, will not permit their will to be so trifled with.

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## SKETCHES OF CHARACTERS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

### No. VI. — THE SERF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," &c.

The morning was already beginning to dawn palely, at least a few faint streaks of light were visible, from the summit of the watch-tower, far on the verge of the eastern sky, when a dull rustling sound made itself plainly heard above the rippling mur-

mur of the trout stream in the valley, and the sough of the west wind in the evergreen branches of the pinewood. None but a practised ear could have distinguished then the character of that far sound, but scarcely had it been audible a second before Sir Hugues de Coucy, turning half round toward Ermold, in his steel saddle, said in a clear, strong whisper—"Lo! they come now; lower your visors all, and follow me—silently though, and slowly!"—and with the words, he drew down his own avantaille and clasped it firmly to the beaver; then gathering his reins up with the left, and lowering the point of his long lance that it should not strike the groinings of the barbican, he rode forth cautiously, accompanied by his young squire and the two men-at-arms. Before he left the arch, however, he called to the warder, bidding him see the chains of the portcullis clear, and have his yeomen ready to make fast the gates at once. "Be steady now," he said, "and forget not that deliberate valor is worth ten times as much as headlong rashness. Break but your lances fairly with these thieves, and draw off instantly, leaving me last. Here they come, fifty horse at least, if I may judge by the clash and clang; they will be here anon. Now do your devoir!"

While speaking he had drawn up his little band in line, having Giles Ivernois on his right hand, and Ermold in the centre, the other Flemish trooper holding the extreme left, close to the high fence of an orchard. The road here made a small sweep, of something better than a hundred yards, skirting the verge of the moat and the castle-wall, which, with its arbalasts and mangonels, commanded the whole traverse. It was, moreover, very narrow, ascending in a gentle slope up to the outer gate, giving the knight and his companions the ground of vantage for a charge on the assailants.

Scarce had the knight of Tankerville completed his arrangements, before one loud deep note of the *bancloche*, succeeded by its continuous and deafening clangor, announced the presence of Talebardin and his Routiers upon the village green, although they were not as yet visible to Hugues and his party, in consequence of the cottages and gardens of the hamlet covering their advance. A loud shrill blast of bugles, blended with the dull booming of the Norman kettle-drum, rose high and keen upon the morning air, quite overpowering for a moment the louder peal of the great bells, while at the signal the broad banner of the House of Floris was displayed on the battlements, and a sustained and well-directed flight of shafts and quarrels was poured upon the enemy from that commanding elevation. In answer to the music of the garrison, the wild marauders set up simultaneously a yell of fierce

defiance, which had in its shrill tones something so fiendish and unearthly that it made the hearts of the firmest men thrill, and struck cold consternation through the weaker spirits of the beleaguered garrison. A moment afterward a flash as if of fire was seen springing up through the dry thatch of one of the low hovels, another, and another; and then a broad red glare rushed up from all the burning village, crimsoning the whole canopy of heaven, tinging the dusky foliage and weather-beaten trunks of the old pines with a strange ruddy lustre, and showing every loop-hole and crenelle in the castle-wall, every serf, man-at-arms, and warder on the battlements, as clearly as if it had been noonday. Directly afterward a shaft or two was shot against the walls from the covert afforded by the scattering groups of fruit-trees on the esplanade, but so well did the archers on the barbican perform their duty, pouring in shot of long and cross-bows, with ever and anon a huge steel-headed beam, launched from the mighty mangonel, that the Routiers in that quarter fell back at once, without as much as discovering the band of de Coucy, which, if it had not been cut off, must have been desperately endangered at the least, if the marauders had made good their charge, and taken a position midway between the barbican and the knight's party. Ten minutes or a quarter of an hour had elapsed thus, when a fresh shout was set up from above the gate. "Gare! gare! Beau Sire!" and a fresh flight of missiles was launched against the spot where the road issued from the hamlet. No more was necessary to set de Coucy on his guard. "Now," he exclaimed, "now! gentlemen!" couching his lance as he did so, and pricking the flanks of his black charger with the spur—at the next instant with their wild yell, and their accursed war cry, the robbers wheeled out from the cottages at a hard gallop, and for the first time perceiving the bold baron, bore down upon him in a solid column of sixty horse at least, with levelled lances. So well, however, had the knight taken his position, that four men only at a time could come against him, the narrowness of the road making it quite impossible for more than that number to array themselves in front with room sufficient for the management of their steeds, and the wielding of their weapons. This, indeed, was the only thing which gave the least chance of success to the defenders; yet even with this chance, the odds were fearfully against them, particularly when it is taken into the consideration, that Ermold, though of a high and dauntless spirit, and from his boyhood upward trained to the use of arms, was in years but a stripling, who therefore could not be expected to cope with full-grown men on terms of equality or vantage. The robbers, who formed the first rank, were evidently stout and hardy men-at-arms; he who appeared their

leader riding, when they drew out of the cover of the burning village, on their left flank, nearest the moat, and therefore facing Ivernois. He was a tall and powerful man, above six feet in height, and limbed proportionally to his stature, completely cased in armor, apparently of Spanish workmanship, not of bright steel, however, but of plain, unrelieved, dead black. To this there was but one exception, that the whole front and visor of his helmet had been wrought into the shape of a bare grinning scull, colored in the appropriate hues, while over this dread emblem of mortality there waved a tall black plume, like those which now are used to decorate the roof of hearses; his shield, which was black likewise, to suit the rest of his armor, was blazoned with a scull and cross-bones—the bardings of his *destrier*, a huge black Flemish stallion, were framed to match his rider's panoply, and altogether it would have been difficult to find a stouter or better appointed cavalier, though there was something awful and disgusting in the emblazonry he had adopted, with the intention clearly of striking terror to the hearts of his opponents. As soon as this formidable personage descried the knight of Coucy, he shouted something to his nearest comrade, the import of which was drowned by the thunder of the horses' hoofs and the din of the plate-coats; but it was easy to perceive what must have been the meaning of the cry, for spurring out a little way before his rank, he passaged quickly to his right—his comrade making the same movement to the left—and then reined back immediately into the line, placing himself, as the result of this manœuvre, directly opposite to Hugues. The three companions of the black rider were all strong troopers, completely armed and powerfully mounted, but their appointments were in no respect to be compared to the accoutrements of Talebardin, for he it was who bore that grisly frontlet; though all but one had in some slight degree endeavored to increase the terror, which everywhere accompanied their presence, by some detestable and horrid signs of carnage. Thus one of them, it was he who now couched his spear against Giles Ivernois, a tall man in a brazen harness with a particolored feather of red and purple, had hung about his neck, after the fashion of a knightly chain, a string of human teeth, torn from the jaws of living victims, to force them to produce their real or suspected treasures. The third, a slighter figure, who wore a shirt of dim and rusty mail, had decked his casque, in lieu of crest or plume, with a thick plaited tress of beautiful soft sunny hair, dabbled in many places by dark stains of gore, which must have been shorn from the head of some high-born and lovely female. The fourth alone was armed in clear bright steel, carefully kept and polished, and had adopted no more

odious emblem of his calling than a green plume in his casque, and a green dragon painted on his shield, seeming to indicate his Saxon origin. Long as it has occupied us to describe the leaders of the Routiers, it did not take the great French champion five seconds to run over all the details with his bright intellectual eye, before he called aloud to his men to bear them bravely, shouted his war cry of St. Paul, and dashed with his four lances against the overwhelming force of the marauders.

Talebard Talebardin bore him like a man; his spearhead struck full on the fess-point of de Coucy's shield, and bored it through and through, but turned, quite blunt and edgeless, as it encountered the fine temper of his Milan plastron, the tough ash staff bursting into a hundred splinters up to the very grasp of his gauntlet. Not so the champion's—he had charged his lance full at the hollow socket of the scull-avantaille's right eye, and had it entered there, the race of Talebardin had been run on earth that moment; but just as they closed, the robber, seeing his peril, threw his head up sharply, so that the lance point struck below the eye, just where the visor met the beaver, and tore the helmet, which remained upon the baron's spear, quite off the ruffian's head. Still Talebard sat firmly in his saddle till the knight's destrier plunged in, and striking with the horn of his steel chamfront, under the bardings of the other's counter, forced him to rear up, and then hurled him backward falling upon his rider, and overthrowing two more of the robbers, who rode next behind. The like success attended each one of the Coucy's followers; Giles Ivernois' antagonist went down—his throat transfixed above the gorget's rim, that the steel point came out all stained and gory, under the edge of his cerveilliere. Francon Von Voorhis broke his spear fairly with the English rider; but, better horsed than he, bore him down by the shock; while, strange to say, young Ermold, though slighter in his frame, and weaker from his years than any of the others, charged with such prowess, striking his man upon the crest, that he hurled him ten feet out of his saddle, and his own horse outmastering his bridle-arm, drove on, with his lance still unbroken and in its rest, and splintered it in full career against the shield of a robber in the second rank, bearing him likewise to the ground. "Ha! a good lance! a good lance, and a better blow!" shouted the baron, as he saw his young squire's fair exploit—"rein up, now rein up all, and back with no delay. Giles Ivernois, take thou my lance, and pitch it in the wall above the barbican. Back, back at once. Hearest thou not, Francon?—back both of you." And, though reluctantly and slowly, both did fall back at his command, while he, unsheathing his two-handed broadsword, prepared to cover their re-

treat. Ermold, however, although he heard his lord's command, and was all eager to obey, was so entangled in the mêlée, that his unruly horse had dashed into the very centre of the robbers; who were all in confusion, reeling about and in complete disorder, the whole of their front rank having been overthrown, as by a thunderbolt, with three men of the second, and four horses. Well was it, therefore, for the gallant youth, that they were for the moment in so fearful disarray, and that his own horse, plunging to and fro with reckless fury, augmented the dismay, biting, and kicking with his heels, and striking with his fore feet at every thing that came near him—for had it not been so, he must have been beaten down and slain before the champion could assist him. It was not long, however, that he remained unaided, for, shouting in a voice, heard clearly over all the din—"St. Paul! A Tankerville to the rescue!" the baron too rushed into the disordered rout. The first blow of his sweeping broadsword fell on the barded neck of a stout warhorse, and breaking the strong plates, clove halfway through the neck, and laid both steed and rider prostrate upon the earth; the second drove in the helmet on the head of another, and fracturing his scull, slew him upon the instant; the third dashed down a third of his opponents, but broke the weapon to the hilt, and left the warrior for the moment weaponless.

Still the Esquire was extricated from the press and rescued; and bidding him ride in as sharply as he might, Hugues stopped a moment to loosen his mace from the saddle-bow, then galloped after him, leaving the Routiers all in disarray, gathering up their dead, and succoring their wounded. Just at that time, however, the archers on the barbican, who had been quite unable to loose a shaft at all, during the hand-to-hand encounter, seemingly overlooked the count, or if they did not overlook him, mistook him for one of the Routiers, and discharged a whole flight of arrows; five or six took effect, at least, upon the person of the knight, piercing his overcoat, and rebounding from his armor, but did not, such was the temper of his panoply, wound him at all, however slightly. This, as it seemed, however, did not satisfy them, for although de Coucy shouted with all the power of his lungs, shaking his clinched fist angrily at the men on the walls, they followed up their volley, by bending the great mangonel against him; and before Giles could hinder them, who had run up to the battlements above the barbican, to pitch his master's lance upon the wall, they turned the winch, and the huge engine was discharged. The vast beam hurtled through the air, and striking the knight's charger on the counter, buried itself in the body of the animal, breaking its forelegs, and killing it as instantane-

ously, despite the heavy armor by which its chest was covered, as could have been done by a modern cannon-ball.

The champion was pitched headlong, and his face striking the ground first, he was completely stunned for the moment, and lay there insensible, with the blood streaming through the bars of his avantaille from both nose and mouth, in consequence of that rude concussion. Meantime, the robbers had recovered altogether from the temporary disorder into which they had been thrown, and rushed on in a body; Talebard, who had regained his feet, running bareheaded in front of all the horses, to seize the prostrate champion; nor did it appear possible at the moment that any timely rescue could be made—for Ermold and the others within the archway of the barbican could not discover what was to do without, and those on the battlements were too far off to give effectual assistance. Giles Ivernois, indeed, rushed down the steep stone stair, taking three steps at every clanking stride, but he would have arrived too late, for undismayed by the archery, which was aimed at them from above, killing one man outright, and wounding several others, the Routiers were within three paces of de Coucy, who was beginning to move faintly, as though he were recovering his consciousness, when a man leaped the palings of the orchard, and interposed himself between the baron and the ruffians. He was a tall young man of seven or eight and twenty years, magnificently formed, and having something of an untaught grace in his bearing. He had no helmet on his head, which was covered only by a thick mass of jet-black curly hair, that set off admirably the sun-burnt hue of his expressive manly features; his eye was dark and very brilliant, his brow broad and well developed, and all his features fine and delicately shaped.

In fact, he was an eminently handsome man, not in form only but in features, and, what is more remarkable, in the expression of his features also, which was decidedly of an imaginative and intellectual cast, with no small portion of firmness and undaunted daring displaying itself in the vigorous outlines of his well-marked mouth and massive jaws. His dress, however, was much at variance with the distinguished beauty of his person; it was the dark coarse tunic of the cheapest serge, belted about the waist by a broad leathern strap, which was peculiar to the serf or villein —his feet too, like his head, and all his legs from the limb downward, were bare to the weather. He had no weapons but a woodman's axe, and a knife at his belt, yet not for that did he shun to encounter a score of mail-clad veterans; he waved the broad axe round his head, and as the robber chief came on, he dealt him such a blow, before he had indeed observed the rescuer at all, that

had he not by a half instinctive effort broken the force of the blow by his shield, he never had moved limb any more. Luckily, at the same moment wherein Talebard recoiled, and after staggering a moment, sank on his knee, a cross-bow bolt struck down the next of the marauders, and profiting by the occasion, the young man raised the count from the ground, and throwing him with all his heavy panoply across his shoulders, he darted off with him, as if he had been quite untrammelled by a load, toward the barbican, and was already leaving his pursuers far behind, when Giles and Ermold and a dozen others rushed forth, and hurried them within the arch, when the strong doors were forced to in a moment, and barred with jealous haste, while at the selfsame point of time the steel portcullis came clanging down its groove of stone, and all was for the time secure.

The din, as it appeared, restored de Coucy to his senses on the instant, for he leaped to his feet, raised his visor, and wiped away the blood from his beard and moustaches with his mailed hand, exclaiming, as he did so — "Where am I? — Ah! that was a perilous mischance! — Where am I — in the barbican? — Who brought me hither? — was't thou, Ivernois?" — "Not so, Beau Sire," replied the veteran, "I was upon the ballium when you fell; this youth here brought you off, and brought you off, I will say, nobly. By the three kings of Cologne, he dealt yon Talebard a blow, that, but for his shield of proof, had split him to the chine!"

"Who art thou, then; who art thou, my good youth, who thus hast rescued Tankerville?"

"A serf, Beau Sire," — the mareschal at once interrupted him; "A mere Jacques Bonhomme, an ill-conditioned, insolent serf, if ever was one on the lands of Verneuil. He has been out marauding now, I warrant me, most likely leagued with these same Routiers, else how did it fall out he was not in the hamlet with the rest, when all were called into the castle. I prithee, Beau-Sire, heed not the dog at all. I will account with him so soon as our hands be free of this foul scum without!"

"Nay! nay! not so, good friend," replied the baron; "De Coucy deals not so with his preserver;" but, as he spoke, the din of axes, plied fiercely on the outer gate, fell on his ears, and he perceived at once that a lodgment must have already been effected by the Routiers at the wall foot. "But of this more anon!" he shouted; "up to the esplanade! bring arbalasts! and quarrels! bring boiling oil, and pitch, and molten lead! Cry Tankerville! St. Paul, St. Paul for Tankerville!" and he rushed up the stairs, leaving his rescuer forgotten to the mercies of the seneschal, who thrust him instantly into the dungeon of the castle, promising that he should hang upon the morrow!

## MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

It is with regret that with each number we have to announce some new evidence of mercantile embarrassment and of national discredit, growing out of the progressive movement in the financial revolution that has been going forward throughout the commercial world during the past few years. Such, however, must continue to be the case, probably for months to come, until the ruins of the paper fabric, which had reached such colossal dimensions, shall have been cleared away. Since our last, great results have been produced in all parts of the country in the great struggle to throw off the irredeemable paper system. In spite of individual forbearance, and legislative countenance, the irredeemable policy of the suspended banks has broken down by its own weight, and several of the State governments have been forced to fix a day for the resumption of their banks. In others, the banks have utterly failed, and are going into liquidation, leaving the constitutional currency to find its way again into the channels of trade. The position of affairs in the suspended districts may be summed up as follows :—

Ohio, resumed March 4th, according to law.
Philadelphia, resumed.
Maryland, resumption required May 1st.
New Orleans, " " Sept. 1st.
Dist. of Columbia, " " with those of Maryland.
Indiana, " " gradually.
Georgia, mostly paying specie.
S. Carolina, " " "
Michigan, banks ceased to exist.
Illinois, one bank only doing business.
Alabama, Kentucky, and Tennessee, no movement.
Virginia will probably follow Maryland.

In Philadelphia four banks failed under the operation of resumption, as follows:

| | Capital. | | Capital. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Penn Township, | 467,574 | Manufacturers and Mechanics, | 401,300 |
| Mechanics, | 1,600,000 | Moyamensing, | 250,000 |

At New Orleans the operation of the new law of the State, placing restrictions on the banks, caused the stoppage of five of the worst, as follows:

| | Capital. | | Capital. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Atchafalaya, | 768,945 | Merchants, | 1,000,000 |
| Exchange, | 948,340 | Improvement, | 1,521,491 |
| Orleans, | 424,700 | | |
| Total, | | | $4,663,476 |
| Five others have been proceeded against whose capitals amount to | | | 20,082,836 |
| Total capitals closed and proceeded against | | | $24,766,312 |

This clearly indicates that within the year, all banks doing business will be obliged to pay specie—the discredit of insolvency working its own cure. This process cannot, however, be gone through with without carrying in its train great distress, numerous failures and disasters among all business in any way connected with or dependant upon bank credits. The necessity to curtail as much as possible in all parts of the country, in order to resume, is an absolute bar to the extension of any accommodation on the part of the banks of the interior to dealers. At the same time, from a combination of causes, those dealers have been unable to dispose of their fall purchases of goods, consequently they are deprived of the means of making their remittances. It has, therefore, come to be true that a large proportion of the collection notes of the banks have been protested for non-payment even in this State. The mildness of the weather during the winter has caused a great diminution in the consumption of woollen goods, while the anticipated damage to the crops from the same cause, and the low prices which those crops command, have decreased the inclination to buy more than necessity

requires. The consequence is, that the shop dealers of the interior find spring advancing upon them and their city obligations falling due, while yet their stocks of goods are scarcely diminished. In this emergency, the banks can afford them no relief, therefore they are not only unable to meet their fall purchases, but they have no means of making new ones for the summer. This state of things is beginning to be felt in the city; and although the discounted notes of our banks have been met hitherto with a remarkable promptitude, it cannot continue if our merchants are deprived of their remittances from the country. With this prospect of the trade before them, the importers have very large stocks of goods on hand, imported under the impression, that with the spring, trade would revive, and also goods sent out on foreign account by manufacturers, in order to raise money on them at all hazards. The extent to which this exportation from England to this and other countries has been carried on, in order to raise money to meet the present distress of the manufacturers, may be seen in the following figures up to January, 1842:

| | *bales.* |
|---|---|
| Quantity of cotton consumed in England in 1840 | 1,274,729 |
| " " " " " " " 1841 | 1,118,717 |
| Decrease of consumption, 3000 bales per week | 156,012 |

In the same period the exports have increased as follows:—

| | *lbs.* | | *yds.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Yarns | 8,208,908 | Printed calico | 25,077,132 |
| Thread | 2,038,400 | Plain " | 65,106,416 |

The decrease in the raw material is about 9 per cent., consequently the large increase in exports consists mostly of those goods intended for the home trade, but which from the prevailing distress were forced abroad for sale, to meet the demand for money which the manufacturers could not procure at home. The great cause of the decreased sales in England, was owing to the increased price of bread, caused by the iniquitous protective system, and the decreased demand for labor, which always attends high prices of food. The following figures will show the enormous decrease in the power to purchase goods which a rise in bread creates. The average price of bread for six years was as follows:—

| | *Average price of wheat.* | *Value of wheat consumed.* |
|---|---|---|
| 1834, 1835, 1836, | £2.4 | £240,000 000 |
| 1839, 1840, 1841 | £3.8 | 360,000,000 |
| Increased cost of bread | | £120,000,000 |

This enormous sum, amounting to $600,000,000, was diverted from the purchase of goods by the simple rise in wheat. The consequence was, of course, the necessity to send the goods abroad for sale at any price. The proportion which came to this country is seen in the fact, that up to Oct. 1841, the imports exceeded those of the former year $21,000,000, and from Oct. to Feb. 1842, the increase has been in a greater ratio. These goods are now filling the stores of our importers and jobbers at a moment when the wholesome contraction of the banking system forbids the sale of more than the consumers have present means of paying for. It was in view of the facts here pointed out, that in our last article we alluded to the prevailing apprehensions of fresh disasters during the ensuing 60 days.

Nothing has transpired during the month to relieve the disgrace which hangs over the credit of our national and State faith; on the contrary, fresh causes of humiliation have arisen. In former numbers we have alluded to the dishonor of the drafts of the government upon its own agents, and those authorized from its creditors upon the proper departments. The past month has, however, been marked by the dishonor of the Treasury notes of the government, that have for five years well supplied the temporary deficiencies of the Treasury. The first issues of the notes were authorized in October, 1837, and have up to the present year, for reasons explained in our March number, cheaply and advantageously answered

the purpose for which they were created. The following is a table of the amounts outstanding on the 1st of each month, from 1837, to the first of March, 1842 :—

TREASURY NOTES OUTSTANDING ON THE FIRST OF EACH MONTH.

| | 1838. | 1839. | 1840. | 1841. | 1842. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| January | $2,206,418 | $7,343,948 | $2,758,331 | $4,652,991 | $6,840,722 |
| February | 3,560 000 | 6,813,862 | 2,570,340 | 4,804,719 | 6,592,018 |
| March | 4,120,000 | 6,552,946 | 2,176,981 | 5,393,094 | 8,539,115 |
| April | 4,349,751 | 7,590,192 | 1,422 555 | 6,301,324 | |
| May | 4,000,000 | 6,963,554 | 1,256,985 | 6,862,990 | |
| June | 5,730,240 | 6,062 288 | 2,052,056 | 8,063,563 | |
| July | 6,870,320 | 5,458,542 | 2,123,717 | 8,345,695 | |
| August | 7,986,582 | 5,160,430 | 3,476,937 | 8,305,336 | |
| September | 8,097,310 | 3,707,384 | 4,966,502 | 7,265,660 | |
| October | 8,096,660 | 4,519,937 | 4,560 689 | 7,373,014 | |
| November | 8,609,760 | 3,394,180 | 4,664,200 | 7,371,703 | |
| December | 7,754,560 | 2,998,071 | 4,433,823 | 7,228,837 | |

This gives a full view of the use of the notes, and it appears that the amount now outstanding is greater than ever before; and in all the discredit and disorders of the market, they never until the past year fell to a discount. The 6 per cent. notes are now quoted at 3 a 4 per cent. discount. On the first of March last year, when the now dominant party came into power, the total actual debt was—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Treasury notes | | $6,301,324 |
| The present debt is—Treasury notes | $8 539,115 | |
| " " to issue | 2,653,093 | |
| Deficit, per late report of Secretary | 3,254,686 | |
| Funded debt sold | 5,400.000 | |
| " " unsold | 6,200,000 | |
| Floating arrearages | 2,500,000 | |
| Present debt | | $28,546,894 |
| Increase of debt | | 22,245,570 |

This enormous increase of debt has been the result of one year's "relief, retrenchment, and reform." Not only has this debt been created, but the government faith has been broken, and its paper actually protested — and this during a year when the imports, the principal source of revenue, have exceeded those of the previous one $23,000,000, and those of 1838 by $11,000,000. So deep a disgrace was never sustained by any government, even when involved in the most disastrous wars. If the national dishonor was the only evil which grows out of the abominable mismanagement of the finances, it would be comparatively light, and might be easily remedied. But the influence of the example at a time like this, when the paper system has fallen into decay, carrying down with it States, corporations, and individuals, when the former openly and boldly repudiate their debts, honestly contracted, and the latter seek in an unconstitutional bankrupt law a release from those debts in which for the most part their own extravagance has involved them — presenting to the astonished gaze of the foreign creditor a chaos of insolvency, discredit, and disgrace — at such a moment the Federal Government steps forward ostensibly to "relieve the people." But alas! for such relief. Instead of setting an example of economy and probity, curtailing its expenses, redeeming its liabilities, and promptly meeting the claims that mature upon it, — rising high above the disorder around it, and proving a rallying point for national credit and commercial integrity — it has madly thrown itself into the vortex of insolvency, and sunk amid the tumultuous whirl of destruction, leaving no trace of that fair fame of the Republic that but few years since was held up as a pattern to the nations of the earth.

The financial committees of both the House and the Senate have reported plans of a national system of finance, differing from each other, and also from that reported by the Secretary of the Treasury at the commencement of the session. The bills have all of them objectionable features, of the same character, but of different degrees. They all of them involve the general features of issuing a government paper money, receiving individual deposites, and exchange transactions. On the plan of the Secretary we made some remarks at the time of its appearance. It is perhaps a worse plan than any that ever was proposed, inasmuch

as it authorizes the issue in a time of peace of a government credit paper, which inevitably would become depreciated, and also the exchange of these government credits for those of individuals by the purchase of exchange; thus uniting all the worst features of a vicious banking system, without offering any offset for the evil which it threatens. The Secretary has in a subsequent report acknowledged that the authority to issue credit paper was proposed as a borrowing measure, in order to assist the Treasury in its emergencies. A more weak, futile, and dangerous expedient could not possibly have been pitched upon. The plan of Mr. Tallmadge, from the Senate's committee, offered some modifications of this plan, viz., that the paper should not be issued on credit, but only one dollar for every dollar of specie actually on hand; to receive the deposites of individuals at small charge, and issue currency therefor, dollar for dollar; to sell and accept bills of exchange at a fair premium; and to collect bills on distant places, to be paid only when the collection was actually made, but not purchase or advance money on any bills. This bill, however, has the monstrous feature of allowing of the employment of a bank as an agent or depository for the funds of the Treasury. Such a feature would render utterly nugatory all of good that the plan proposes. Mr. Cushing's bill, from the committee of the House, proposes to utter paper money on the plan of Mr. Tallmadge's; to receive the deposites of private individuals without charge; to sell and accept bills; and also to purchase bills, under the restriction that they are to be only for the necessary transmission of the government funds. This latter is a great objection, and liable to great abuse and losses. All three of the bills restrict the deposites of individuals, the most harmless feature of the bills, to from 10 to $15,000,000. Now is it not a little remarkable that all three of these bills are based upon the suggestions of General Jackson contained in his second annual message, Dec. 1830? As the paragraph is short, we quote it, as follows: —

"It is thought practicable to organize such a bank with the necessary officers, as a branch of the Treasury Department, based upon the public and individual deposites, without power to make loans or purchase property, which shall remit the funds of the government, and the expenses of which may be paid, if thought advisable, by allowing its officers to sell bills of exchange to private individuals at a moderate premium. Not being a corporate body, having no stockholders, debtors, or property, and but few officers, it would not be obnoxious to the constitutional objections urged against the present bank; and having no means to operate on the hopes, fears, or interests of large masses of the community, it would be shorn of the influence that made that bank formidable."

It will be seen at a glance that these suggestions contain the basis of all the bills. The reputed authors of them have only taxed their ingenuity to ingraft upon it a borrowing and expanding principle, that will be open to corruption, and allow of those violent fluctuations which throw the property of the industrious into the hands of the designing, in spite of all the foresight and prudence that can be exercised. It is not a little singular, that, after a struggle of twelve years, those financial principles for which the democratic party have fought should at last have so far worked their way as to become the basis of the measures of the opposition. This has been the result of the incontrovertible truth of those principles. When the successful leader of the democratic party, in 1828, struck the first blow at the monstrous paper system, it was in the zenith of its strength. A National Bank was at its head, with an overshadowing capital; a credit co-extensive with the commerce of the earth. With the Hongs of China its bills were as current as silver dollars. Its branches stretched into the remotest corners of the Union. Its roots struck deep into all the channels of trade, and were interwoven

with all the transactions of a mighty people. And yet the inherent corruptions of this immense machine were such as caused it to moulder away before the silent dissemination of truth, until the whole fabric tottered and fell into ruins so noxious to the gaze, that even its own friends turn from it with disgust.

The evil effects of the banking system in an agricultural country have been made sufficiently manifest in the disasters and dishonor that have overtaken this country during the past few years. The cause of the difficulties is very clearly traced in the fact, that generally in those sections of the Union where banking has been most redundant, the existing evils are most severely felt; that is to say, in those sections the indebtedness is greatest, and the proportion of productive wealth to population is the least. These facts are clearly indicated in the census tables furnished by order of the late administration. In order to form a just estimate of the operations of banking upon the industry of the country, we have constructed the following table of the products of the Union, valued at the market rates, divided into different geographical sections; together with the leading features of the banks of each section, from official sources for the same year, 1839, in which the census was taken; also the active population employed in the development of those products, as well as the gross population:—

AGGREGATE PRODUCTS, IMPORTS, POPULATION, AND BANK MOVEMENT OF EACH SECTION OF THE UNITED STATES IN 1839.

| | *Eastern.* | *Western.* | *S. Western.* | *Middle.* | *Southern.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Population employed, | 582,694 | 994,108 | 683,445 | 1,028,318 | 1,029,892 |
| " total, | 2,235,022 | 4,131,370 | 2,945,602 | 5,117,329 | 3,372,483 |
| Manufactures, | 108,204,879 | 59,934,431 | 13,784,598 | 186,516,900 | 33,717,259 |
| Forest, | 2,859,289 | 3,300,127 | 872,786 | 6,710,232 | 3,113,136 |
| Horticulture, | 598,000 | 486,099 | 379,880 | 1,336,518 | 278,907 |
| Agriculture, | 90,660,193 | 106,048,402 | 103,867,704 | 175,395,343 | 165,959,080 |
| Minerals, | 4,821,114 | 5,486,836 | 1,060,891 | 16,782,526 | 5,036,015 |
| Fisheries, | 8,851,042 | — | — | 1,783,066 | 294,295 |
| Products, | 211,203,303 | 175,225,895 | 121,985,659 | 388,524,588 | 208,387,391 |
| Imports, | 21,891,115 | 352,945 | 12,960,142 | 122,065,131 | 4,922,651 |
| Exchangeable values, | 233,094,618 | 175,578,840 | 134,945,802 | 510,589,720 | 213,310,042 |
| Bank capital, | 62,212,321 | 31,940,989 | 81,943,086 | 114,024,708 | 37,476,072 |
| " loans, | 81,152,708 | 43,348,286 | 135,128,206 | 174,967,312 | 57,600,484 |
| " currency, | 24,405,076 | 40,041,157 | 46,341,157 | 84,128,566 | 30,982,649 |
| " specie | 3,270,838 | 7,909,793 | 7,919,792 | 16,707,534 | 8,505,009 |
| Ratio of currency to values, | 1 to 10 | 1 to 4 | 1 to 3 | 1 to 6 | 1 to 7. |

This table in a remarkable manner illustrates the truth, that the greater amount of capital there is employed in banking, the less is there employed in productive labor, or trade is stimulated while production is retarded. The reason is evident. Commercial banking, to be safe and healthy, requires that the loans should be made on actual values, and punctually repaid at short intervals, so that the institution may always receive as much with one hand as it loans out with the other. This operation admits not of loans for a length of time sufficient to produce the values from the soil or to manufacture them, but the circle of banking operations being sound, no actual employment of capital in it is necessary, its credit which it loans on the note of the dealer being cancelled by the payment of that note at maturity. The legitimate use of banking is, therefore, only to supply to dealers and producers the necessary sum to make a purchase, until that the goods or produce so purchased can be converted into money, in order that the dealer or producer may invest his whole capital in his individual business, without being obliged to have any money lie idle on his hands in anticipation of purchases he may be obliged to make. As an instance, we may suppose a miller who is in the habit of purchasing the grain grown in his neighborhood. Without any bank he would be obliged to keep on hand certain sums of money, at a loss. On the other hand, he keeps no money on hand; but when the farmer brings his wheat for sale, the miller's note for 60 days is discounted by the banks. With the proceeds, the

farmer meets his small debts. The miller makes his flour, sends it to market, and sells it for something more than sufficient to meet his note at the bank. The sale he makes is probably to some shipper, who sends it out of the country, and brings back foreign goods or coin, according to the state of the exchanges. In all this movement, the only real capital employed, is that of the farmer invested in his farm, and the various outlays until his grain was harvested, and also that of the miller, invested in his mill and expenses. The exchanges were all conducted by the credit of the bank, without the employment of any capital. It is clear, however, that the extent to which this can be done safely, depends entirely upon the quantity of goods produced, and that quantity depends in its turn upon the capital employed in production. Hence, in withdrawing capital from production and investing it in banks, it ceases to augment the wealth of the country and contributes to impoverish it.

It was seemingly with the full view of this evil influence of too much banking, that induced those suggestions in the above extract from the message of the former chief magistrate, which are of a nature to conform the receipts and payments of the government, where no actual wealth is rendered for the money transferred, to actual settlement in specie. If the government owes $10,000,000, and instead of paying it, gives only a promise to do so, it adds to the mass of the currency in the same degree. If it gives the promise of a bank, it increases the quantity of those promises without substituting any real value to fulfil them, and therefore lays the foundation of difficulty. On the other hand, by exacting and paying specie, the precious metals flow through the Treasury without increasing or diminishing in value or quantity. The transactions in which they were employed are completed, and they flow freely forth to liquidate other balances. General Jackson's plan embraced the issue of no paper, with the exception of bills of exchange, which might be sold for cash at one point or another. The new proposition is to add to that the issue of paper, dollar for dollar, of the specie kept on hand in the Treasury. This system of issues has been found to work well in the case of the bank of France, where the amount of specie in the vaults is always equal to the paper outstanding. That institution has been, however, unlike some in our own country, honestly conducted, and has never faltered in its payments, or varied its rate of interest, 4 per cent., since its reorganization by Napoleon immediately after the battle of Austerlitz. That system offers all the advantages of paper, with all the security of specie, without any of the fluctuation and risk attending credit issues.

While the commerce and financial affairs of the country are slowly getting into a proper train, and the foundation of future prosperity is forming on a solid basis, the effects of former financial blunders seem to be ripening into a shape that threatens the greatest national calamity—we allude to our foreign relations. The threatening aspect assumed by some of the nations of Europe may, in a great degree, be ascribed to the defenceless state of the country, arising from the general disregard of that sage maxim, "in peace prepare for war." In 1836, the National Treasury was overflowing with surplus funds. This became the prey of the speculators, and instead of being applied to the much needed defences of the soil, was divided among the States, and became the basis of those internal improvement speculations, which ran to excess, causing those large and reckless loans under which most of the States have become bankrupt and disgraced. The failure of the States to pay their debts irritates at a critical moment their foreign creditors, the disposition of whose government to encroach is increased by the want of those defences which the money properly applied in the first instance would have supplied. The events now transpiring are likely to have a serious effect upon the movements of trade for the rest of the year.

# LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Wood Engraving.—In the history of the Fine Arts, no parallel can be found to the great and rapid improvements made in the art of Engraving on wood within the last ten years. From its first general use at the close of the fifteenth century, until the time of Bewick, the great English Engraver, (who died in 1828,) this art alternately approached to, and receded from, that point of beauty and perfection it has now attained; yet, even in his hands, it never reached the mark. To him, however, must be awarded the honor of elevating its character as an art, to a point before unknown, and of proving its perfect adaptation to almost every kind of graphic illustration; yet it was reserved for his pupils, Harvey, Jackson, Thompson, Nesbit, Williams, &c., and their immediate contemporaries in England and France, to bring it to such a state of perfection as to vie successfully with engraving on metals, in point of spirit and effect. So general has the use of wood engraving become in England, France, and Germany, that there are few books now imported, wanting the attractive feature of graphic illustrations; and the English and French artists seem to be engaged in a spirited contest for superiority, with the pencil and burin. Harvey, Meadows, Jarvis, Sergeant, and a few others in England, and Vernet, Gigoux, Seloir, &c., in France, are devoting their talents to drawing on wood, and find therein both profitable and pleasing employment. In this country, the art is rapidly progressing toward perfection. Chapman, who is equal, if not superior to any of the foreign artists above named, has executed many beautiful drawings on wood; and Croome, Morton, and others, are laboring successfully in this field: while Adams, Lossing, and other engravers, are producing specimens of art, equal to any received from abroad. Indeed, the illustrations for an illuminated Bible, now in progress of engraving by Mr. Adams, from designs by Chapman, are, in our judgment, superior to any thing ever executed by European artists; and we confidently predict that the Illustrated Life of Washington, which is now in course of illustration by the latter, to be published by the Messrs. Langley, will also be well deserving of such an encomium.

It may not prove uninteresting to our readers to quote the following particulars touching the prices paid for ancient MSS. Plato paid 100 *minæ*, equal to about 375*l.*, for three small treatises by Philolaus, the Pythagorean. In the 9th century, it is related of an English bishop, that he was compelled to make five journeys to Rome principally in order to purchase some books, for one of which, thus procured, King Alfred is said to have given him an "estate of eight hides of lande." About the period of the invention of cotton paper, (1174,) the Homilies of St. Bede, and St. Augustine's Psalter, were bought by a prior in Winchester, for the monks of Dorchester, for twelve measures of barley, and a pall richly embroidered in silver. Stowe informs us that in 1274, a Bible in nine volumes, finely written, "sold for fiftie markes," something like 34*l.* of that time, when wheat averaged 3*s.* 4*d.* per quartern, and ordinary laboring wages were 1*d.* per diem. This Bible was afterwards bought by the Earl of Salisbury, after having been taken from the King of France at the battle of Poictiers. The Countess of Anjou is also said to have paid for a copy of the Homilies of Bishop Huiman, two hundred sheep and other articles of barter.

A new work, in Paris, is announced, to be called "The Gallery of Antiquities," and to consist of the principal Antiquities in the collection of the British Museum, from drawings by F. Arundale and J. Bonomi, with descriptions by S. Birch. The first Part will be illustrations from the Egyptian Antiquities, commencing with the best examples of the Deities of Egypt, their attributes and history. The most interesting of the sacred animals will be next selected, with descriptions of the numerous localities in which these objects are preserved.

Literary Property.—The manuscript of "Robinson Crusoe" ran through the whole trade, and no one would print it. The bookseller who at last bought it, cleared 1000 guineas by it. "Burns' Justice" was disposed of by its author for a mere trifle, as well as "Buchan's Domestic Medicine;" both of which produced immense incomes. "The Vicar of Wakefield" (the most delightful novel in our language) was sold for a few pounds. Dr. Johnson fixed the price of his "Lives of the Poets" at 200 guineas, by which the bookseller, in the course of a few years, cleared upwards of 25,000*l.* Tonson and his family rode in their carriages with the profits of the 5*l.* epic of Milton. The copyright of "Vyse's Spelling Book" sold for 2,000 guineas.

An ancient copy of a portion of the New Testament has been recently discovered at Rheims Cathedral, written in the Sclavonic language. It is said to be the identical copy, which in former years was used in administering the oath to the kings of France, at their anointment and coronation. It is supposed to have been written between the 11th and 13th centuries.

It has been ascertained that the whole number of books in the public libraries in the United States, is 750,000 volumes. The aggregate of all the volumes in all the public libraries of Europe, is 14,527,000!

Few, if any tracts, perhaps ever reached the extraordinary circulation of that called "The Sinner's Friend." It has been published in *fifteen* different languages, and recently completed the ninety-first edition, making a total circulation of *six hundred thousand copies.*

## AMERICAN LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

J. & H. G. LANGLEY have in course of preparation, an important work already announced in a former number, to be entitled, "*Washington Illustrated, or the Life of General Washington, Private, Military, and Political;*" *compiled from original and authentic documents, including much interesting and exclusive information not hitherto presented to the world.* This truly national work is to be constructed upon an entirely new and original plan, and will be profusely adorned throughout by several hundred rich illustrations executed in the finest style of art, from drawings by Mr. Chapman and other distinguished artists. In addition to this, we have the satisfaction of stating, that the esteemed author of "*The Sketch Book*" has consented to undertake the literary department of the work—it is therefore believed that no other book of modern times is likely to awaken so intense an interest among the whole American people, or that one could be better adapted as a national tribute to the memory of him whom the nation "delight to honor." The approaching embassy of Mr. Irving to the Spanish Court will not, we are happy to add, interfere with his progress in the biographical department of the work, most of the skeleton of which has been, we hear, already constructed, while a considerable number of the illustrations, including some highly finished battle-scenes and domestic portraits, have been some time since completed. The work is to be issued in monthly parts, in imperial octavo, printed on the finest paper, and from a new and elegant type cast expressly for the work.

The same publishers have also in press, a new work by Dr. A. Walker, author of Intermarriage, &c., entitled "*Pathology founded on the natural system of Anatomy and Physiology.*"

Also, by the same author, and uniform with his previous works, "*Physiognomy founded on Physiology, and applied to various countries, professions, and individuals,*" illustrated with engravings, &c. 1 vol. 12mo. These two new volumes by Alexander Walker are likely to increase the already widely extended reputation of this popular author.

The Miscellaneous Writings of the late William Hazlitt, Esq., with a biographical sketch of the author, by Sir E. L. Bulwer, Bt., and Remarks by Sergeant Talfourd. 2 vols. 12mo.

The Philosophy of Mystery; by W. C. Dendy. 1 vol. 12mo.

The Democratic Principle of the American Union, and its applicability to other nations; by Major G. T. Poussin. Translated from the French. 1 vol. 8vo.

The Sick Room, or Inquiries concerning the Domestic Management of Sickness, in aid of Medical treatment; by Dr. A. T. Thompson, with notes and additions by an American Physician. 1 vol. 12mo.

The Sanative Influence of Climate, with an account of the best places of resort for Invalids in England, the South of Europe, &c.; by Sir James Clarke, Bt., M.D., with notes and an appendix, adapting the work to this country; by an American Physician. 1 vol. 12mo.

A Practical Compendium of the Materia Medica, with numerous formulæ, adapted for the treatment of the diseases of Infancy and childhood; on the basis of Alexander Ure, M. D., M. R. C. S., London; by Charles A. Lee, M. D., A.M., late Professor of Materia Medica in the University of New York.

A Conspectus of the Pharmacopœias of the London, Edinburgh, and Dublin Colleges of Physicians, being a practical compendium of the Materia Medica and Pharmacy; by Anthony Todd Thomson, M. D. First American from the 13th London edition, containing the new French and American remedies; edited by an American Physician. 18mo.

*The Climate of the United States and its Endemic Influences;* by Dr. Samuel Forry, 1 vol. 8vo, plates. This volume exhibits a connected view of the leading phenomena of our climate, both physical and medical, thus supplying a void both in our general and medical literature. It is embellished with two copperplate engravings, illustrative of the laws of temperature throughout the United States. As this work comprises a condensation of all the author's observations on the subject of climate, which have already stood the test of criticism both in this country and in Europe, any further commendation on our part would be supererogatory. Suffice it to say, that no man who aims at keeping pace with the progress of general science, can be without this interesting and highly useful production. (Now ready.)

The same firm have just completed a new work by Dr. Martyn Paine, author of "Medical and Physiological Commentaries," entitled, Physiological View of the Materia Medica: with an arrangement of the articles in their several groups, according to their relative value. By Martyn Paine, M. D., A. M., Professor of the Institutes of Medicine and Materia Medica in the Medical department of the New York University. 1 vol. 12mo.

Also, Observations on Apparent Death from Suffocation, by hanging or drowning, choke damp, produced by inhaling carbonic acid, or some other irrespirable exhalation; with directions for using the resuscitating apparatus, invented by the author, and general instructions for the recovery of persons from suspended animation. By Edward Welchman, of Cold Spring, Putnam county, New York, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London. This is a sensible and well written Essay on the different forms of asphyxia, and admirably adapted for popular use. It is accompanied by a lithographic plate. (J. & H. G. Langley, publishers.)

WILEY & PUTNAM have recently published a fine edition in one volume, of "*Chapters on Churchyards;*" by Mrs. Southey, (formerly Caroline Bowles,) a work written some years ago, and one of great delicacy and beauty—

some of the sketches evincing a pathos and power almost unsurpassed by any other writer.

The same firm have in press, the subsequent writings of this agreeable authoress, "*Solitary Hours*," and "*Ellen Fitz Arthur*," &c.

Also Mr. Borrow's work, "*Zincali*," or the Gipsies of Spain, &c.; and a

Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art; comprising the History, Description, and Scientific Principles of every branch of human knowledge: with the Derivation and Definition of all the Terms in general use. Illustrated by Engravings on Wood. General Editor, W. T. Brande, F. R. S. L., &c.; assisted by Joseph Cauvin, Esq., and other eminent contributors.

William Tell, the Hero of Switzerland; from the French of M. Florian.

The Young Naturalist's Rambles through Many Lands.

Dawnings of Genius; by Anne Pratt, author of "Flowers and their Associations," &c. Embellished with Engravings.

The Philosophy of Health; by Southwood Smith, M. D. 2 vols. 12mo.

CHARLES K. MOORE, of this city, will publish immediately in one volume 18mo, a new work, entitled "The Protestant Exiles of Zillerthal," detailing the history of their persecutions, and expatriation from the Tyrol, on separating from the Roman Church, and embracing the Reformed faith. Translated from the German of Dr. Rheinwald of Berlin, by John B. Saunders. A work of singular interest, and one universally recommended by the religious press of Great Britain.

Conversion and Sufferings of Sarah Doherty, illustrative of Popery in Ireland, a very interesting and effective little work.

Canons of the Council of Trent, translated from the original Latin, printed at Rome. 1562.

Universalism identified with Deism,—a pamphlet which comes before the public strongly recommended by the N. Y. Observer, Evangelist, Dr. Cox, and others.

S. COLMAN, of this city, has just published a new volume of Poems, by C. F. Hoffman, Esq., author of "Greyslaer," &c., under the title of "*The Vigil of Faith and other Poems*;"—one of the most choice specimens of book-making ever yet produced on this side of the Atlantic. It is really a *daintie book*. The principal poem is one of thrilling interest and exquisite beauty, and like the poems of Professor Longfellow, will command an extensive popularity, as well from its essentially intrinsic excellence as its external beauty.

Dr. Robinson of this city has a copy of the new and exceedingly beautiful edition, recently published in Germany by Tittmann and Hahn, of *The Greek Testament*. This edition is pronounced to be the most perfect that ever has, or it is believed can be produced. The editors have the reputation of being accomplished and accurate critics, and the volume further combines in notes the peculiarities in the readings of Griesbach, Knapp, Lachmann, &c.

D. S. KING, Boston, has in press a fourth volume of Poems, by Wm. B. Tappan.

A Commentary on the Book of Revelation, with notes, &c., by Professor Stewart, is said to be in preparation for the press: also,

A Commentary on the Book of Psalms, by Professor Stowe, of Cincinnati.

Bancroft and Sparks are each, it is said, occupied in preparing independent "Histories of the American Revolution."

An Abridgment of Dr. Robinson's "Researches in Palestine," is in contemplation by the author.

Mr. Prescott's work on "The History of Mexico, and the Spanish Colonization of that Country," is, we learn, progressing rapidly towards completion.

CROCKER & BREWSTER announce —The complete works of Dr. Nathaniel Emmons.

Dr. Woods is engaged in preparing a History of the Theological Seminary, in six large 8vo vols.

Dr. Allen, formerly president of Bowdoin College, is occupied in writing "An Ecclesiastical History of New England," &c.

A new work, designed as introductory to the Study of Mental Philosophy, entitled "The Youth's Book of the Mind," by C. Pearl, is also in progress.

CAREY & HART, Philadelphia announce the following new works:

Quain's Complete Series of Anatomical Plates of the Viscera, Muscles, Blood Vessels, Nerves, and Bones, comprising upwards of 200 4to Plates, with Descriptions and References to each Plate, and a Treatise on Anatomy—the whole to be completed in 1 vol. royal 4to, with Notes and additions, by J. Pancoast, M. D.; one of the Surgeons of the Philadelphia Hospital.

A complete edition of the Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith, one of the originators, and for a long time the editor of the Edinburgh Review.

Travels in Turkey, Greece, and the Holy Land; by E. J. Morris. 2 vols. plates.

Miscellanies, by Leigh Hunt. 1 vol.

Professor Wilson's Noctes Ambrosiana.

Mr. Griswold's Poets and Poetry of America. 1 vol. 8vo, plates.

Scott's Miscellanies. 2 vols.

Talfourd's Miscellanies. 2 vols.

The same firm are preparing a beautiful edition of Cowper, in 2 vols. 12mo, a perfect fac-simile of the recent London illustrated edition, with 75 exquisite wood-cuts.

LEA & BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, have in press, and will shortly publish—

Practical Geology and Mineralogy, with instructions for the qualitative analysis of Minerals; by Joshua Trimmer, F. G. S., with near two hundred and fifty wood-cuts, in 1 vol. 8vo.

A Manual of Medical Jurisprudence; by Dr. R. E. Griffith. 1 vol. 8vo.

A New Work on Chemistry, for the use of Students of Medicine; by Professor Bache, one of the authors of the United States Dispensatory, with numerous cuts.

The Elements of Materia Medica, comprehending the natural history, preparations, properties, composition, effect, and uses of medicine; by Jonathan Pereira, with modifications, notes, and additions, by an American Physician. 2 vols. 8vo.

Professor Chapman's New Work on the Fevers of the United States. 1 vol. 8vo.

On the Maternal Management of Children, in health and disease; by George Bull, M. D.

A New Work on the Principles and Practice of Surgery, with numerous woodcuts, forming part of the Library of Medicine.

The Anatomist's Vade Mecum; by Wilson, with numerous wood-cuts.

A New Work on the Diseases of the Eye; compiled from the last editions of Lawrence and Mackenzie. 1 vol. 8vo.

Principles of Human Physiology, with their chief applications to Pathology, Therapeutics, Hygiene, and Forensic Medicine, with illustrations on wood; by Dr. William B. Carpenter. 1 vol. 8vo.

An Abridgment of Muller's Physiology, with additions and alterations. 1 vol. 8vo.

An Atlas, illustrative of the Anatomy of the Human Body; by J. Cruveilhier, M. D., drawn from nature, by M. C. Bean, with Descriptions by C. Bonauy, M. D., to be published in 4to size, in parts—four plates in each part.

Bellingham's Materia Medica.

Christison's Dispensatory, or Commentaries on the Pharmacopœia of Great Britain.

Billing's Principles of Medicine, from the fourth London edition. (Just ready.)

The Student's Medical Library, embracing a series of Text Books, or Elementary Works, on the various branches of Medical Science—each branch to be complete in a single volume, and in a form and price calculated for extended circulation.

Cooper's New Sea Story—The Two Admirals.

A new edition of Encyclopædia Americana. 13 vols.

Moore's History of Ireland, complete in 1 vol. 8vo.

The admirers of Scottish Music and Song, will be gratified to learn, that J. DOBSON, of Philadelphia, is about to publish by subscription, at a very low price, an elegant edition of *Thomson's Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs for the voice*, with introductory and concluding symphonies and accompaniments for the Piano Forte; by Pleyel, Haydn, Beethoven, &c., with select and characteristic verses, both Scottish and English, adapted to the airs. The entire work will be comprised in five folio volumes, each containing about fifty melodies, and the last will contain an index and glossary. The work will be engraved throughout, and the price three dollars a volume to subscribers.

The same publisher has just published, Gurney's Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity. 1 vol. 18mo.

Æsop's Fables in French, with preliminary descriptions, including a French and English Dictionary.

Homœopathic Pharmacopœia and Posology, &c. By E. H. G. Jahr.

Monography of the Family Unionidæ of North America, in parts.

Fossils of the Medical Tertiary of the United States, in parts, and the

North American Herpetology, or description of the Reptiles of the United States. By Dr. J. E. Holbrook.

We observe by the prospectus of Mr. Schoolcraft, that he is about to commence a new and original work on the History and Antiquities of the American Indians, to be entitled "*Cyclopedia Indianensis*," or a General View of the Aboriginal Tribes of North and South America. Mr. S. has secured the aid of a number of literary and scientific gentlemen in this country and in Europe, where most of the embellishments, we understand, will be executed. The work will be issued in eight numbers at $1 50, forming, when complete, two large 8vo volumes. The reputation of the editor as a writer, and the extraordinary advantages he has enjoyed for becoming familiar with the character, history, and habits of numerous Indian tribes, are such as to afford the highest assurance of his ability to accomplish, in the most satisfactory manner, the important and interesting work which he has undertaken. (Publisher, GEORGE A. PETERS, of this city.)

Philosophy of Natural History, intended as a text book for academies, high-schools, and colleges; by Alonzo Gray, author of "Elements of Chemistry," "Elements of Scientific and Practical Agriculture," illustrated with more than two hundred engravings.

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## ENGLISH LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Among the forthcoming works which startle and interest us, is one entitled "The long lost work of Mr. Byers, on the Sepulchres of Tarquinia." The original prospectus of this work, we are informed, was issued in 1767, and the plates were drawn and engraved on the spot by Mr. Norton, under the superintendence and direction of Mr. Byers, while the paintings were fresh and comparatively uninjured. The deaths of Mr. Byers and Mr. Norton, together with the invasion of Italy by Napoleon, caused the work to be lost sight of, and the plates remained packed up at Leghorn from 1796 until 1840, when they were transmitted to England! There are, it appears, 57 plates in number, and the work is to appear forthwith. The first part will contain the Sepulchre described by Mrs. Hamilton Gray as the "Grotta del Tifone," and that supposed by her to be the "Grotta Intagliata," which she was not fortunate enough to see.

In a recent number we alluded to the

prospectus of the New Edition of Shakspeare's Plays and Poems, edited by J. Payne Collier, Esq., in which the great distinguishing feature contemplated, was the correction and emendation of the text, together with numerous additional and hitherto unpublished illustrative notes, &c. This announcement has since called forth another similar project from Mr. Charles Knight, the editor of the popular *Pictorial edition of Shakspeare*, now nearly completed. It is needless here to enter upon the question of the respective claims of the rival editors; one certainly HAS DONE much for the elucidation of recondite passages and obscure readings of the immortal bard, as well as presented to his numerous admirers the most beautiful edition of his writings which the world has ever seen, and therefore made the age his debtor; while the other, possessing the most undoubted qualifications for the task, and bringing to his aid the most unrivalled resources, will doubtless produce an edition hitherto unsurpassed, and probably never to be surpassed by any subsequent one, for the correctness and accuracy of its text.

A new work by F. Strong, entitled "Greece as a Kingdom," a descriptive statistical account of that country, &c., is in press: also,

The Recreations of Christopher North, the first volume of which will be issued in April. This work has been long wished for by the numerous admirers of Blackwood, and its appearance will be welcomed by thousands of delighted readers.

The Journal of a Tour in Greece and the Ionian Islands, in the spring of 1838, with remarks on the recent history, present state, and classical antiquities of those countries; by W. Mure, Esq., illustrated with original drawings, 2 vols.

The tenth and concluding volume of Alison's "History of Europe," is nearly ready, embracing the physical resources and political advantages of America, the war with that country, the congress of Vienna, the hundred days, the battle of Waterloo, &c., &c.

The new art of Lithotint, by which impressions are taken from original drawings made with the brush and liquid ink on stone, just in the same way as on paper, is at length, we observe, brought to maturity. This new process is said to afford the most satisfactory and surprising proofs of its capabilities, delineating with the utmost power of pictorial effect, combined with delicate minuteness of form and gradation of tint, surpassing in richness and brilliancy any mode of engraving, however elaborate and beautiful.

Egyptian Antiquities.—Dr. Pettigrew (the well-known librarian to the Duke of Sussex) has recently issued a prospectus of a dictionary of Egyptian Antiquities, to be published by subscription in monthly parts, under the title of "Encyclopædia Ægyptiaca." Of the utility of such a work there can be no question, and we hope that the author will be well supported by the public. Dr. Pettigrew proposes to treat, in a comprehensive manner, of all subjects relating to the geography, chronology, history, mythology, arts, sciences, and letters of ancient Egypt; and to accompany such descriptions from the best authorities and collections of Egyptian antiquities; to which copious references will be given. It is proposed to complete the work in from twenty to twenty-four parts.

Steam Navigation.—Our numerous scientific readers will feel obliged to us for thus early announcing that the enterprising London publisher, John Weale, has just published *a most valuable* appendix to Tredgold's new edition of his work on the Steam Engine and Steam Navigation. It contains among other important papers one contributed by the astronomer royal, on the "Results of Experiments on the disturbance of the Compass in Iron-built ships," accompanied with tables and most beautifully executed plates. We think it will be eagerly sought after here.

Thorp's Catalogue.—Another gigantic Catalogue, pp. 849! Mr. Thorpe richly deserves the patronage of the book-buying public, and the contents of this catalogue equal in curiosity and interest any that have emanated from his hands; and that is saying a great deal, when all the literary world know that he has always surpassed other bibliopolists in this line. The catalogue is exceedingly well compiled, and so great is the variety of its contents, that it will be found very valuable as a book of reference.

Still Another!—We think it incumbent on us to notice, which we do with pleasure, the publication of a new Magazine, and published, where, reader, do you think? Why, at Columbo, in the island of Ceylon! It is the first essay in the department of mensual literature in that island. The Magazine is of very moderate aspect and pretensions, but its contents are diversified and amusing—generally light, but, as in the instance of Mr. Lambert's "Remarks on the Cultivation of the Sugar Cane in that island," sometimes of a utilitarian quality.

A new German Grammar has recently been published in London by E. M. Heilner.

The Welsh are seeking to have the establishment of a professorship of the Welsh language and literature in the two senior Universities of England, Oxford and Cambridge.

An important work is announced for publication, to consist of fourteen volumes, entitled "A History of Dumont D'Urville's Expedition to the South Pole in 1837–40."

The Minister of Public Instruction at Paris, is superintending the forthcoming publication of the Letters of Henry IV. The correspondence of this conspicuous monarch is very prolific; his letters amounting to above 2500, more than 1500 of which have never yet met the public eye.

A new work by Professor Ullman, entitled "The Reformers before the Reformation," has been commenced, in 2 vols.

very truly, yours

A. H. Everett

Engd for the U S Magazine & Democratic Review

remained in Philadelphia for some months after the 18th June,

Engd. for the U. S. Magazine & Democratic Review

THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. X. MAY, 1842. No. XLVII.

## EDINBURGH REVIEW ON JAMES'S NAVAL OCCURRENCES, AND COOPER'S NAVAL HISTORY.

THE appearance of the last of the two works named in the heading of this article has, in a degree, revived the controversy concerning the nautical claims of the respective belligerents, during the wars between England and America. Agreeably to a species of tactics a good deal practised among our transatlantic relatives, whenever a case affecting national interests or national reputation arises, different portions of the duty of defence have been assigned to different parties—each according to his habits and qualifications. In this particular instance, the scurrilous has been assumed by one of the professional magazines; while the Edinburgh has undertaken the artful and more dignified office of mystifying. As we claim a right to preserve our own self-respect, we shall say nothing to, or of, the former of these assailants of the American book, while we deem the matter sufficiently of national importance to lay a brief reply to the latter before our readers, in an examination of its facts and reasoning. The renown of the navy is a noble portion of the property of the republic; and, as we conceive that this singularly disingenuous and illogical article of the Scottish periodical may have a tendency to cast a doubt over merit that we hold to be incontrovertible, when fairly considered, we shall depart from the usual practice of the craft, and review a reviewer.

The war of 1812 gave birth to many ephemeral works on the subject of its naval combats. Among others was a book written by a Mr. James, a person who had come to this country just before the commencement of hostilities, to seek his fortune as a veterinary surgeon; a profession which, of itself, offered no very probable qualifications to form a keen nautical critic. Mr. James remained in Philadelphia for some months after the 18th June,

but finally took refuge at Halifax. His peculiar situation had a tendency to sour his feelings, and he gave vent to his disappointments and antipathies in a pamphlet, in which he affected to expose the frauds and deceptions connected with the successes of the American marine. As this was a grateful subject to his countrymen, the success of the pamphlet gave birth to a thick octavo volume, which, in its turn, has been subsequently incorporated with a general and much larger work on the English Naval History. The peculiar felicity discovered by Mr. James in the art of extenuating want of success, and in calumniating America and her naval men, has largely contributed towards rendering him popular at home; and it is no unusual thing for even officers of experience in that country to refer to his pages as furnishing evidence and reasoning that are deemed conclusive; with how much justice, it will presently be our office to expose. The Edinburgh, it is true, admits his want of tone; but it insists on his accuracy, and throughout the whole of its article on the recent work of Mr. Cooper, falls back on the figures, statements, and asseverations of James, for its own authority. As some pretence for this course, the reviewer affects to bring both works under examination, though, after magnanimously admitting that Mr. James is scarcely decent in his treatment of the American officers and American nation, it quietly assumes all his facts, and glorifies all his logic. Whenever he is at variance with Mr. Cooper, he refers to the pages of Mr. James in justification of his own position, coolly assuming that all the figures, measurements, and allegations of the latter are true—for a reason no better, as we can see, than the simple circumstance that his author has been pleased to advance them. In this manner it is easy to maintain any theory, when one has had the precaution to settle his authorities to his own satisfaction. In answer to this, we now propose to show that Mr. James is a writer of so loose a character, as to deserve no respect whatever; and that in all which depends on his own assertions—no small portion of his book, by the way—he is rather to be distrusted than confided in, and that his reasoning is as hollow as his statements are inaccurate. In doing this, our limits compel us to be brief, but we shall look for such cases as, in demonstrating his inaccuracies, will, at the same time, enable us to vindicate some American from his calumnies. Having thus disposed of its great authority, we shall take a rapid review of the merits of the Scottish critic in his individual capacity. This double tribute will compel us to extend our notice to two numbers of the Democratic Review, though we trust the interest of the subject itself will prevent that of the reader from languishing.

On the present occasion, then, our remarks will be confined exclusively to the "Naval Occurrences."

The Edinburgh, probably perceiving the objections that might naturally be urged against the nautical knowledge of the veterinary surgeon, quotes an eulogium of Capt. Chamier on this same person's nautical dexterity, in which the latter defies Capt. Brenton to point out a single instance, "only *one* nautical error in the whole of James's history; and this is perhaps the most wonderful part of the work," continues Capt. Chamier; "every word is right, is strictly correct." It is not in our power to give Capt. Brenton's answer to this defiance, but we intend to give our own. Throughout this article we shall quote from the edition of the Naval Occurrences that was printed at London in 1817.

In speaking of the action between the Wasp and Frolic, Mr. James says, p. 141, "But at that instant, the *Frolic's gaff-head braces being shot away*, and having no sail upon her main-mast, she became unmanageable," &c. &c. We suppose Capt. Chamier will admit there is no such thing in a ship as "a gaff-head brace." Mr. James might as well have talked of the *carotid artery of a horse's hoof*, as to talk of a "*gaff-head brace.*" Nevertheless, he does speak of it, and attaches important consequences to its loss! The idea of a vessel's reeving a brace to the end of a gaff, and this, too, in heavy weather, is just as absurd to the seaman, as it would be to the naturalist to speak of a squirrel's bearing the burden of the camel. The solution of this blunder is very simple, and it goes at once to prove the truth of Capt. Brenton's remark, and the difficulty of a landsman's writing intelligently of things that are strictly nautical. Capt. Whinyates of the Frolic has a statement similar to this of Mr. James's, in his published official letter, but it is evidently a *misprint;* it having been his intention to say, "The gaff *and* head braces being shot away, the brig became unmanageable," as well she might, having no main-yard. If Capt. Chamier is not satisfied with this proof of absurd ignorance on the part of his author—of the difference between repeating like a parrot, and of understanding a subject—we can furnish him with a plenty of other instances. But, having thus accidentally commenced with the combat between the Wasp and the Frolic, we will inquire further into James's accuracy concerning the incidents of this short and bloody conflict.

The account of the engagement between the Wasp and Frolic commences at p. 139 of the "Naval Occurrences." It contains the usual jeremiad about invalid seamen and other disabilities on the part of the English ship, with some very pretty exaggerations concerning the equipment of her adversary. "Never was a finer crew seen," he adds, "than was on board the Wasp. She

had four lieutenants; and while the Frolic had only one midshipman, and he a boy, the Wasp had 12 or 13 midshipmen; chiefly masters and mates of merchantmen, stout able men, each of whom could take charge of a ship," &c. &c. pp. 150, 151.

This is probably the first instance on record of such a disparity in midshipmen! Mr. James gives no proofs of what he says, but simply asserts. On our part, we will assert, too. Not a midshipman of the Wasp, so far as we can discover, and we knew most of them at the time, was ever the master or mate of a merchantman. Even the superior officers were far from being old seamen. The Wasp had an extra lieutenant in the present Commodore Biddle, it is true, though borne on the books; and Mr. Rapp, one of her midshipmen, acted in the place of the late Commodore Claxton, who was on the sick list. Capt. Jones had been a sailor 13 years when he took the Frolic; Mr. Biddle, 12; Mr. Rodgers, 8; Mr. Booth, 6; Mr. Claxton, 6; and Mr. Rapp, 5. Thus the majority of the ward-room officers were quite young seamen, let the midshipmen have been what they might. Of the latter, there were but 6 or 8 on board, and most of them were young in years and young in service. We will now go into the arithmetic.

Captain Whinyates, of the Frolic, says, in his official letter—"At length the enemy boarded, and made himself master of the brig, every individual officer being wounded, and the greater part of the men either killed or wounded, there *not being* 20 *persons remaining unhurt.*" Now as the English recaptured this brig within an hour or two after she was taken by the Americans, as the battle occurred on the 18th October, 1812, and as the letter of Captain Whinyates was written on the 23d of the same month, it is probable the latter had time and opportunity to ascertain the facts. But, in the steelyard and arithmetical war that succeeded, it was desirable to diminish this loss as much as possible, and Mr. James gives the following account of the matter, viz:—

| | *Men.* | *Boys.* | *Passenger.* | *Total.* | *Killed.* | *Wounded.* | *Total K. & W.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Crew of Frolic, | 98 | 11 | 1 | 110 (p. 149.) | 15 | 47 | 62 (p. 147.) |

To this our historian adds: "Not above 20 *men remained on the Frolic's* DECK *unhurt*, the remainder were below, attending the wounded, and performing other duties there." Here Mr. James endeavors to explain away Captain Whinyates's plain statement, of not "20 persons remaining unhurt," by confining the allusion *to those on* DECK. Let us see how his account of the matter will hold good:—

| *Crew.* | *Killed and Wounded.* | *Unhurt in all.* | *Capt. Whinyates' unhurt.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 110 | 62 | 48 | 20 |
| 62 | | 20 | |
| 48 | | Below, 28 | |

Here then we have 28 men occupied below, in a sloop of war, at the most critical moment of a bloody battle! In addition, the men on a sloop of war's berth-deck are almost as much exposed in action, as those on her spar-deck. If 6 men were stationed below, in such a vessel, it was probably ample, and this would leave 22 philanthropists attending to the 48 wounded, (half of whom were found lying on the upper deck, by the way,) with the enemy coming over the brig's bows! Mr. James puts more than a fourth of the Frolic's men below, out of harm's way, in this extraordinary combat!

In point of fact, but *one* unwounded man was found by the Americans, on the Frolic's decks. The remainder did what men of all nations will do, under such circumstances—they ran below. The brave fellow who remained was at the wheel, and Mr. Cooper mentions his firmness with commendation. The officers were found at their posts, as became them, but the seamen took shelter, as they had a right to do, when resistance was useless. There can be no manner of doubt that Captain Whinyates meant to say that not 20 *of all on board* were unhurt, and he was near the truth, for the Frolic lost from 90 to 100 men; probably somewhere between the two.

Mr. James gives the world a specimen of private malignancy, in connexion with his account of this battle. While practising in his profession, it is understood that he had a misunderstanding with one of the Biddle family, which grew out of the fate of a horse that paid the tribute of nature under his treatment. The feelings which this affair produced manifest themselves in the Naval Occurrences! He says, "Mr. Biddle's family" (Commodore Biddle is meant) "resides in Philadelphia, within a door or two of Mr. Clark's publisher; who therefore could do no less than insert his neighbor's account of the action. But, in justice to a gallant young man, it is but fair to state, that Lieutenant Rodgers, of the Wasp, was the first American officer on board the Frolic."—p. 146. Now, in the first place, there is not the slightest evidence that Mr. Biddle, or his father, or any one of his name, had the least connexion with Mr. Clark's account, which Mr. James quotes; and then it is a matter of history, that, when some discussion took place in the journals of the day, concerning the officer first on board, *Mr. Rodgers himself, under his own name, frankly admitted it was Mr. Biddle.* We can say, in addition, that we had this declaration ourselves, from Mr. Rodgers's own mouth. The late George Rodgers was a brave fellow, and of an excellent heart, and he behaved well in the battle; but, to use his own words, "Mr. Biddle had the chance, and he profited by it." A pretty historian this!

We will next turn to Mr. James's statements concerning the battle of Lake Erie. These commence at p. 283, and are continued to p. 297. The documents connected with this part of the subject are to be found between p. lxxxii. and p. xcix., Appendix. At p. 284, we find the following table of the British force on the lake, in May, 1813; or, at a time when the Americans had not a single cruiser in those waters, viz:—

| *Vessels.* | *Guns.* | Complements. *Canadians.* | *Soldiers.* | *Total.* | *Tons.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Queen Charlotte, sch. - - | 16 | 40 | 70 | 110 | 280 |
| Lady Prevost, sch. - - | 12 | 30 | 46 | 76 | 120 |
| Gen. Hunter, brig, - - | 10 | 20 | 19 | 39 | 74 |
| Erie, sch. - - - - - - | 3 | 6 | 9 | 15 | 55 |
| Little Belt, sloop, - - | 3 | 6 | 9 | 15 | 54 |
| Chippewa, sch. - - - | 1 | 6 | 7 | 13 | 32 |
| Total, - - | 45 | 108 | 160 | 268 | 615 |

It is by documents like this, filled with a pretending particularity, that Mr. James endeavors to gain credit. Not a word does he say concerning his authorities, but who can dispute the veracity of a writer that knows the tonnage of the Little Belt to have been exactly 54 tons, while that of the Erie was *one* ton more? In order to see how writers can differ, we shall give the following comparative view of this tonnage, placing Mr. James's statement alongside of that of certain appraisers, employed by the American government to ascertain the dimensions of these very vessels, when it became necessary to value them as prizes, viz.:—

| | *Mr. James's Tonnage.* | *Appraisers' Tonnage.* |
|---|---|---|
| Queen Charlotte, - - - | 280 - - - | about 400 |
| Lady Prevost, - - - | 120 - - - | - 230 |
| Gen. Hunter, - - - - | 74 - - - | - 180 |
| Little Belt, - - - - | 54 - - - | near 100 |
| Chippewa, - - - - | 32 - - - | " 100 |

It was not to refute Mr. James by means of any appraisers, however, that we have given the foregoing table; but to refute him by means of himself. In order to do this, a few explanations become necessary.

All the vessels mentioned in Mr. James's table, as having been in service on Lake Erie in May, 1813, were in the battle of the 10th September, but the Erie. Deducting the 15 men given as the complement of this schooner, the total of the five other crews would be as follows, viz.:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Total of the six vessels - - - - - - - | 268 |
| Deduct Erie's crew - - - - - - - - | 15 |
| Remainder - - - - - - - - | 253 |

According to Mr. James himself, then, the five vessels of the six he names in his table, that were in the battle, had crews of 253 men, in May; or, at a moment when the Americans had not a vessel on the lake. Luckily, Mr. James also furnishes the proof — if proof of such a fact could be wanting — that these crews were increased in preparation for serious service. In his Appendix, p. xcvi., he gives us an extract from the minutes of the court which sat on the surviving officers after the battle of the 10th September. In these minutes, Lieut. Stokoe, of the Queen Charlotte, says, — "We had on board (the Queen Charlotte) between 120 and 130 men, officers and altogether." The mean of 120 and 130 is 125, and we have a right to take this number as that of the crew of the vessel in question, during the battle. This is an increase which, applied to the other four vessels, will give us the following proposition, viz.: —

As 110, the Charlotte's crew in May, are to 253, the complement of the five vessels; so are 125, the Charlotte's crew in September, to the answer — or

$$110 : 253 :: 125 : 287\tfrac{55}{110}$$

This, too, is on the supposition that the crews of the smaller vessels were only increased in the same ratio as that of the Queen Charlotte; whereas it is scarcely possible any craft would be deliberately taken into such a fight with only 18 or 20 men. It is probable the crews of the smaller vessels were at least doubled for the occasion; but, as our object is to discredit Mr. James by means of his own book, we will let the proposition stand as it is.

It follows, then, that the five vessels mentioned in Mr. James's table, as having 253 men in May, must have had at least 287 in the battle. But there was a sixth vessel, the Detroit, much larger and heavier than the Queen Charlotte, put into the water between May and September, which was the commanding ship in the engagement, and which, out of all doubt, had a considerably stronger crew than the Queen Charlotte. She is stated to have been of about 500 tons, and her armament consisted of long guns, 24s, 18s, 12s, and 9s. If the Charlotte had 125 men in the battle, it is not at all probable that the Detroit had less than 150. Add this number to the 287 substantially shown by Mr. James's own statements to have been in the other five vessels, and we get 437 for the total of all the crews. This is known to be some 20 or 30 men short of the killed, wounded, and prisoners found in the vessels, but we are now reasoning on Mr. James's own premises. Nevertheless, directly in the face of these truths, which ought to have struck every man who set about a serious inquiry as to the

facts, this writer coolly says, p. 289, in speaking of the battle, "The complements of the six British vessels consisted of 50 seamen (including officers and boys), 85 Canadians of all sorts and sizes, and 210 soldiers of the Newfoundland and 41st regiments; total 345." Now, we will make two or three propositions in order to prove the value of this statement, which, it will be remembered, is produced with the same unhesitating particularity as most of his other details; these details giving his work its exceeding value in English eyes.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Queen Charlotte, as proved on oath | | | 125 |
| Lady Prevost, as stated in May | | | 76 |
| Hunter, | do. | do. | 49 |
| Little Belt | do. | do. | 15 |
| Chippewa | do. | do. | 13 |
| | | | 278 |

By deducting this number from 345, Mr. James's total, we get the following as the result, viz.:—

345
278
—
67 men as the complement of the Detroit!

Giving to the other vessels only the same rate of increase, in preparation for the battle, as is shown to have been given to the Charlotte, and we get the following, viz.:—

345
287
—
58 as the complement of the Detroit!

Again: assuming that the Detroit, a much heavier ship in tonnage and armament, had only the same number of men as the Charlotte, we get the following, viz.:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Detroit | 125 men. |
| Charlotte | 125 proved on oath. |
| Prevost | 76 as shown in May. |
| Hunter | 19 — 30 less than in May. |
| Belt | 00 |
| Chippewa | 00 |
| | 345 Mr. James's total. |

Once more: assuming that the Detroit had her fair proportion of men — which is probable, as Capt. Barclay was in her, and she was his main reliance, there being no scarcity of *soldiers* and *Canadians* certainly, to meet all his wants — and we get the following result, viz.:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Detroit - - - - - - - | 150, probable. |
| Charlotte - - - - - - | 125, proved. |
| Prevost - - - - - - - | 70, 6 less than in May. |
| Hunter - - - - - - | 00 |
| Belt - - - - - - - | 00 |
| Chippewa - - - - - - | 00 |
| | 345 Mr. James's total. |

After this, who can pretend that Mr. James's boasted details are anything more than impudent assertions, unsustained by evidence, and opposed to reason? We are satisfied, after a minute examination of all the evidence, that this writer has diminished the total of the British crews in the battle of Lake Erie by about one-third; but our aim has been to convict him "out of his own mouth." We will now turn to the battle of Plattsburg Bay.

Mr. James's history of the movements on Lake Champlain commences at p. 401. Like all his statements, those connected with this part of the war are distinguished for hardihood of assertion and minuteness of details; the two combined forming his authority. Let us look a little into their value.

Like all vulgar-minded men, Mr. James is most bitter against those who have gained most honor in the conflicts with his country. The victory of Plattsburg Bay is one of those which reflect the greatest honor on the American name, and our author betrays his bitterness in a very just proportion to the credit of the affair. He is particularly abusive of Capt. M'Donough, against whom he brings some charges of the grossest character, one of which includes a direct imputation on that modest and upright officer's veracity. Passing over, in this, as in all the cases we introduce, a great deal of erroneous statement and crude reasoning, we will come at once to points that admit of the historian's being exposed without much circumlocution, or any means for cavilling.

First, then, as to the force of the Confiance, the enemy's principal vessel. Mr. James gives it as follows, viz.: "The Confiance mounted 26 long 24s upon the main or flush deck; also two carronades, 32-pounders, out of the bridle or bow ports, and the same out of the stern-ports. Upon the poop were mounted four carronades, 24-pounders; and upon the top-gallant forecastle two carronades, 24-pounders, together with a long 24-pounder upon a traversing carriage. But, in consequence of there being only a ridge-rope, or rail, round either the poop or the top-gallant forecastle, the guns there stationed were disabled after the first discharge. They will, however, be estimated as part of the ship's force; but not the carronades out of the bridle and stern ports, because they could not be used in broadside. Therefore, al-

though the Confiance mounted, altogether, 37 guns, she fought 17 only upon the broadside."—pp. 413, 414.

Mr. Cooper makes the number of the Confiance's guns the same as Mr. James, with this important difference, however, that he makes *all* the main-deck guns long 24s, and all available in broadside.

The first objection to Mr. James's account is in his reasoning. *Had* the Confiance a gun in the bridle-port, as stated, it might have been worked, since the Eagle lay on her larboard bow, and precisely in such a situation as would have rendered this gun, of all the Confiance's armament below, the most useful against that particular antagonist. The same would probably have been equally true as to a gun in a stern-port, the American line extending so far south as to permit a short gun in that situation to be trained on it. In a combat between single ships Mr. James's reasoning might apply; but in a combat between 13 or 14 vessels of a side, it would not.

But Mr. James's facts are even more faulty than his reasoning. He gives no authority for his statements whatever, satisfying himself with saying that the Confiance mounted only 13 long 24s, in broadside, on her main-deck, when, in truth, she mounted 15. We happen to have at our command two letters from competent witnesses on this subject, that we are permitted to publish. They are both addressed to Mr. Cooper, and have been written under the following circumstances: In 1817, the present Commodore Read, then a master commandant, went to Lake Erie to sit on a court-martial. After discharging his duty at Erie, this officer returned to the coast by Montreal and Champlain, visiting the ships on both lakes. In New York he met Mr. Cooper, who had a conversation with him concerning the force of the respective squadrons, in the two battles of which we have been treating. Mr. Cooper got his first impressions of the great odds against which M'Donough contended from this interview, and recalling the circumstance, he, quite recently, addressed his old friend Commodore Read on the subject, and received the following answer, with liberty to publish it, if he saw proper, viz.:—

"PHILADELPHIA, March 17, 1842.

"MY DEAR SIR: I very well recollect meeting you in New York in 1817, on my return from the lakes, and of conversing with you about the vessels on Lake Champlain, in particular. I was then of opinion, and am still, that the English were greatly superior to the Americans in the battle of Plattsburg Bay, and that the Confiance, a ship which I examined very closely, was sufficient of herself, under ordinary circumstances, to have taken two or three such vessels as the Saratoga. The two ships lay alongside of each other at the time I saw them, and the English vessel was so obviously superior in tonnage and force, as to leave

little doubt on my mind of her ability, I might almost say, to defeat the whole of M'Donough's squadron.

"I feel quite certain the Confiance was pierced for 15 guns of a side, on her main-deck, and I understand these guns were long 24s. Her armament was not in her, at the time of my visit, but some three or four guns that remained were of this weight. I do not think the Confiance had any proper bridle ports at all, though she may not have had the usual space between the forward gun and the eyes of the ship. I am, dear sir,

Very respectfully yours,
(Signed) GEO. C. READ.

"*J. Fenimore Cooper, Esquire.*"

Here is an intelligent and careful officer giving his testimony, after a personal inspection, that the Confiance was pierced for 30 guns on her main-deck, or 15 in broadside; whereas Mr. James asserts she was pierced for only 26, or 13 in broadside. But Mr. Cooper addressed another letter to Capt. Lavallette, on the same subject. This gentleman, then known as Lieut. Vallette, took possession of the Confiance when she surrendered, and remained in charge of her two months, or until she was laid up. Mr. Vallette commanded the ship six or eight times longer than any other man, while she had all her armament in her, and is the *best* witness the case allows. We are permitted to publish an extract or two from his letter to Mr. Cooper, also. They are in the following words, viz.:—

"BARNUM'S HOTEL, BALTIMORE, March 18, 1842.

"MY DEAR SIR: I am in the receipt of your letter of the 7th, which followed me round about, and found me here, sitting as a member of a general court-martial, and which may account for the delay in answering. In reply, I unhesitatingly allow you to make use of my name as authority for the following facts, in relation to the Confiance, captured during the late war, on Lake Champlain, and her opponent, the Saratoga."

"Armament, in guns and metal, of Confiance: *Main-deck*, 30 *twenty-four pound long guns.* (Signed) E. A. F. LAVALLETTE."

We shall presently have occasion to quote farther from this letter. Now, here is unexceptionable proof opposed to Mr. James's assertion; Mr. James, who never could have seen the vessel. The two officers quoted are men of high character, and every way competent to speak of what they saw and knew. So accurate have been the recollections of Com. Read and Mr. Cooper as to what passed between them, that the latter first stated to a friend what had been said, and then calling on Com. Read for his recollections, that officer repeated almost in the same language all that had passed nearly twenty-five years before.

Mr. James adds: "Com. M'Donough, in a second official letter, says—'The Saratoga was twice set on fire by hot shot fired from the enemy's ship.' The latter part of this assertion is as

GROSS A FALSEHOOD AS EVER WAS UTTERED; and, FROM THE NOTORIOUS FACT that neither the Confiance, nor any of the British vessels, had a furnace on board, THE WRITER MUST (shame to say!) HAVE KNOWN IT TO BE A FALSEHOOD."—p. 415.

This is a case of incorrectness united to indecency. When a gentleman is certain of his fact, he is usually guarded in his expressions of disbelief in others. But here is, substantially, the lie direct given to Capt. M'Donough, under circumstances which leave every reason to suppose that Mr. James proceeded on mere rumor. One would think the Edinburgh must have seen these truths, and that it would have felt shame at quoting authority so evidently intemperate as to excite distrust as to motives. Then the reasoning is as weak, as the statement itself is untrue. To add to the absurdity of the whole, Mr. James goes on to say: "Lieutenant (now Captain) Robertson, of the Confiance, has declared, that the Saratoga *certainly received some hot shot in the action*, but that it must have been from the American batteries—much more likely places to find furnaces for heating shot, than on board the just launched, half-equipped Confiance."—p. 415.

We propose to examine these extracts, which form a continued paragraph in the "Occurrences," as to their reasoning and truth; and this with the double view of defending the high-minded and regretted M'Donough from a foul aspersion, and of exposing to the world the sort of logic that the Edinburgh deigns to deem authority in matters affecting national renown. We will commence with the latter duty.

"And from the NOTORIOUS FACT, that neither the Confiance, nor any of the British vessels, had a furnace on board," says Mr. James, "the writer must (shame to say!) have known it to be a falsehood." Now, at the first glance, a fact like this mentioned by Mr. James could never be *notorious*. The knowledge would have been *negative*, in effect; and who will say that a *negative*, which can only be known by minute examination, and which might be converted into an *affirmative* fact, at any moment, by five minutes' work, could, in the nature of things, become *notorious*? The British had 15 or 16 sail of vessels, any one of which could have carried a furnace; they were employed until the day preceding the battle (probably until late at night) taking in stores; and what single individual even, except he who actually inspected each vessel after all communication with the shore had ceased, could take upon himself to say there was not a furnace in the squadron? Much less could this *negative* fact be *notorious*. Even the affirmative fact of the *presence* of a furnace could not be *notorious*, unless by open practice before all eyes; while the

*notoriety* of the *negative* fact is very near a moral impossibility. Then comes the puerility of the argument, that a furnace could not be on board the "just launched, half-equipped Confiance." A travelling furnace, or a ship's furnace, could be hoisted upon the deck of a vessel like the Confiance in two minutes, by the watch, if not in less time. Mr. James admits there were 39 heavy guns on board this ship, and several furnaces could have been struck on the ship's deck while one heavy gun was going through the same process. Sir George Prevost's army, an invading and besieging force, could not have been without furnaces.

But Capt. M'Donough says nothing of any furnace; he merely says his ship was twice set on fire by *hot shot*, thrown from the Confiance. Shot, *two* shot especially, might have been heated in the galley fire, quite as easily as the leg of an andiron is thus heated in a common parlor fire. Then there is always the armorer's forge in a vessel of war, which will heat shot, like a blacksmith's forge. What adds to the absurdity of Mr. James's argument is, his own admission of the fact that the Saratoga was *certainly set on fire by hot shot*, but that he thinks these shot must have come from the American batteries. If true, it follows that the American ships, instead of being assisted by their own batteries, as was the original English excuse for the defeat, were set on fire by them! No English vessel was thus set on fire, and it would follow that the American batteries aided the enemy. But no American battery had anything to do with the action, or *could* have anything to do with the battle, with the exception of a small one-gun battery on Crab Island, that was suddenly manned by the seamen of the hospital, and which fired a shot or two into the Finch, when that vessel touched on the shoal, and compelled her to surrender. Capt. Pring, in his official account of his own defeat, would scarcely have omitted so material a circumstance, had his opponents been aided by any batteries. He says not a word about them. But Mr. James himself subsequently admits that the American batteries did not fire! saying—"Although the American batteries on shore, it is believed, *did not fire*, except at the *Finch*, (and yet, whence came the hot shot that struck the Saratoga?) they could completely cover the American gun-boats, in case any attempt had been made to carry them by boarding," &c.—p. 423. This contradictory jumble passes for history with the Edinburgh! The assertion that batteries nearly two miles distant could have prevented the English boats from boarding the American, had the former ventured on the experiment, is tantamount to saying that American gunnery is so exquisite as to sin-

gle out an enemy from a friend in the *mêlée* and smoke of a battle, when guns must be greatly elevated to reach at all.

The case now stands thus: Mr. James charges Capt. M'Donough with wilful falsehood in saying that his own ship was twice set on fire by hot shot *from the vessel he engaged*, when Mr. James allows that the ship in question was certainly set on fire by hot shot, though he confesses the American batteries could not have done it, and allows he cannot tell whence the missiles came. He plumply denies that they came from the British vessels, while he owns he cannot see that they came from any American source. It would be reasonable to suppose that such an injury came from an enemy, were that enemy less sublimated in his notions of honor than Mr. James affects to think his countrymen; for he evidently takes the favorite English ground that it is dishonorable to fire red-hot shot from a ship, lest, forsooth, the enemy should be blown up! The solution of all this is very simple. England, having obtained an admitted superiority over other nations in ordinary nautical warfare, was deadly opposed to the introduction of any inventions—such as torpedoes, hot shot, or bombs—that might equalize chances and overcome that superiority; and hence her writers long since set about moralizing on the infamy of blowing up a man afloat, while as many as you please may be blown up on shore: witness the Paixhan guns and Congreve rockets. It is as a disciple of this subtle school of casuists that Mr. James so indignantly repels the charge that the Confiance used hot shot at Plattsburg Bay. We will now set the matter at rest by positive evidence.

Capt. Lavallette, in his letter to Mr. Cooper, goes on to say—"There were several hot shot struck the Saratoga, one of which set fire to the spanker, several feet above the deck. Another burnt the bulwark, and exploded the contents of a salt box, in passing through. Several explosions occurred in different parts of the ship, supposed to have been caused by hot shot. I remember to have reported to Com. M'Donough that *there were a number of hot shot found on board the Confiance, immediately after the action;* but I have forgotten what was the manner of heating them—whether by a furnace expressly for the purpose, or whether by the ship's forge, or in what manner. Twenty-eight years have obliterated from my memory almost everything, except some of the most prominent points relative to the ships or action."

This, we trust, will dispose of the matter. The shot that came through the bulwarks could not be mistaken, for its direction must have been known, and the shot found in the Confiance are unequivocal testimony. Even Mr. James helps us to convict him-

self. He not only admits the existence of the hot shot, and the injury they did the Saratoga, but in his list of the Confiance's crew he enumerates *three Royal Artillerists*, who, we presume, were put on board expressly to manage these very hot shot!

We trust our object is understood. It is simply to show the real value of Mr. James as an authority; since, by destroying him in that light, we necessarily destroy all that depends on him. In furtherance of this intention, we come next to the *size* of the vessels in this very action, deeming it most expedient to adhere to the same events, for the purposes of clearness and connexion.

It has been proved that the Confiance was pierced on her main-deck for 15 guns of a side, instead of 13, as asserted by Mr. James. This would make a material difference in dimensions, as each gun required room. But Mr. James has one of his admired tables of particulars for this ship, which he produces with his accustomed confidence, though he neglects to tell us whence it is obtained. We copy it:—

| *Gun deck.* | *Actual keel.* | *Extreme breadth.* | *Draught of water.* | *Tons.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 146ft. 3in. | 138ft. | 36ft. 1½in. | 7ft. 10in. | 831. (p. 420.) |

It must, indeed, be a bold man who dare contradict all these inches and half-inches! We shall, notwithstanding, assume the risk. The way to calculate the tonnage, (English tonnage is meant by Mr. James,) is to multiply 138, the *actual keel*, or "straight rabbit," by 36ft. 1½in. or "breadth of beam," and this product again by 18ft. ¾in., for half the breadth of beam, or "depth of hold," and then divide the last product by 94, which will give the tonnage. We have done this twice, rejecting the inches, and make the result a little more than 913 tons, instead of 831, as given by Mr. James. This is an essential mistake to start with. We will now probe a little deeper.

Mr. James gives us the dimensions of the Endymion, a ship pierced for 13 long 24s of a side, and he makes her gun-deck 159ft. 3⅝in., p. 451. The space between the guns is always somewhat regulated by the size of the guns. The guns of the Endymion and of the Confiance were of the same weight; and as all these matters are generally subject to certain rules, is it probable that, in the *same* service, a ship with 15 long 24s of a side, would be 13ft. 5⅜in. *shorter* than one of 13 similar guns of a side? We think not. The Confiance and the American frigate Constitution had the same gun-deck armaments, and Mr. James makes the length of the Constitution's gun-deck 173ft. 3in. It is probable the Confiance had neither the length nor breadth of the Constitution, for the lake service did not require this of her, but she could not have been very much shorter. If the British observed the

proportions of the Endymion in another 24-pounder ship the result would be as follows: viz.—13 : 159 : : 15 : 183. But as the Endymion was a vessel of altogether peculiar construction, this is not probable. Mr. James quotes an extract from a Burlington, Vt. journal, of the day, which puts the gun-deck length of the Confiance at 460 feet. He admits that the 4 is probably a misprint. But make this length 160 feet, as was doubtless intended, and we get something, under all the circumstances, very like a reasonable length for the armament. The same account gives the ship 40 feet beam, which is also probable. Taking Mr. James's difference between the length of the gun-deck, and that of the "straight rabbit," at 8 feet, which is sufficient for a vessel with 8 feet draught of water, and we can come pretty near the truth. Here is our calculation:—

| | |
|---|---|
| *Straight rabbit,* | 94)120,000(1276$\frac{56}{94}$ English tonnage. |
| say only 150 feet, allowing fractions. | 94 |
| 40 breadth of beam. | —— |
| —— | 260 |
| 6000 | 188 |
| 20 depth of hold. | —— |
| —— | 720 |
| 120,000 | 658 |
| | —— |
| | 620 |
| | 564 |
| | —— |
| | 56 |

We had made this calculation, on the evidence we had, before Capt. Lavallette's letter was put into our hands. That gentleman says—"I *believe* the tonnage of the Confiance was 1120, and that of the Saratoga 630." This is American tonnage, which would make a small difference, raising the Confiance to 1200 tons, and the Saratoga to about 675—or thereabouts. It would follow from all this, that Mr. James has diminished the size of the Confiance by nearly one-third, and increased that of the Saratoga, which he puts at 800 tons, by more than one-seventh. We shall have occasion to touch on this battle again, when we come to deal directly with the Edinburgh.

Let us now turn to the action between the Constitution and the Guerriere, the first serious engagement of the war. Mr. James opens his narrative of that affair in the following pathetic language:—"Thus situated were the navies of the two countries, when His Majesty's ship Guerriere, *with damaged masts*, a reduced complement, and in absolute need of that thorough refit for which she was then, *after a very long cruise*, speeding to Halifax, encountered the U. S. ship Constitution, seventeen days only from

port, manned with a full complement, and in all respects fitted for war."—p. 97.

The logic of this paragraph reverses the common sense mode of reasoning. A man of war seventeen days out, is assumed to be in a better fighting condition than one that has been cruising a twelvemonth. As well might it be pretended that a regiment of recruits is in better order than one that has had six months of severe drill. In point of fact, the Constitution received on board her crew (the last draft of about 100 men reaching her only on the 11th July, or the evening before she sailed from Annapolis) between the 1st and 12th July, and she took the Guerriere on the 19th August. As for the *very long cruise* of the latter ship, it is pure fiction. She was on the American station, and had been cruising for more than a year between Halifax and Bermuda, rendering it improbable she could seriously want for any thing. It is believed that all Com. Broke's squadron came out of Halifax together, after the arrival of the Belvidera, or about the close of June. The Guerriere, however, may have been met at sea, but she could not be in want of anything very material, because her ports were always at hand, she had quite lately been in squadron, and her prizes might have supplied her.

As to the masts, Capt. Dacres, in his defence, says, "The main-mast fell without being struck by a single shot—the heart of the mast being decayed, and it was carried away solely with the weight of the fore-mast." This leaves us to infer that the two other masts were sound. But Capt. Dacres himself says, "The loss of the ship is to be ascribed to the early fall of the *mizen-mast*," a spar that was sound. Not a shot was fired by the Constitution after the Guerriere's fore and main-mast fell, and even Mr. James says, "The Guerriere was greatly shattered in her hull; so much so, that, *in spite of all the efforts of the Americans*, she, at day-light on the morning succeeding the action, was in a sinking condition."—p. 102. "The Guerriere's loss in the action was severe."—p. 102. Captain Dacres says, in his defence,—"She was so completely shattered that the enemy found it impossible to refit her," &c. "The Guerriere was so cut up, that all attempts to get her in would have been useless." The loss of the Constitution "was trifling." Now all this damage was done *before the rotten mast fell*, and consequently was quite independent of that defect; and yet we heard of nothing but rotten masts for six months after the battle. The facts are, the Guerriere was overmatched in force, and the Constitution, in addition, was the better fought vessel. An intelligent historian would have seen all this, and a manly writer would have said it, without entering into

silly apologies about "very long cruises," and deficiencies that had no connexion with the result.

It is in our power to explain one of the charges which Mr. James, less than usual in his random, ill-bred manner, brings against Capt. Hull. He deems it odd that this officer, in his published official report, does not mention the force of the Guerriere. The fact is undeniably so; and a certain *sous-entendu* about that letter had struck us as singular, and requiring explanation. In the indulgence of certain naval propensities, however, we have reached the solution of the difficulty. Capt. Hull wrote a full report of his battle, in the usual way, and sent it off, on reaching port; but, fearful of having said too much, he wrote a second, which went by the next mail, conveying a request in its envelope, that if either was to be published it might be the last; or, to use something very like his own language, "the less that was said about a good thing, the better." With so little *art*, however, was the second letter prepared, that it assumed the reader knew facts related in the first. Both letters are on file in the Department, and it might be well to publish the first, as an historical curiosity. It is a plain, good letter, of which Capt. Hull has no reason to be ashamed.

But Mr. James does not confine his charges against Captain Hull to the vagueness of the letter that was published, finding in it other grounds of accusation. He complains that Captain Hull should call the Guerriere a "fine ship," when he insists on it that the Constitution was a much finer. "By a *fine ship* is meant," he says, p. 113, "a ship possessing some extraordinary qualifications, either of *size*, *force*, or of both. 'Fine,' is not an *absolute*, but a *relative* term. How then are we to judge of the officer, who, sitting in the cabin of, truly, so fine a ship as the Constitution, writes home to his government, that, with that ship under his command, he has captured '*so fine a ship* as the Guerriere?'"

In the first place, Mr. James does not quote Captain Hull fairly. The words of that officer are—"After informing you that so fine a ship as the Guerriere, commanded by an able and experienced officer, had been totally dismasted, and otherwise cut to pieces, so as not to make her worth towing into port, *in the short space of thirty minutes*, you can have no doubt of the gallantry," &c. &c. This is a very different thing from dwelling on the abstract qualities of the vessel. It was the *time* and the *manner* in which the work was done, that are cause for just exultation in that battle, no nautical man doubting the Constitution's superiority of force. Then, again, fine is a *positive* and not a *relative* term. "*Finer*" is relative, but "fine" *is* an abstract term, in its com-

mon meaning at least, nor has it anything to do with *force* or *size*. A ship might be as large as the Pennsylvania, and anything but a fine ship. Our veterinary surgeon has been accustomed to hear large horses, like large women, called fine horses, as we say a fine woman, and has supposed the rule applies to ships. A fine ship is a *good* ship of her class and force, let these be what they may.

Mr. James never hesitates about a fact. Particularity is his forte, and he evidently fancies if he can appear to tell how many boys there are in a vessel, or how many inches or half-inches in her beam, the minuteness of his information must silence all objections. Perhaps the literature of the world does not contain a parallel instance of such pretending ignorance, to call it by a mild term, as this very book. Nor does the author seem to think it at all necessary to mention his own authorities, but he gives all the details of a foreign service, concerning which his proofs must be at least doubtful, with just the same confidence as he gives those of his own. Speaking of the force of the Chesapeake, in her encounter with the Leopard, he says: "The Chesapeake mounted, at this time, 28 long 18-pounders upon the main-deck, 14 carronades, 32-pounders (leaving a vacant port on each side) upon the quarter-deck; two carronades, 32-pounders, and two long 12-pounders (leaving three vacant ports on each side) upon the forecastle; total, 46 guns. This was her peace establishment. Her books bore the names of 440; but, among those, were 25 runnings and discharges: consequently, her actual complement consisted of 415; including 10 boys or lads."—pp. 70, 71.

Now, all this confident detail is well calculated to impose on the ignorant. Mr. James, by this account, makes the Chesapeake pierced for 54 guns, although he places no armament in the waist. It is probable no ship that was pierced for only 28 guns below, ever was pierced for more than 22 on her quarter-deck and forecastle, viz.: 14 aft, and 8 forward. Mr. Cooper, with better means to get the truth than Mr. James, says that the Chesapeake *mounted* but 40 guns, in her encounter with the Leopard. We fortunately possess the evidence necessary to verify this statement.

The court-martial that tried Commodore Barron, sat on board the Chesapeake. On that occasion, as a matter of form, it was thought necessary to ascertain the ship's force, by a question put to a single witness, who happened to be the present Commodore Crane, the first person examined. The answer was, "She carries 40 guns; 28 18-pounders, and 12 32-pound carronades." Captain Gordon was asked the number of the crew, and he said, "I refer you to the quarter-bill. I believe, about 375, however." Now,

Mr. Crane made his statement in the ship itself, where any one might have stepped out of the cabin, and ascertained the truth with his own eyes, in a few minutes. Captain Gordon's statement, also, was in conformity with the practice of the navy, this being about the usual complement for ships of that size.

The reader will understand we are not searching for misstatements of Mr. James, merely; these occur literally on nearly every page; but our aim is to point out such errors as will admit of the clearest refutation, at the least labor to ourselves. We shall next advert to a flagrant misrepresentation of the writer, in connexion with Commodore Chauncey, an officer who has perhaps had less justice done to his services than almost any other in the American marine. As this brave man is now dead, we feel a melancholy pleasure in relieving his memory from an elaborate bit of what may almost be called calumny, that Mr. James has heaped upon it. We undertake the office the more readily, because the Edinburgh Review appears to consider Mr. James, on this, as on other occasions, authority of the highest character.

At the opening of the navigation on Lake Ontario, in 1814, the British had obtained a superiority of force, by building during the winter. They had got into the water two heavy frigates, the Prince Regent 58, and Princess Charlotte 42, and it became necessary for the Americans to remain in port, until they could get the Superior 62, and Mohawk 42, ready to meet them. During this interval Sir James Yeo appeared off Sackett's Harbor, blockading the port. Mr. James endeavors to show, by means of his usual circumstantiality, that Commodore Chauncey was blockaded at a time when he was materially superior to his enemy in force. His erroneous and vaporing account of the matter will be found spread over pp. 394, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 400, and 401. "Admitting it was prudent," he says, p. 399, "not to be provoked by Sir James's cannon at Oswego, (where he had one vessel short of the number comprised in the statement,) what reasonable excuse had Commodore Chauncey for submitting to the indignity of being blockaded; and that, too, by an officer whom he had boasted of having so often 'chased round the lake?'" He says, further, p. 395, that Sir James blockaded Sackett's Harbor "till the early part of July;" having previously put into the water, by the Americans, all the vessels that were necessary to give them a superiority of force. There is not in the whole of the "Occurrences," a grosser instance of ignorant recklessness, or of deliberate misstatement, than all that is said on this subject. Not satisfied with enumerating vessels on the American side that had been converted into transports, or laid up as unfit for service, in his tables of comparative

force, Mr. James actually includes the Superior, the largest ship, at a time when she had no guns, and the Mohawk even before *she was launched!* This is easily proved by the dates.

Sir James Yeo appeared off Sackett's Harbor on the 19th May. His object was to intercept the stores of the Americans, which were to be sent from Oswego, by water. The Superior had been launched only on the 2d; Mr. James himself putting it at the 1st. *The Mohawk was laid down on the Superior's ways*, and of course had been but 17 days on the stocks when Sir James's appeared. On the 30th the enemy chased Captain Woolsey into Sandy Creek, and made an attack on him, with a view to destroy the stores he had in charge. These stores consisted of 21 long 32s, all for the Superior; 10 ditto, ditto, 24s, for the Mohawk; 3 42lb. car., and 10 cables; principally for the two frigates. In the attack, the enemy was defeated and captured. Still, Sir James blockaded the port, and it was necessary to send the guns and cables to the Harbor by land. This was done in the course of the next few days, one frigate's cable having been carried the distance of eight miles on men's shoulders. Finding that he had no longer an object in remaining, Sir James raised the blockade on the 6th June, as is to be seen by the official reports in the office, and the journals of the day, and never re-appeared. Instead of blockading Commodore Chauncey one hour after that officer was ready to go out, he went off himself, and set about building the St. Lawrence, 100, before the Superior had all her armament, and five days before the Mohawk was even launched!

Nor is this all. So great were the efforts of the Americans to get out and meet the English, that the keel of the Mohawk was laid on the 2d May, and she was launched on the 11th June. After she was launched, Commodore Chauncey reported his squadron 500 men short of its complements; nor was the Mohawk ready, in the way of equipment, to go out, until the 25th of July, or forty-nine days after Sir James had raised the blockade!

Thus, by enumerating the guns, tonnage, metal, and people of vessels that had been laid aside, as well as of vessels that were not armed, or manned, and of one that was not even in the water, and by extending his blockade a month after it was actually raised, Mr. James has succeeded in making one of the prettiest pages in English history, all illustrated and proved by tables, in which the arithmetic is unimpeachable!

The best evidence of the state of Commodore Chauncey's squadron, in the early part of June, is to be found in the fact, that, with every inducement to take the lake, it could not get out

until the 31st July, or fifty-four days after Sir James Yeo had disappeared. The English were immediately driven into port, and Commodore Chauncey, finding that his principal antagonist was in Kingston, with four of his heaviest vessels, and two or three lighter craft, went off that port, landed a few guns to bring the ships as near as possible to an equality, and maintained a close blockade for six weeks. As strict orders were given to the remaining American vessels to attend to other duty, the two squadrons in and before Kingston, with the occasional exception of a few hours, when American cruisers joined with reports, were composed of the following vessels:

| *Americans.* | | *English.* | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Superior, - | 58—4 guns landed. | Prince Regent, - | 58 |
| Mohawk, - | 42 | Princess Charlotte, | 42 |
| Pike, - - | 28 | Wolfe, - - - - | 25 |
| Madison, - | 24 | Niagara, - - - | 24 |
| | 152 | | 149 |

It is probable the Americans were still slightly superior, but the difference was so immaterial as to leave no doubt of Commodore Chauncey's disposition to fight. We believe he had an enemy worthy of him, but, the fate of a province depending on his movements, Sir James Yeo was compelled to act with caution.

The sort of stuff that Mr. James frequently introduces in his blind charges against the American officers, sometimes approaches fatuity. We will now give a specimen of this nearly idiotic folly. He says:—"Commodore Decatur's assertion, 'that the Macedonian was at no time within the complete effect of his musketry and grape,' is *untrue: for*, long before the battle terminated, Mr. O'Brien, the Macedonian's surgeon, extracted from the right arm-pit of a midshipman an iron shot, weighing twelve ounces, which was either a canister or 'grape,' beyond dispute."—p. 155.

This is as characteristic a paragraph as the "Occurrences" contain, and might very fairly be cited as a specimen of the whole book. The particularity is intended to set cavilling at defiance, and the logic is to be swallowed whole. "Mr. O'Brien," the "*right* arm-pit," and the "twelve ounces," leave nothing to be desired. Had it been the *left* arm-pit, one might have edged in an objection, but here we get the statement right end foremost. Now, to our plain faculties, these very circumstances, so far as they prove any thing, prove that Commodore Decatur's statement was true, instead of "untrue." When a *grape-shot* that weighs *twelve ounces*, *lodges* in the *arm-pit* of man or boy, it furnishes tolerably satisfactory evidence that it had ranged the better part of a mile

before it struck. Had it been discharged within "*complete effect*" of the missile, Mr. O'Brien would have been spared the trouble of the operation, for the missile would not have failed to extract itself.

Mr. James has another passage in reference to this same engagement, that is worthy of notice. His forte, it will always be remembered, is *detail; accuracy* being but a very secondary consideration. In one of his usual accounts of the force of the two vessels, he says:—"It is *probable*, owing to the Commodore's (Decatur) complaint that he could not reach the Macedonian with his carronades, that one of the forecastle 24s, *instead of the shifting carronade*, was fought through the gangway port, and the latter placed upon an elevating carriage, so as to fire over all, in the usual manner, so as to present a broadside of 32 guns," &c.—p. 160.

A stranger jumble of nonsense and contradiction cannot easily be found. In the first place, the armament is exaggerated to get thirty-one guns in broadside; and then a *probability which goes to contradict the statement hazarded about the grape-shot*, (for what vessel would not use her *carronades* when within *complete effect* of grape?) is taken as authority for transporting a gun from the forecastle to the gangway. Not satisfied with this, after assuming that this gun has been thus transported, *because the carronades were useless*, this discerning writer coolly sets down all these carronades to the number of 12, according to his account, as part of the 32 guns in broadside! The armament of the United States consisted of 30 guns below, 16 on her quarter-deck, and 8 on her forecastle, or 54 in all. She may have used a shifting gun or not, as circumstances rendered it expedient.

Were we to occupy ourselves with the task, it would be easy to collect a mass of contradictions from the "Occurrences," that would probably vex our Scottish contemporary. As one is, at this moment, under our eyes, we will give it, as a specimen of very many like it. Speaking of the Guerriere's crew, after her capture, Mr. James says:—"The Constitution's officers used every art to inveigle the Guerriere's men into their service. Sixteen or eighteen, *Americans and other foreigners*, and about *eight British*, who had been pressed in their way out to the United States, (emigrants are meant,) remained at Boston, when the cartel sailed. Most of the former, (that is, of the Americans and other *foreigners*,) and *two* of the latter (emigrants) had previously entered on board the Constitution."—p. 107. When speaking of the Constitution's crew, after capturing the Java, Mr. James wishes to impress his readers with their excellence, particularly

as *seamen* and *Englishmen.* He says: "Some of the former (the men) had belonged to the Iphigenia, *others to the Guerriere;* and 40 or 50 were recognised as English."—p. 193. Now, we humbly submit, that we had just as good a right to the service of the "Americans and other foreigners," as King George III., even allowing that we had impressed them, as was probably the fact with the servants of that monarch; and a much better right, on the supposition that they entered into our marine *voluntarily,* and for ample pay. As for the *two* men who had been "pressed on their way to America," Irish emigrants—haymakers at home, quite likely—we cannot think that the Java owed her defeat to their succor.

In speaking of the Chesapeake, Mr. James says, that she was pierced "for the same number of broadside ports as the President; this may account for the Chesapeake's having formerly rated of 44 guns."—p. 246. The Chesapeake, so far from ever having been a 44, was much the smallest vessel of her rate in the American navy, and much the weakest. It is true she was miscalled a 44, for some time, but the error arose from her having been originally intended for a ship of that class; a size she never attained, in consequence of some mistake in her moulds.

Another rare specimen of Mr. James's reasoning is to be found in connexion with his account of the proceedings on Lake Erie. After giving the table of the force and crews of the British vessels on that lake in May, in which all the people are set down either as "Canadians" or "soldiers," he goes on to add—"Not a seaman among them; and, if we except the soldiers and provincial officers, (the latter included among the Canadians) not *one* on board that could speak English!"—pp. 284, 285. Here is the explanation of this passage. The English had a provincial navy on the lakes, previously to the arrival of the officers of the royal navy; just as they once had provincial vessels in this country, in the old wars. The *sailors* of these vessels are the men called "Canadians," and many of them were far better than the ordinary run of seamen on the ocean, being free from the enervating vices engendered in large seaports. Some, doubtless, were native Canadians; but many, we know from personal observation, were European seamen, who had found their way up to these waters. Mr. James, it will be seen, enumerates every "Canadian" as a "landsman,"—a "peasant;" and not satisfied with this, he assumes that not one of them could speak English. Nay, he goes further: not an officer, even, was a seaman. Here then was the novel spectacle of a force, consisting of a ship, a brig, three schooners, and a sloop, armed with 45 guns, and manned with

268 souls, without a sailor among them! Who rigged and sailed these vessels, he does not condescend to tell us. As if this were not enough, he adds, that *except* the provincial officers (who *could* speak English, though no sailors) and the soldiers, not a man could speak the English language. Now, on board these six vessels there must have been, at the very least, 24 officers. Add this number to the 160 soldiers, and it gives an *exception*, according to Mr. James's own showing, of 184 who could speak English, out of a total of 268; making, in this instance, an exemplification of a dogma laid down by a celebrated critic of our own, that "exceptions sometimes *form* a general rule."

But it is time to conclude with Mr. James. No ordinary motive could have induced us to notice his book at all. We hold it to be indecent in tone and language, audacious in assertion, erroneous in spirit as well as in facts, puerile in reasoning, and contradictory and illogical in its inductions. Nevertheless, it is the sheet-anchor of the Edinburgh; without it, the article of that Review would be all adrift. In what we have here said, then, we have aimed principally at showing the utter worthlessness of Mr. James as authority; and this, too, less by adducing evidence drawn from other sources, than by evidence drawn from himself. We hold, with Capt. Brenton, that a horse-doctor must, in the nature of things, make but an indifferent nautical critic; a fact of which we have met with a hundred proofs while running through the "Occurrences," though they have not been laid before the reader, inasmuch as his own want of technical knowledge might exact from us explanations and references that would fill the limits of an ordinary article for the Democratic Review. An instance of what we mean is to be found in this sentence, viz.: "But, in consequence of there being only a *ridge-rope*, or *rail*, round either the poop or the top-gallant forecastle, the guns there stationed were disabled after the first discharge."—p. 414. Now the man who fancies that a gun could have a breeching fastened to a *ridge-rope*, must take a very veterinary view of gunnery; and if Mr. James did not mean to infer this, what did he mean? If the guns were otherwise secured, what signifies the "ridge-rope, or rail?" and if he intends his readers to understand that they *were thus* secured, what signifies his seamanship?

Here we dismiss Mr. James, though we may have one or two occasions to refer to him again, when we come to deal with our contemporary of Edinburgh. Our limits are now reached, and we must refer the reader to the next number for the conclusion of the subject.

# JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

"That cheerful one, who knoweth all
The songs of all the winged choristers,
And in one sequence of melodious sound,
Pours all their music."—*Southey's Madoc in Aztlan.*

A FEW years ago there arrived at the hotel, erected near the Niagara Falls, an odd-looking man, whose appearance and deportment were quite in contrast with the crowds of well-dressed and polished figures which adorned that celebrated resort. He seemed just to have sprung from the woods. His dress, which was made of leather, stood dreadfully in need of repair, apparently not having felt the touch of either laundress or needle-woman for many a long month. A worn-out blanket, that might have served for a bed, was buckled to his shoulders; a large knife hung on one side, balanced by a long rusty tin box on the other; and his beard, uncropped, tangled, and coarse, fell down upon his bosom, as if to counterpoise the weight of black thick hair-locks, that supported themselves upon his back and shoulders. This strange being, to the spectators seemingly half-civilized, half-savage, had a quick glancing eye, an elastic firm movement, and a sharp face, that would no doubt cut its way through the cane-brakes, both of the wilderness and of society.

He pushed his steps into the sitting-room, unstrapped his little burden, quietly looked round for the landlord, and then modestly asked for breakfast. The host at first drew back with evident repugnance at the apparition which thus proposed to intrude its uncouth form among the genteel visiters, but a word whispered in his ear speedily satisfied his doubts. The stranger took his place among the company; some staring, some shrugging, and some even laughing outright. Yet, reader, there was more in that single man than in all the rest of the throng; he was an American Woodsman, as he called himself; he was a true genuine son of nature, yet who had been entertained with distinction at the tables of princes; learned societies, to which the like of Cuvier belonged, had bowed down to welcome his entrance; kings had been complimented when he spoke to them; in short, he was one whose fame will be growing brighter, when the fashionables who laughed at him, and many much greater even than they, shall have utterly perished. From every hill-top, and every deep shady grove, the birds, those "living blossoms of the air," will sing his name. The little wren will pipe it with her matin hymn about our houses; the oriole carol it from the slender grasses of the meadows; the turtle-dove roll it through the secret forests;

the many-voiced mocking-bird pour it along the evening air; and the imperial eagle, the bird of Washington, as he sits in his craggy home, far up the blue mountains, will scream it to the tempests and the stars. He was John James Audubon, the Ornithologist.

Mr. Carlyle, in his book about Heroes, has given us that interesting manifestation of human nature—we mean the heroic—in a variety of aspects. He has told us of the Hero as divinity; the Hero as prophet; the Hero as poet; the Hero as priest; the Hero as man of letters; and the Hero as king. But did it never occur to him, that one species he has entirely omitted? Did he not recognise the Hero in the man of science; and did he not know that, at the time he was writing, there travelled alone, somewhere in the vast primeval forests of America, a naturalist of native original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness; possessed of every quality of energy and endurance to be found in the most illustrious of his Great Men? If he did not know it, let us inform him. Let us show him—not after any manner of our own, but from those indubitable evidences, the works of the man—that there are heroes of the best sort, even in these dull days. "Heroism," says Mr. Carlyle's fast friend, Mr. Emerson, "in its rudest form, is contempt for safety and ease,"—"it is a self-trust which slights the restraints of prudence in the plenitude of its energy and power,"—"a mind of such a balance that no disturbance that can shake its will, but pleasantly, and as it were, merrily advances to its own music,"—"the extreme of individual nature,"—"obedience to the secret impulses of an individual character,"—"is of an undaunted boldness, and of a fortitude not to be wearied out." If this be a good definition, then our hero is one of the truest of the world's heroes, worthy to be ranked and recorded on the same page with the greatest.

But we do not propose to write the biography of Mr. Audubon. There will be plenty of time for that when his work here shall have been finished.* We wish only to present some phases of his singular and estimable character, as nearly as we can in his own words. Fortunately, he is of a communicative disposition, and we shall not be compelled to wander far for our materials. Those delightful interludes of description and adventure, woven into the woof of his equally delightful sketches of birds, are full of suggestions for us. Be that as it may, we are certain that a great deal of what we shall say and extract will be new to the multitude of ordinary readers. Would that our space were equal to the abundance of our means of interest! Would that the dimen-

* He has prepared an autobiography, which will be published after his death. What a treat for the readers of that day—that *distant* day, we hope it may be!

sions of our publication were consistent with a full display of the simplicity, single-heartedness, enthusiasm, and perseverance of the subject of our brief talk; of that genius, as Wilson has it, "self-nursed, self-refined, and self-tutored, among the inexhaustible treasures of the forest, on which, in one soul-engrossing pursuit, it had lavished its dearest and divinest passion."*

Mr. Audubon was born about 1782, in the State of Louisiana, not Pennsylvania, as has been many times stated. His parents, who were French, were of that happy nature which disposed them to encourage the early indications of talent in the minds of their children. They early perceived in the subject of these remarks that love of the woods and fields, which has since made him so conspicuous as a naturalist among men. "When I had hardly learned to walk," says he, in the preface to the first volume of his Ornithology, "and to articulate those first words always so endearing to parents, the productions of nature that lay spread all around, were constantly pointed out to me. They soon became my playmates; and before my ideas were sufficiently formed to enable me to estimate the difference between the azure tints of the sky and the emerald hue of the bright foliage, I felt that an intimacy with them, not consisting of friendship merely, but bordering on phrensy, must accompany my steps through life; and now, more than ever, am I persuaded of the power of those early impressions. They laid such a hold of me, that when removed from the woods, the prairies, and the brooks, or shut up from the view of the wide Atlantic, I experienced none of those pleasures most congenial to my mind. None but aërial companions suited my fancy. No roof seemed so secure to me as that formed of the dense foliage under which the feathered tribe were seen to resort, or the caves and fissures of the massy rocks to which the dark-winged cormorant and the curlew retired to rest, or to protect themselves from the fury of the tempest. My father generally accompanied my steps; procured birds and flowers for me with great eagerness; pointed out the elegant movements of the former—the beauty and softness of their plumage—the manifestations of their pleasure or their sense of danger—and the always perfect forms and splendid attire of the latter. My valued preceptor would then speak of the departure and return of birds with the seasons; would describe their haunts, and, more wonderful than all, their change of livery; thus exciting

* It is proper to say, that the narrative parts of our essay are mostly given in Mr. Audubon's own language, with such changes of tense and phraseology as the nature of the case demanded. His descriptions are so simple and pleasing, that to have altered them in any essential respect would have been to spoil them.

me to study them, and to raise my mind towards their great Creator. A vivid pleasure shone upon those days of my early youth, attended with a calmness of feeling that seldom failed to rivet my attention for hours, while I gazed in ecstasy upon the pearly and shining eggs, as they lay embedded in the softest down, or among dried leaves and twigs, or were exposed upon the burning sand, or weather-beaten rock of our Atlantic shore. I was taught to look upon them as flowers yet in the bud. I watched their opening to see how nature had provided each different species with eyes, either opened at birth, or closed for some time after; to trace the slow progress of the young birds towards perfection, or admire the celerity with which some of them, while yet unfledged, removed themselves from danger to security."

Nor did the tastes thus early implanted in the mind of the young enthusiast desert him in maturer years.

> ——"The sounding cataract
> Haunted him, like a passion; the tall rock,
> The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
> Their colors and their forms, were then to him
> An appetite; a feeling and a love
> That had no need of a remoter charm,
> By thought supplied, or any interest
> Unborrowed from the eye."

"I grew up," he continues, "and my wishes grew with my form. These wishes were for the entire possession of all that I saw. I was fervently desirous of becoming acquainted with nature. For many years, however, I was sadly disappointed, and for ever, doubtless, must I have desires that cannot be gratified. The moment a bird was dead, no matter how beautiful it had been when in life, the pleasure arising from the possession of it became blunted; and although the greatest care was bestowed in endeavors to preserve the appearance of nature, I looked upon its vesture as more than sullied, as requiring constant attentions and repeated mendings, while, after all, it could no longer be said to be fresh from the hands of its Maker. I wished to possess all the productions of nature, but I wished life with them. This was impossible. Then, what was to be done? I turned to my father, and made known to him my disappointment and anxiety. He produced a book of *Illustrations*. A new life ran in my veins. I turned over the leaves with avidity, and although what I saw was not what I longed for, it gave me a desire to copy nature. To nature I went, and tried to imitate her, as in the days of my childhood I had tried to raise myself from the ground and stand erect, before

time had imparted the vigor necessary for the success of such an undertaking. How sorely disappointed did I feel for many years, when I saw that my productions were worse than those which I ventured (perhaps in silence) to regard as bad in the book given me by my father. My pencil gave birth to a family of cripples. So maimed were most of them, that they resembled the mangled corpses on a field of battle, compared with the integrity of living men. These difficulties and disappointments irritated me, but never for a moment destroyed the desire of obtaining perfect representations of nature. The worse my drawings were, the more beautiful did I see the originals. To have been torn from the study, would have been as death to me. My time was entirely occupied with it. I produced hundreds of these rude sketches annually; and, for a long time, at my request, they made bonfires on the anniversary of my birth-day."

In his sixteenth year, that is, about 1798, he went to France to pursue his education. He received lessons in drawing from the celebrated David. But the "eyes and noses of giants, and the heads of horses represented in ancient sculpture," were not the themes he would be at; and, although he prosecuted his studies sedulously, his heart still panted for the sparkling streams and interminable forests of his "native land of groves." He returned home the following year, with a rekindled ardor for the woods, and commenced a collection of designs, destined shortly to swell into that magnificent series of volumes which the world has applauded as the "Birds of America." They were begun on a beautiful plantation which his father had given him, situated on the banks of the Schuylkill, and near a creek known as the Perkioming. There, amid its fine woodlands, its extensive fields, its hills crowned with evergreens, he meditated his simple and agreeable objects, and pursued his rambles, from the first faint streaks of day until late in the evening, wet with dew, and laden with feathered captives, he returned to the quiet enjoyment of the fire-side.

Yet the passion for birds did not seem to seal his heart to the influences of a still more tender and exalted passion. He married, and was fortunate in marrying a lady who in vicissitude has animated his courage, and in prosperity appreciated the grounds and measure of his success. "But who cares," says he, speaking of the event, "to listen to the love-tales of a naturalist, whose feelings may be supposed to be as light as the feathers of the birds he delineates?"

For many years the necessities of life drove him into commercial enterprises, which involved him in a series of calamities.

His mind was so filled with Nature, that all his speculations proved unprofitable. From observation and study only could he derive gratification. He was compelled to struggle against the wishes of all his friends,—except of his wife and children, to their lasting honor be it said,—who strove to wean him from pursuits which, in the world's eye, are so barren and unproductive. But their importunities had an effect directly contrary to what they intended. Irritated beyond endurance, he broke at last through all bonds, and gave himself up entirely to his favorite pursuits. He undertook long and tedious journeys; he ransacked the woods, the lakes, the prairies, and the shores of the Atlantic; he spent years away from his family. "Yet, will you believe it," says he, "I had no other object in view than simply to enjoy the sight of nature. Never for a moment did I conceive the hope of becoming, in any degree, useful to my kind, until I accidentally formed acquaintance with the Prince of Musignano, (Lucien Bonaparte,) at Philadelphia, to which I had gone with a view of proceeding eastward along the coast." This was the 5th of April, 1824.

But of his public labors we shall speak a word in the sequel. Let us, for the present, follow him in his solitary wanderings. Having lived on his beautiful plantation for ten years, he was induced to remove to the west. With a mattress, a few prepared viands, and two negroes to assist him in the toils of emigration, he departed, accompanied by his wife and child, for a residence which had been procured for him in the village of Henderson, Kentucky. The method of travelling at that day, which he has faithfully described, furnishes a striking contrast with the more easy and expeditious modes of modern conveyance. It was in the month of October that the small party set out. The autumnal tints already decorated the shores of that queen of rivers, the Ohio, along which they rowed their feeble skiff. Every tree was hung with long and flowing festoons of different species of vines, many loaded with clustered fruits of varied brilliancy, their rich carmine mingling beautifully with the yellow foliage, which yet predominated over the green leaves, reflecting more lively tints from the clear stream than ever landscape painter portrayed or poet imagined. The days were still warm. The sun had assumed the rich and glowing hue which at that season produces the Indian Summer. They glided down the river, meeting no other ripple of the water than that formed by the propulsion of the boat. Now and then a large catfish rose to the surface, in pursuit of a shoal of fry, which starting simultaneously from the liquid element, like so many silvery arrows, scattered

a shower of light, while the pursuer with open jaws seized the stragglers, and with a splash of his tail disappeared from view. At night, the tinkling of bells along the shore told them that cattle were gently roving from valley to valley in search of food, or returning to their distant homes. The hooting of the great owl, or the muffled noise of its wings as it sailed smoothly over the stream, were matters of interest to them; and so was the sound of the boatman's horn, as it came winding more and more softly from afar. When daylight returned, many songsters burst forth with echoing notes, more and more mellow to the listening ear. Here and there the lonely cabin of a squatter struck the eye, giving note of commencing civilization. The crossing of the stream by a deer foretold how soon the hills would be covered with snow. Sluggish flat-boats were overtaken and passed; some laden with produce from the different head-waters of the small rivers, that pour their tributary streams into the Ohio: others, of less dimensions, crowded with emigrants from distant points, in search of "a new home." The margins of the rivers were amply supplied with game. A wild turkey, a grouse, or a blue-winged teal, could be procured in a few moments; and the voyagers fared well, for, whenever they pleased, they landed, struck up a fire, and, provided as they were with the necessary utensils, easily dressed a good repast. After jogging on for many days at this rate, they at last reached their habitation in the wilderness. "When I think of these times," says Mr. Audubon, at the close of the account of his journey, "and call back to mind the grandeur and beauty of those almost uninhabited shores; when I picture to myself the dense and lofty summits of the forests, that everywhere spread along the hills, and overhang the margins of the streams, unmolested by the axe of the settler; when I know how dearly purchased the safe navigation of that river has been by the blood of many worthy Virginians; when I see that no longer any aborigines are to be found there, and that the vast herds of elks, deers, and buffaloes, which once pastured on those hills and in these valleys, making to themselves great roads to the several salt-springs, have ceased to exist; when I reflect that all this grand portion of our Union, instead of being in a state of nature, is now covered with villages, farms, and towns, where the din of hammers and machinery is constantly heard; that the woods are fast disappearing under the axe by day, and the fire by night; that hundreds of steamboats are gliding to and fro over the whole length of the majestic river, forcing commerce to take root and to prosper at every spot; when I see the surplus population of Europe coming

to assist in the destruction of the forest, and transplanting civilization into its darkest recesses; when I remember that these extraordinary changes have all taken place in the short period of twenty years, I pause—wonder—and, although I know all to be fact, can scarcely believe its reality."

His new domicil at Henderson gave him ample opportunities for the prosecution of his ornithological inquiries. He was accustomed to make long excursions through all the neighboring country, scouring the fields and the woods, and fording the lakes and rivers. We think we can see him now, setting out early in the morning, with no companion but his dog and gun; the faithful tin box, containing his pencils and colors, slung to his side; now popping down the unconscious warbler that makes the air vocal from some neighboring tree; now hastening to the broad shelter of a venerable oak, to describe the form and paint the variegated plumage of his victim; now crouching for hours underneath some withered trunk, to observe the habits of some shy and timid bird; now climbing the jagged side of a rocky precipice, to find the nest-eggs of the eagle that screams and flutters upon the dry top of the storm-blasted beech still higher up; now treading upon the head of the serpent that hisses and wreathes among the thick leaves of the copse; now starting the bear and cougar from their secret lairs in the fastnesses; now cleaving with lusty sinew, his gun and apparatus fastened above his head, the troubled waters of a swollen stream; now wandering for days through the illimitable and pathless thickets of the canebrake, at night sleeping upon the hard ground, or across the branches of trees, and by day almost perishing with thirst; and now hailing with pleasure, at sun-set, the distant but cheerful glimmer of the lonely log-cabin fire.

The incidents, it must be supposed, of expeditions of this sort are many and striking. Exposed to danger on every side, by floods, by tempests, by fires, by wild beasts, and by the hands of man, his life was a perpetual scene of vicissitudes and adventures. Some of these it may be entertaining to refer to. At one time, in the month of November, travelling through the barrens of Kentucky, he remarked a sudden and strange darkness issuing from the western horizon. At first he supposed it might be a coming storm of thunder and rain. He had proceeded about a mile, when he heard what he imagined to be the distant rumbling of a violent tornado. He spurred his horse, with the view of galloping to a place of shelter, but the animal, apparently more sagacious than the rider, nearly stopped, or rather moved forward slowly, placing one foot before the other, with as much

precaution as if walking on a smooth sheet of ice. He dismounted to ascertain what was the matter, when the steed fell to groaning piteously, hung his head, spread out his forelegs, as if to save himself from falling, and stood stock still. At that instant, all the shrubs and trees began to move from their very roots, and the ground rose and fell in successive furrows, like the ruffled waters of a sea. It was an earthquake. "Who can tell of the sensations I experienced," writes our naturalist, "when rocking on my horse, and with him moved to and fro like a child in his cradle, with the most imminent danger around, and expecting the ground every moment to open, and present to my eyes such an abyss as might ingulf myself and all around me? The fearful convulsion, however, lasted only a few minutes, and the heavens again brightened as quickly as they had become obscured; my horse brought his feet to their natural position, raised his head, and galloped off as if loose and frolicking without a rider."

At another time, he had just forded Highland Creek, and was entering the tract of bottom land between that and Canoe Creek, when he discovered a hazy thickness in the atmosphere, and apprehended an earthquake; but his horse, as before, did not stop, nor exhibit any propensity to prepare for such an occurrence. He dismounted near a brook to quench his thirst. As his lips were about to touch the water, he heard a most extraordinary murmuring sound in the distance. He drank, however, and as he arose, looked towards the south-west, where he observed a yellowish oval spot, quite new to him in appearance. At the next moment, a smart breeze began to agitate the taller trees. It gradually increased, until branches and twigs were seen falling slantingly to the ground. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the whole forest was in fearful motion. The noblest trees, unable to stand against the blast, were breaking in pieces. Before he could take measures for his safety, a hurricane was passing opposite the place where he stood. "Never can I forget," says he, "the scene which that moment presented itself. The tops of the trees were seen moving in the strangest manner, in the central current of the tempest, which carried along with it a mingled mass of twigs and foliage, that completely obscured the view. Some of the largest trees were bending and writhing under the gale; others suddenly snapped across; and many, after a momentary resistance, fell uprooted to the earth. The mass of branches, twigs, foliage, and dust, that moved through the air, was whirled onward like a cloud of feathers, and, on passing, disclosed a wide space filled with fallen trees, naked stumps, and

heaps of shapeless ruins, which marked the path of the tempest. This space was about a fourth of a mile in breadth, and to my imagination resembled the dried-up bed of the Mississippi, with its thousands of planters and sawyers, strewed in the sand and inclined in various degrees. The horrible noise resembled that of the great cataracts of Niagara, and as it howled along in the track of the desolating tempest, produced a feeling in my mind which it is impossible to describe."

Not to the fury of the elements alone was our intrepid man of science exposed. Once—and, singular to say, only once, in wandering for twenty years—was he threatened with death by the hand of man. This was, when returning from the upper Mississippi, he was forced to cross one of the wide prairies of that region. We must let him relate it. Toward the dusk of the evening, wearied with an interminable jaunt over the prairie, he approached a light that feebly shone from the window of a log hut. He reached the spot, and presenting himself at the door, asked a tall figure of a woman, whether he might take shelter under her roof. Her voice was gruff, and her dress carelessly thrown about her person. She answered his question in the affirmative, when he walked in, took a wooden stool, and quietly seated himself by the fire. A finely formed young Indian, his head resting between his hands, with his elbows on his knees, was seated in the centre of the cabin. A long bow stood against the wall, while a quantity of arrows and two or three black raccoon-skins lay at his feet. He moved not: he apparently breathed not. Being addressed in French, he raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes with his finger, and gave a significant glance with the other. His face was covered with blood. It appeared, that an hour before, in the act of discharging an arrow at a raccoon, the arrow split upon the cord, and sprang back with such violence into his right eye, as to destroy it for ever. "Feeling hungry," Mr. Audubon continues his narrative, "I inquired what sort of fare I might expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many large untanned bear and buffalo hides lay piled up in a corner. I drew a fine time-piece from my vest, and told the woman that it was late, and that I was fatigued. She had espied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate upon her feelings with electric quickness. She told me that there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo meat, and that on removing the ashes I should find a cake. But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified with a sight of it. I took off the gold chain that secured it from around my neck, and presented it to her. She was all ecstasy, spoke of its beauty,

asked me its value, put the chain around her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a chain would make her. Thoughtless, and, as I fancied myself in so retired a spot, secure, I paid little attention to her talk or her movements. I helped my dog to a good supper of venison, and was not long in satisfying the demands of my own appetite. The Indian rose from his seat as if in extreme suffering. He passed and repassed me several times, and once pinched me on the side so violently, that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger. I looked at him. His eye met mine; but his look was so forbidding that it struck a chill into the more nervous part of my system. He again seated himself, drew a butcher-knife from its greasy scabbard, examined its edge, as I would do that of a razor I suspected to be dull, replaced it, and again taking his tomahawk from his back, filled the pipe of it with tobacco, and sent me expressive glances whenever our hostess chanced to have her back toward us. Never till that moment had my senses been awakened to the danger which I now suspected to be about me. I returned glance for glance with my companion, and rested well assured that, whatever enemies I might have, he was not of the number."

In the mean time, he retired to rest upon the skins, when two athletic youths, the sons of the woman, made their entrance. She whispered with them a little while, when they fell to eating and drinking, to a state bordering on intoxication. "Judge of my astonishment," he says, "when I saw this incarnate fiend take a large carving-knife, and go to the grindstone to whet its edge! I saw her pour the water on the turning-machine, and watched her working away with the dangerous instrument, until the sweat covered every part of my body, in spite of my determination to defend myself to the last. Her task finished, she walked to her reeling sons, and said: 'There, that'll soon settle him! Boys, kill yon ——, and then for the watch!' I turned, cocked my gun-locks silently, and lay ready to start up and shoot the first who might attempt my life." Fortunately, two strangers entering at the moment, the purpose of the woman was disclosed, and she and her drunken sons secured.

But no earthquakes, nor hurricanes, nor the carving-knife of the wild denizens of the desert, could afflict him half so much as he suffered in consequence of an attack by a wild and ferocious animal—neither more nor less than—a rat. It was a calamity, the like of which is seldom recorded in literary history. Edward Livingston, it is said, having finished his great code of Lousianian law, beheld the labor of three persevering years perish in an instant in the flames; Thomas Carlyle, when he had finished the

first volume of his French Revolution, had every scrap of it burned through the carelessness of a friend; and so Mr. Audubon, having wandered and toiled for years, to get accurate representations of American birds, found that two Norway rats had in a night destroyed two hundred of his original drawings, containing the forms of more than a thousand inhabitants of the air. All were gone, except a few bits of gnawed paper, upon which the marauding rascals had reared a family of their young. "The burning heat," says the noble-hearted sufferer, "which instantly rushed through my brain, was too great to be endured, without affecting the whole of my nervous system. I slept not for several nights, and the days passed like days of oblivion—until the animal powers being recalled into action, through the strength of my constitution, I took up my gun, my note-book, and my pencils, and went forth to the woods as gayly as if nothing had happened." Ay, go forth to the woods, divine lover of nature, with thy serenest hopeful heart! there is joy still for thee!—for the whole earth is laughing in its brightness and glory, and the forests re-echo the carols of innumerable sweet voices that call thee to duty. Does not a kindred spirit sing?—

> "There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
> And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
> The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
> And the wilding bee hums merrily by.
>
> "There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
> There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
> There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
> And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea."*

He went forth, and in less than three years had his portfolio again filled.

It was in 1824, we remarked, that Lucien Bonaparte suggested to him the idea of collecting and making public the treasures which had been amassed in his wild journeyings. For some time, in the depths of the solitudes, his mind brooded over the kindling thought. He resolved upon a visit to Europe, and with that instant action which has been the secret of his success, he prepared for his departure. He sailed—but maturer reflection taught him to approach the shores of England with despondency and doubt. There was not a friend in all the nation to whom he could apply. When he had landed, his situation appeared to him precarious in the extreme. He imagined, he says, in the simplicity of his heart, that every individual he was about to meet might be possessed of talents superior to any on this side of the

* Bryant.

Atlantic. Traversing the streets of Liverpool for two whole days, he had looked in vain for a single glance of sympathy. But how soon did the aspect of things around him change! There are kind, generous hearts everywhere; men of noble faculties to discern the beautiful and true, and women of warm gushing affections. In a little while, he was the admired of all admirers. Men of genius, the Wilsons, the Roscoes, the Swainsons, suddenly recognised his lofty claims; learned societies, without number, extended to him the warm and willing hand of fellowship; the houses of the nobility were opened to him; and, wherever he went, the solitary, unfriended American woodsman was the conspicuous object of a wide remark and love. Under such auspices, in 1831, at Edinburgh, he put forth his first volume of Ornithological Biography. Its striking and original merit procured him subscribers to the remaining volumes, from all parts of the kingdom. At once, he took rank as the most worthy ornithologist of the age,—able as an observer and describer to wear the mantle of the gifted Wilson, and, as a painter of animals, to take his place by the side of the equally gifted Barrabaud.

From England, Mr. Audubon proceeded to France, where he received the homage of the most distinguished men of science of that learned nation; among the rest, of that gigantic but graceful genius, Cuvier, the glance of whose eye into the great valley of death, has infused life into the dry bones of a thousand years.

When he returned to his native land, it was only to renew with more burning ardor his labors in the woods. His first expedition was to the coast of Florida, where, amid flocks of snowy pelicans and cormorants, tortoises and flying-fish, he laid up vast treasures of knowledge for his forth-coming volumes. Having examined every part of the coast, and of the different keys, passing even to the Tortugas Islands, he returned to Charleston, S. C., anxious to bend his course to the north-east, that he might keep pace with the birds during the migrations. Sickness detained him for the greater part of the summer at Boston, but having recovered about the middle of August, he left his Boston friends on his way eastward. He explored the whole of the State of Maine, the British province of New Brunswick, a portion of the Canadas, and then, when there were no more prizes in those districts to carry away, turned his steps to the dreary shores of ice-bound Labrador. His researches into the habits of the birds, beasts, and men of this hyperborean region were successful, and he returned, rich with materials, to the abode of his family and friends. Of the industry with which he pushed his inquiries, and of the startling and touching adventures to which his various

excursions gave rise, his volumes are full of entertaining and instructive proof. Our plan does not allow us, as we should wish, to introduce them here. Let us add, however, that his Ornithological Biography has expanded into five large books; that his "Birds of America" are finished in glorious style, and that his magnificent "Illustrations," being those birds drawn to the size of life, have, for some time, been the astonishment and delight of the cultivated world. Yet his wanderings continue, and he labors in the cause of his favorite science as sedulously as ever.*

What a life has that been of which we have here given a faint outline! What a character is that of which we have made only a rough sketch! Is not John James Audubon, as we said in the outset, an admirable specimen of the Hero as a man of science? For forty years or more he has followed, with more than religious devotion, a beautiful and elevated pursuit, enlarging its boundaries by his discoveries, and illustrating its objects by his art. In all climates and in all weathers; scorched by burning suns, drenched by piercing rains, frozen by the fiercest colds; now diving fearlessly into the densest forest, now wandering alone over the most savage regions; in perils, in difficulties, and in doubts; with no companion to cheer his way, far from the smiles and applause of society; listening only to the sweet music of birds, or to the sweeter music of his own thoughts, he has faithfully kept his path. The records of man's life contain few nobler examples of strength of purpose and indefatigable energy. Led on solely by his pure, lofty, kindling enthusiasm, no thirst for wealth, no desire of distinction, no restless ambition for eccentric character, could have induced him to undergo so many sacrifices, or sustained him under so many trials. Higher principles and worthier motives alone have enabled him to meet such discouragements, and accomplish such miracles of achievement. He has enlarged and enriched the domains of a pleasing and useful science; he has revealed to us the existence of many species of birds before unknown; he has given us more accurate information of the forms and habits of those that were known; he has corrected the blunders of his predecessors; and he has imparted to the study of natural history the grace and fascination of romance.

* During the last winter, which he spent in this city, (New York,) he has worked on an average fourteen hours a day, preparing a work on the Quadrupeds of America, similar to his work on the Birds. The drawings, already finished, of the size of life, are master-pieces in their way, surpassing, if that be possible, in fidelity and brilliancy, all that he has done before. Early in the summer, he will depart to continue his labors in the woods.

By his pencil and by his pen, he has made the world eternally his debtor. Exquisite delineations of the visible and vocal ornaments of the air, drawn with so much nicety, colored with so much brilliancy, as they are seen in their own favorite haunts, who can adequately describe? We remember well the effect wrought on our mind, when we first saw the whole of his wonderful collection of paintings, as they were exhibited a few years since in New York. It produced an overpowering sense of wonder and admiration. As John Wilson has said of the same scene, shown at Edinburgh, the spectator instantly imagined himself in the forest. The birds were all there,—"all were of the size of life, from the wren and the humming-bird to the wild turkey and the bird of Washington. But what signified the mere size? The colors were all of life too, bright as when borne in beaming beauty through the woods. There too were their attitudes and postures, infinite as they are assumed by the restless creatures, in motion or rest, in their glee and their gambols, their loves and their wars, singing, or caressing, or brooding, or preying, or tearing one another to pieces. The trees on which they sat or sported all true to nature, in bole, branch, spray, and leaf, the flowery shrubs and the ground flowers, the weeds and the very grass, all American—as were the atmosphere and the skies. It was a wild and poetical vision of the heart of the New World, inhabited as yet almost wholly by the lovely or noble creatures that "own not man's dominion." It was, indeed, a rich and magnificent sight, such as we would not for a diadem have lost.

A peculiar ease, simplicity, and elegance mark Mr. Audubon's written style. His descriptions of birds in their various moods are not the dull and dry details of a naturalist, but the warm, lively, picturesque paintings of a poet. To open at any page of his volumes is to step at once into a region of agreeable forms and enrapturing sounds. He seems to enter into the very spirits of birds themselves, sings when they sing, and rises upon the wing when they fly. And his whole life, like theirs, seems to have been a perpetual and cheerful ascription of praise, to that

> "Power whose care
> Teaches their way along the pathless coast,
> The desert and illimitable air—
> Lone wandering, but not lost."

# THE CHILD-GHOST; A STORY OF THE LAST LOYALIST.

BY WALTER WHITMAN.

Were it not from the evidence of my own ears and observation, I could hardly believe that any considerable number of persons exist among us, who give credence to accounts of spectres and disembodied spirits appearing from the dead;—yet there are many such people, especially in our country places. Though the schools are gradually thrusting aside these superstitious relics of a by-gone time, it will perhaps be long before their influence is effectually rooted out. Guilt or ignorance, working through imagination, has magic power; and the ideal forms through which terror is thus stricken, produce a panic in the minds of their victims, as real as if those forms were of perceptible substance.

The story I am going to tell is a traditional reminiscence of a country place, in my rambles about which I have often passed the house, now unoccupied and mostly in ruins, that was the scene of the transaction. I cannot, of course, convey to others that particular kind of influence, which is derived from my being so familiar with the locality and with the very people whose grandfathers or fathers were contemporaries of the actors in the drama I shall transcribe. I must hardly expect, therefore, that to those who hear it through the medium of my pen, the narration will possess as life-like and interesting a character as it does to myself.

On a large and fertile neck of land that juts out in the Sound which stretches to the south-east of New York city, there stood, in the latter part of the last century, an old-fashioned country residence. It had been built by one of the first settlers of this section of the New World; and its occupant was originally owner of the extensive tract lying adjacent to his house, and pushing into the very bosom of the salt waters.

It was during the troubled times which marked our American Revolution that the incidents occurred which are the foundation of my story. Some time before the commencement of the war, the owner, whom I shall call Vanhome, was taken sick and died. For years before his death he had lived a widower; and his child, an only one, a lad of ten years old, was thus left an orphan. By his father's will, this child was placed implicitly under the guardianship of an uncle, a middle-aged man, who had been of late a resident in the family.

As if to verify the truth of the ancient proverb, which declares that evils, when once started on their path, follow each other

thick and fast—not two years elapsed after the parents were laid away to their last repose, before another grave had to be prepared for the son—the fair and lovely child who had been so haplessly deprived of their fostering care.

The period had now arrived when the great national convulsion burst forth. Sounds of strife, and the clash of arms, and the angry voices of disputants, were borne along by the air; and week after week grew to louder and still louder clamor. Families were divided; adherents to the crown, and ardent upholders of the rebellion, were often found in the bosom of the same domestic circle. Vanhome, the uncle spoken of as guardian to the young heir, was a man who leaned to the stern, the high-handed, and the severe. He soon became known among the most energetic of the loyalists. So violent were his sentiments, that, leaving the estate which he had so fortunately inherited from his brother and nephew, he joined the forces of the British king. Thenceforward, whenever his old neighbors heard of him, it was as being engaged in the cruellest outrages, the boldest inroads, or the most determined attacks upon the army of his countrymen, or their peaceful settlements.

Though pleasant for an American mind to dwell upon the traits, —the unshaken patriotism, the lofty courage, and the broad love of liberty exhibited by our fathers in their memorable struggle, I shall pass over the relation.

Eight years brought the rebel States and their leaders to that glorious epoch when the last remnant of a monarch's rule was to leave their shores—when the last waving of the royal standard was to flutter as it should be hauled down from the staff, and its place filled by the proud testimonial of our warriors' success.

Pleasantly over the autumn fields shone the November sun, when a horseman, of somewhat military look, plodded slowly along the road that led to the old Vanhome farm-house. There was nothing peculiar in his attire, unless it might be a red scarf which he wore tied around his waist. He was a dark-featured, sullen-eyed man; and as his glance was thrown restlessly to the right and left, his whole manner appeared to be that of a person moving amid familiar and accustomed scenes. Occasionally he stopped, and looking long and steadily at some object that attracted his attention, muttered to himself, like one in whose breast busy thoughts were moving. His course was evidently to the homestead itself, at which in due time he arrived. He dismounted, led his horse to the stables, and then, without knocking, though there were evident signs of occupancy around the build-

ing, the traveller made his entrance as composedly and boldly as though he were master of the whole establishment.

Now it had happened that the house being in a measure deserted for many years, and the successful termination of the strife rendering it probable that the Vanhome estate would be confiscated to the new government,—an aged, poverty-stricken couple had been encouraged by the neighbors to take possession as tenants of the place. Their name was Gills; and these people the traveller found upon his entrance were likely to be his host and hostess. Holding their right as they did by so slight a tenure, they ventured to offer no opposition when the stranger signified his intention of passing several hours there.

The day wore on, and the sun went down in the west. Still the interloper made no signs of departing. But as the night fell, (whether the darkness was congenial to his sombre thoughts, or whether it merely chanced so,) he seemed to grow more affable and communicative.

"Tell me," said he to his aged host, when they were all sitting round the ample hearth, at the conclusion of their evening meal, "tell me something to while away the hours."

"Ah! sir," answered Gills, "this is no place for new or interesting events to happen. We live here from year to year, and, at the end of one, we find ourselves at about the same place which we filled in the beginning."

"Can you relate nothing, then," rejoined the guest—and a singular smile passed over his features; "can you say nothing about your own place? this house or its former inhabitants, or former history?"

The old man glanced across to his wife, and a look expressive of sympathetic feeling started in the face of each.

"It is an unfortunate story, sir," said Gills, "and may cast a chill upon you, instead of the pleasant feeling which it would be best to foster when in strange walls."

"Strange walls!" echoed he of the red scarf; and for the first time since his arrival, he half laughed, but it was not the laugh which comes from a man's heart.

"You must know, sir," continued Gills, "I am myself a sort of intruder here. The Vanhomes—that was the name of the former residents and owners—I have never seen; for when I came to these parts the last Mr. Vanhome had left, to join the red-coat soldiery. I am told that he is to sail with them for foreign lands, now that the war is ended, and his property almost certain to pass into other hands."

As the old man went on, the stranger cast down his eyes, and

listened with an appearance of great interest, though a transient smile, or a brightening of the eye, would occasionally disturb the serenity of his deportment.

"The old occupants of this place," continued the white-haired narrator, "were well off in the world, and bore a good name among their neighbors. The brother of Sergeant Vanhome, now the only one of the name, died ten or twelve years since, leaving a son—a child so small, that the father's will made provision for his being brought up by his uncle, whom I mentioned but now as of the British army. He was a strange man, this uncle; disliked by all who knew him, passionate, vindictive, and, it was said, very avaricious, even from his childhood.

"Well; not long after the death of the parents, dark stories began to be circulated about cruelty, and punishment, and whippings, and starvation, inflicted by the new master upon his nephew. People who had business at the homestead would frequently, when they came away, relate the most fearful things of its manager, and how he misused his brother's child. It was half hinted that he strove to get the youngster out of the way, in order that the whole estate might fall into his own hands. As I told you before, however, nobody liked the man; and perhaps they judged him too uncharitably.

"After things had gone on in this way for some time, a countryman, a laborer, who was hired to do farm-work upon the place, one evening observed that the little orphan Vanhome was more faint and pale even than usual, for he was always delicate, and that is one reason why I think it possible that his death, of which I am now going to tell you, was but the result of his own weak constitution, and nothing else.

"The laborer slept that night at the farm-house. Just before the time at which they usually retired to bed, this person, feeling tired and sleepy with his day's toil, took his light, and wended his way to rest. In going to his place of repose, he had to pass a chamber—the very chamber where you, sir, are to sleep tonight—and there he heard the voice of the orphan child, uttering half-suppressed exclamations, as if in pitiful entreaty. Upon stopping, he heard also the tones of the elder Vanhome, but they were harsh and bitter. The whacking sound of blows followed. As each one fell, it was accompanied by a groan or a shriek; and so they continued for some time. Shocked and indignant, the countryman would have burst open the door and interfered to prevent this brutal proceeding; but he bethought him that he might get himself into trouble, and perhaps find that he could do no good after all, and so he passed on to his room.

"Well, sir; the following day the child did not come out among the work-people as usual. He was taken very ill. No physician was sent for until the next afternoon; and though one arrived in the course of the succeeding night, it was too late—the poor boy died before morning.

"People talked threateningly upon the subject, but nothing could be proved against Vanhome. At one period there were efforts made to have the whole affair investigated. Perhaps such a proceeding would have taken place, had not every one's attention been swallowed up by the rumors of difficulty and war, which at that time were beginning to disturb the country.

"Vanhome joined the army of the king. His enemies said that he feared to be on the side of the rebels, because if they were routed his property would be taken from him. But events have shown, that if this was indeed what he dreaded, it has happened to him from the very means which he took to prevent it."

The old man paused. He had quite wearied himself with so long talking. For some minutes there was unbroken silence.

"Did you say that Vanhome had left this land and sailed for Europe?" at length asked the stranger; who, when Gills concluded, had raised his face, pale, and with eyes glittering like one in great perturbation.

"So we hear," returned the old man.

Again there was silence, which no one seemed inclined to break.

Presently, the stranger signified his intention of retiring for the night. He rose, and his host took a light for the purpose of ushering him to his apartment.

"What of this chamber which you mentioned?" said the traveller, pausing as he stood with his back to the fire, and looking not into the face of the old man, but as it were into vacancy.

The host started, and it was evident the question had awakened agitating thoughts in his mind; for his face blanched a little, and his glance turned feverishly from object to object.

"It is said," answered he, in a low stealthy tone, "that the spirit of the little orphan child haunts that chamber in the silent hours of night!"

The stranger wheeled, and looked full into the face of the speaker. A convulsive spasm passed over his features, and from his eyes came the flashing of condensed rage and hideous terror.

"Hell!" uttered he, furiously, "am I to be taunted by ghosts, and placed amid the spectres of puling brats? Find me, hoary

thief! — find me some other sleeping place; else will I have you dragged forth and lashed — lashed before the whole regiment!"

His cheeks were white with excitement; ferocity gleamed in every look and limb; and the frightened Gills and his wife shrank back in very fear that he would do them some bodily harm. They thought him mad; his words were so incoherent and strange.

But not quicker passed away is the lightning's flash—not in the swiftest night-storm does a cloud flit more quickly over the face of the moon—than was the clearing up of the stranger's countenance, and the clothing of his face again in its former mantle of indifference.

"Forgive me!" said he, with a bland smile, "I am too hasty. In truth, I have a horror of these superstitious stories; they fret me. But no matter. Do not think I am so silly as to *fear* this child-spirit you have spoken of. Such nonsense is for the ignorant and the credulous. Again I ask pardon for my rudeness. Let me now be shown to this chamber — this *haunted* chamber. I am weary. Good night, mistress!"

And without waiting for an answer, he of the red scarf hastily pushed the old man through the door, and they passed to the sleeping room.

When Gills returned to his accustomed situation in the large arm-chair by the chimney hearth, his ancient help-mate had retired to rest. With the simplicity of their times, the bed stood in a kind of alcove, just out of the same room where the three had been seated during the last few hours; and now the remaining two talked together about the singular events of the evening. As the time wore on, Gills showed no disposition to leave his cosy chair; but sat toasting his feet, and bending over the coals — an enjoyment that was to his mind very pleasant and satisfactory.

Gradually the insidious heat and the lateness of the hour began to exercise their influence over the old man. That drowsy indolent feeling which every one has experienced in getting thoroughly heated through by close contact with a glowing fire, spread in each vein and sinew, and relaxed its tone. He leaned back in his chair and slept.

For a long time his repose went on quietly and soundly. He could not tell how many hours elapsed; but a while after midnight, the torpid senses of the slumberer were awakened by a startling shock. It was a cry as of a strong man in his agony — a shrill, not very loud cry, but fearful, and creeping into the blood, like cold, sharp, polished steel. The old man raised himself in

his seat and listened — at once fully awake. For a minute, all was the solemn stillness of midnight. Then rose that horrid tone again—wailing and wild, and making the hearer's hair stand on end. As it floated along to the chamber — borne through the darkness and stillness — it brought to the mind of Gills thoughts of the howlings of damned spirits, and the death-rattle of murdered men, and the agonies of the drowning, and the hoarse croak of the successful assassin.

He sat almost paralyzed in his chair. Then came an interval; and then another of those terrible shrieks. One moment more, and the trampling of hasty feet sounded in the passage outside. The door was thrown open, and the form of the stranger, more like a corpse than living man, rushed into the room.

"He is there!" said the quivering wretch, pointing with his finger, and speaking in low hoarse tones; "he is there, in his little shroud! And he smiled and looked gently upon me with those blue eyes of his—O, how much sharper than a thousand frowns!"

The man shook, like one in a great ague, and his jaws clashed against each other.

"All white!" continued the miserable, conscience-stricken creature; "all white, and with the grave-clothes around him!—One shoulder was bare, and I saw," he whispered, "I saw blue streaks upon it. It was horrible, and I cried aloud. He stepped toward me! He came to my very bed-side; his small hand was raised, and almost touched my face. I could not bear it, and fled!"

The miserable man bent his head down upon his bosom; convulsive rattlings shook his throat; and his whole frame wavered to and fro, like a tree in a storm. Bewildered and shocked, Gills looked at his apparently deranged guest, and knew not what answer to make, or what course of conduct to pursue.

"Do you not believe it?" furiously exclaimed the stranger, with a revulsion of feeling, in consistence with his character; "do you think me a child, to be frightened by a bugbear?—Come!" continued he, seizing the alarmed old man by the shoulder; "come hither, and let your own eyes be blasted with the sight!"

And dragging the unresisting Gills, he strode to the door, and dashed it open with a loud and echoing clang.

The house was one of that old-fashioned sort, still to be met with occasionally in country villages, the ground floor of which was comprised of two rooms, divided by a hall—the door of each room being off against the other; so that the old man and his companion had a full view of the adjoining apartment. Though

there was no light there, Gills fancied he could see everything distinctly.

In one corner stood the bed from which the stranger had started—its coverlets and sheets all tumbled and half dragged down on the floor. A few feet on one side of its head, was the hearth-stone; and the sight thereon, as Gills strained his eyes to behold it, was drunk in with chilling terror to his heart.

Upon that hearth-stone stood the form of a boy, some ten years old. His face was wan and ghastly, but very beautiful; his hair light and wavy; and he was apparelled in the habiliments of the tomb. As the appalled Gills looked, he felt that the eyes of the pale child were fixed upon him and his companion—fixed, not as in anger, but with a gentle sorrow. From one shoulder the fearful dress had fallen aside, and the appearance of gashes and livid streaks was visible.

"See you?" harshly shrieked the stranger, as if maddened by the sight; "I have not dreamed—he is there, in his snowy robes—he comes to mock me. And look you!" he crouched and recoiled, "does he not step this way again? I shall go mad! If he but touches me with that little hand, I am mad! Away, spectre! boy-phantom, away! or I die too upon this very floor!"

And thrusting out his arms and his extended fingers, and bending down his eyes, as men do when shading them from a glare of lightning—he staggered from the door, and in a moment further, dashed madly through the passage which led through the kitchen into the outer road. The old man heard the noise of his flying footsteps, sounding fainter and fainter in the distance, and then, retreating, dropped his own exhausted limbs into the chair from which he had been aroused so terribly. It was many minutes before his energies recovered their accustomed tone again. Strangely enough, his wife, unawakened by the stranger's ravings, still slumbered on as profoundly as ever.

Pass we on to a far different and almost as thrilling a scene—the embarkation of the British troops for the distant land whose monarch was never more to wield the sceptre over a kingdom lost by his imprudence and tyranny. With frowning brow and sullen pace, the martial ranks moved on. Boat after boat was filled; and as each discharged its complement in the ships that lay heaving their anchors in the stream, it returned, and was soon filled with another load. And at length it became time for the last soldier to lift his eye, and take a last glance at the broad banner of England's pride, which flapped its folds from the top of the highest staff on the Battery. Proud spectacle! May the flag which was planted in the place of the blood-red cross, waft

out to the wind for ages and ages yet—and the nations of earth number not one so glorious as that which claims the star-gemmed symbol of liberty for its token!

As the warning sound of a trumpet called together all who were laggards—those taking leave of friends, and those who were arranging their own private affairs, left until the last moment—a single horseman was seen furiously dashing down the street. A red scarf tightly encircled his waist. He made directly for the shore, and the crowd there gathered started back in wonderment as they beheld his dishevelled appearance and his ghastly face. Throwing himself violently from his saddle, he flung the bridle over the animal's neck, and gave him a cut with a small riding-whip. He made for the boat; one minute later, and he had been left. They were pushing the keel from the landing—the stranger sprang—a space of two or three feet already intervened—he struck on the gunwale—and the Last Soldier of King George had left the American shores.

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## BRAVERY.

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

"Do not please sharp Fate
To grace it with your sorrows."—SHAKSPEARE.

Be brave! not when the cannon roars around,
And Danger's trumpet-lips the war notes sound;
Not in the field where kingdoms are o'erthrown—
The warrior's death-couch—be thy valor shown!
Let courage nerve thy *soul*, as now thine *arm;*
*Misfortune* be the foe that least can harm;
I grant it valorous, when cowards fly,
To meet the victor's blade and dare to die!
But there's a nobler courage thou may'st feel,
Will make thee look on wo as if 'twere weal.
Braver who battles with the ills of life,
Than he who conquers in a nation's strife.
Though glory round his brow no laurels bind,
The olive-branch of Peace enwreathes his mind,
And sweet Content adorns him with her crown,
Until his pallet seems a couch of down.
Be thou thus brave! and meet life's ills with scorn;
They are disarmed in being bravely borne.

# POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

## NO. XXX.

### Alexander H. Everett.

*(With a fine Engraving on Steel.)*

Mr. Everett's paternal ancestors came from the west of England, and were among the first settlers of the Colony of Massachusetts. The name appears in the oldest records of Boston; Richard Everett, the immediate ancestor of this branch of the family, being one of the petitioners to the General Court for the incorporation of Dedham, in the county of Norfolk, Mass., about the year 1630. He resided through life at Dedham, and the family has ever since been somewhat numerous in that, and other towns in the neighborhood of Boston. His paternal grandfather, Ebenezer Everett, was a lineal descendant from Richard, and lived in Dedham, in easy circumstances, drawing by the labor of himself and his sons a comfortable subsistence from a small landed property. He was the father of nine children, eight sons and a daughter—the youngest of the sons, Oliver, being the father of the subject of the present memoir.

Mr. Everett's father was a clergyman of worth, learning, and eminence. Soon after graduating at Cambridge, he was invited to the charge of the church in Summer street, Boston, now under the care of Mr. Young. He remained in this position until the year 1792, when his declining health compelled him to relinquish it. He then left Boston, and took up his residence in the adjoining village of Dorchester, where he passed the remainder of his life. After his removal to Dorchester, he was appointed a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Norfolk. He was subsequently invited to become a candidate for the representation of the Norfolk District in Congress; but declined, on account of the state of his health. The only occasion on which he appeared in public after his retirement from the pulpit, was the funeral solemnity in honor of Washington, when he delivered an address to the inhabitants of Dorchester. He died at that place in December, 1802, at the age of fifty, leaving a family of a widow, six sons, and two daughters. Alexander was the second of the sons, and was born in Boston on the 19th of March, 1790—receiving the name of his maternal grandfather, Alexander Hill.

His childhood was passed in Dorchester, at the free school of which place he was prepared for Cambridge, which he entered in the year 1802, a few months before the death of his father; being

then in his thirteenth year, and the youngest member of his class —in which, however, he graduated with the highest honors in 1806. Among the other members of the same class, who have acquired distinction, were Judge Preble, some time Minister to the Netherlands, J. G. Cogswell, now Editor of the New York Review, and Dr. Bigelow, one of the most learned and accomplished physicians in Boston, we may indeed say in the country.

After leaving college, he passed a year as assistant in the Phillips Academy at Exeter, N. H., and in 1807 entered his name as a student for the bar in the office of John Quincy Adams at Boston. He had but little inclination, however, for the practice of the legal profession, and at this time took no interest in politics—his passion being entirely for letters. Soon after he came to Boston, he was invited to become a member of the Anthology Club, an association formed for the publication of a literary journal, called the Monthly Anthology. The association comprehended a number of the most distinguished literary men of the time, among whom may be mentioned the late lamented Buckminster, Judge Thacher, and his brother, the late Rev. S. C. Thacher, Dr. Gardiner, the Rev. Mr. Emerson, father of the present well-known Rev. R. W. Emerson, Dr. Bigelow, Prof. Ticknor, Mr. Savage, and others. They had a social meeting, with a supper, one evening in every week. Being mostly either mere tyros, or professional men in full employment, and too constantly occupied to give much time to letters, the published product of their labors was of no very great value; but the work, as a whole, was distinguished by a somewhat better taste than had previously prevailed in our periodical literature, and gave indications of a tendency toward improvement.

On the appointment of Mr. Adams as Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia, in 1809, Mr. Everett accompanied him to Europe, and resided at St. Petersburgh as a member of his family, and formally attached to the Legation, for about two years; employing this time in the study of the modern languages, public law, political economy, and history. In the summer of 1811 he left St. Petersburgh, and proceeded through Sweden to England, where he passed the following winter. In the spring of 1812 he made a short visit to Paris, and in the summer of the same year returned to the United States in a licensed vessel, which sailed after the declaration of war.

Soon after his return from Europe, he was admitted to the bar, and opened an office in Boston. But the state of political affairs was at that time of so exciting a character as to render it almost impossible for any young man of ardent temperament and en-

larged views to avoid taking part in them. The war had just been declared, and had exasperated almost to madness the hostile feelings that previously existed between the parties. Mr. Everett had naturally, while abroad, acquired the habit of looking at our foreign relations with an exclusively American eye; and though his personal friends and connexions were generally of the Federal school, he could not sympathize with them in their justification of Great Britain, and their attacks on our Government. In the year 1813, he wrote in the "Patriot," then the leading Democratic paper at Boston, a series of Essays upon the topics at issue between the parties, which were afterward published in a pamphlet, entitled "*Remarks on the Governor's Speech.*" This attracted much attention, and fixed his position among the friends of the administration. He continued, as long as the war lasted, to contribute articles, from time to time, to the "Patriot," and wrote, in particular, a series of essays in opposition to the Hartford Convention, about the time when that celebrated body was preparing to hold its meeting. The same year he was proposed as one of the Democratic candidates for the State Senate from the county of Suffolk; but, from the preponderating majority of the Federal party in the county, was, of course, not elected.

During this period, he wrote several articles for the literary journals, particularly a review of the Volksmaerchen of Musaeus, and of the Martyrs of M. de Châteaubriand, for the Cambridge Repository. He also, by request of those associations, delivered public addresses before the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society, and the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College. For the latter occasion, he selected the character of Burke, for whom he cherished a just admiration, though he did not, like some others, make him an object of blind and indiscriminating idolatry. After dwelling with enthusiasm upon his character as the philosopher, the statesman, the friend of freedom and America, he intimated with some distinctness his doubts whether his opposition to the French Revolution was not too bitter, and whether the regicide war which he urged upon his government was really of any advantage to the world. These intimations, though moderately expressed, and with no application to our own politics, gave dissatisfaction to the Federal portion of the audience, which comprised, probably, nine-tenths of the whole. The society, however, agreeably to usage, requested a copy of the performance for the press, and a committee was appointed to communicate the vote to the author; but the chairman, a strong Federal partisan, was so much scandalized by the heterodox character of

the politics, that he abstained from performing his duty, and the address has consequently never been printed.

A little incident occurred at the public dinner of the society, on the day when this address was delivered, which we are tempted to insert here, as illustrative of the state of party feeling of that day and region. The society, which is now what it was intended to be, a purely literary institution, was then a mere political club. The toasts, songs, and speeches at the public meeting were of precisely the same character as at a professed party carousal. The meeting in question was held near the end of August, 1814, within a few weeks after the taking of Washington by the British, and this event was at that time the leading topic of political conversation. The proceedings at the dinner, after the cloth was removed, were an uninterrupted overflow of exultation at the success of the British troops, mingled with furious invectives and bitter sarcasms against the administration. At length a member, somewhat noted for wit and drollery, was called upon for a song, and began a sort of doggrel ballad upon the taking of Washington, in thirty or forty stanzas, to the tune of Yankee Doodle; in which he exercised his sportive vein entirely at the expense of poor Mr. Madison, and for the glorification of honest John Bull. The whole was received with bursts of applause; but when he had got about half way through, the president of the day considered that his duty required him to invite the minstrel to suspend his strains long enough to allow the company to drink a glass of wine, which was, of course, to be prefaced by a toast. Mr. Everett happened to be the next person, and was called upon to give it. He had been for some time bursting with patriotic zeal. It was necessary, however, to combine some discretion with valor, as the company were, almost to a man, against him. He luckily bethought himself at the moment of the sentiment given, we believe, by General Pinckney, on some public occasion during the *quasi* war with France, in the time of John Adams, and accordingly offered from his place, with a perfectly distinct enunciation, as a toast—"The old Federal sentiment: *millions for defence, not a cent for tribute.*" It fell like a familiar sound upon the ears of the audience, and was received with a hearty round of applause, perhaps before they recollected the distinction implied between the *old* Federal sentiment and that of the actual occasion, together with its general bearing upon the politics of the day. The minstrel, however, with a more quick apprehension of the rebuke, took the matter in dudgeon, and declined to go on with his song, remarking, that if the company did not agree with him in opinion, he had no wish to disturb the harmony of

the meeting. Satisfied with the effect of his well-timed and well-aimed shot, Mr. Everett readily joined with the others in urging him to proceed, but it was a long time before he could be brought into better humor.

A few months after, the treaty of Ghent terminated for a while these bitter dissensions. About the same time, Gov. Eustis of Massachusetts was appointed Minister to the Netherlands, and at his suggestion Mr. Everett received from Mr. Madison the commission of Secretary of Legation. After remaining a year or two in that situation he returned to the United States, and on the retirement of Mr. Eustis was appointed by Mr. Monroe to succeed him, with the rank of Chargé d'Affaires. He occupied this post from the close of 1818 till the spring of 1824. The commercial relations between the two countries, and the claims for spoliations during the French ascendency, constituted here, as at most of the legations, the principal objects of attention. His correspondence with the government of the Netherlands on both these subjects was called for and communicated to Congress, and bears honorable record of the ability and zeal which he brought to the discharge of his public duties.

A good deal of leisure was at the same time afforded him for the indulgence of his favorite literary pursuits, a part of which he employed in preparing a work, which was published at London and Boston in 1821, under the title of "Europe, or a General Survey of the Political Situation of the principal Powers, with Conjectures on their future Prospects: by a Citizen of the United States." This work attracted some attention both in Europe and America. As at the same time a testimony to its merit, and a sample of the English criticism of American writing of the day, we may mention that the London Morning Chronicle remarked, that the designation assumed by the author on the title-page must be a mere cover, the language being not only in general too purely English, but too idiomatical, even in its occasional errors, to have proceeded from a foreign pen. The work was immediately translated into German, and published with a commentary by the celebrated Professor Jacobi, of the University of Halle. It has since been translated into French and Spanish. The tone throughout is decidedly though moderately liberal. The information contained in the chapters on France and Germany was in part new to the English and American public. In the chapter on the 'Balance of Power,' the effect of the recent growth of Russia on the condition of the political world is indicated with a distinctness which gave to this portion of the work an air of novelty. In a separate chapter on the British navy, the course pur-

sued by Great Britain in regard to neutral rights, during the then recent war, is severely censured, and a total abstinence from the seizure of private property at sea is recommended as the only just and consistent plan of maritime warfare.

In the following year, he published at London and Boston a work entitled, "New Ideas on Population, with Remarks on the Theories of Godwin and Malthus." This is an essay on the relation naturally existing between the state of population and the supply of the means of subsistence. In studying the theory of government, with the feeling of a friend of liberty and social improvement, he had found himself compelled to encounter at the threshold of the subject the chilling and discouraging paradoxes of Malthus upon Population. This writer had undertaken to prove, that by a standing law of nature, there is everywhere a necessary disproportion between the demand for, and the supply of the means of subsistence; that this disproportion is the real cause of the misery of the great mass of the people throughout the world; and that as their misery does not result from bad government, so it cannot be prevented by good; and that the attempts to ameliorate the condition of society, by supposed political improvements, are, of course, perfectly useless. For the same reason any attempt to ameliorate the condition of individuals by charity, public or private, is entirely illusory; what is given to one, being in fact taken from the mouth of another claimant, who would otherwise have it, and is now left to starve. Marriage, the fatal fountain which is continually swelling this flood of population that threatens to overwhelm the world, though not entirely inadmissible among the rich, is to be discouraged in every imaginable way among the mass of the people, and regarded as the principle of every individual and social evil.

The extent to which these strange paradoxes held at one time, and in fact still hold possession of the public mind in England and America, will be regarded hereafter as one of the curious aberrations of the human intellect. The absurd and unnatural character of the practical conclusions drawn by the author from his theory, and which in fact follow if his reasoning be admitted, must of themselves satisfy every person of good sense and correct feeling, that the system must be false. But the error in the argument had not been distinctly pointed out, and the proudest thinkers bent their necks to the conclusions, however offensive, as to an inevitable necessity. Lord Brougham declared publicly in the House of Commons, that he could not see the error in the argument, but that he was so disgusted with the conclusions, that he would vote a civic crown to the person who would prove the

theory to be untrue. Various unsuccessful attempts were made to solve the problem. Godwin denied that there was any such power of increase in population as Malthus supposed, and undertook to prove that the increase in this country had been owing entirely to emigration from Europe. Mr. Sadler, a member of Parliament, and a person of considerable talent and the best intentions, published an answer to Malthus in two volumes 8vo, in which the point relied on as a reply to his main argument is, that after population has reached a certain density, there is a special interference of Providence to render the human body less prolific. Carlyle, though he rejects the conclusions with the bitterest scorn, has nothing better to propose in reply to the argument than *emigration*—which is simply *giving it up*. Alison, the latest writer on the subject, and one who has treated it elaborately in a work in two vols. 8vo, points out with correctness the increase in wealth that uniformly attends the increase of population, but makes no attempt to state the reasons of this phenomenon, or to indicate with precision the errors of Malthus. The English school of political economy, with M'Culloch at their head, are still firm believers in his doctrine, and Christopher North, the Coryphæus of the other political school, in reviewing the work of Alison in his number for December of 1840, re-asserts it with perfect gravity as an undeniable truth.

In his work of which we have given the title, Mr. Everett undertook, in the first place, to establish the following propositions:

1. Every individual being at once a laborer and a consumer, any increase of population increases the amount of labor in exact proportion to the increased demand for its products.

2. The increase of population is the immediate cause of the division of labor.

3. The division of labor is the immediate cause of the increase of its productiveness:—therefore,

4. The increase of population produces an increase in the supply of the products of labor, as compared with the demand; or, in other words, produces a relative abundance, instead of a relative scarcity of these products.

Thus far the argument proceeds prosperously without any obstacle; but at this point we encounter as an objection the theory of Malthus.

1. Every community must necessarily subsist upon the produce of its own territory.

2. Population advances geometrically—or, to speak less technically, indefinitely; while the means of subsistence that can be drawn from any given territory are necessarily limited in quantity; therefore,

3. The time must come, sooner or later, to every community, when there will be an actual deficiency of the means of subsistence.

This period, according to Malthus, has in fact arrived long ago in all parts of the world. In his own language, "the period when the number of men surpasses their means of subsistence has long since arrived. This constantly subsisting cause of periodical misery has existed ever since we have had any histories of mankind; does exist at present; and will for ever continue to exist, unless some decided change takes place in the physical constitution of our nature."

To this objection, Mr. Everett replies:

1. That there is no appearance, in fact, of any such increase of population in any community, as to exhaust the supply of provisions furnished by their territory. On the contrary, the increase of population has been everywhere attended with a more than proportional increase of the means of subsistence from the territory itself. This point has been well shown by Alison and others.

But were it even true, that population naturally increases with great rapidity, it would not follow that there is any danger of scarcity; for, secondly, (and this is the precise solution of the principal difficulty):

2. It is not necessary that every community should draw its means of subsistence from its own territory. The products of labor may be and naturally are realized at every point on the earth's surface, in the form in which they are there wanted. If a community is so dense as to more than exhaust the supply of provisions from its own territory, it then produces something else, which by the invariable laws of demand and supply, through the great distributing processes of commerce, is realized in the form of provisions.

The supply of provisions being therefore unlimited in quantity, at least until the whole resources of the globe are exhausted, not only by the cultivation of its whole surface, but by the exhaustion of all possible improvements in method, and scientific inventions to facilitate and increase production, the objection of Malthus disappears, and the conclusion drawn from the former argument applies to the means of subsistence, as well as to every other product of labor. The progress of population is therefore a principle of abundance, and not a principle of scarcity.

This is the outline of the argument which is developed and illustrated at moderate length, but with great logical clearness and ability, in Mr. Everett's work, forming an octavo volume of about a hundred pages. It was very favorably received in the United

States, and has met the approbation and concurrence of many eminent judges. It has also been translated into French, and received with favor at Paris. In England, where the leading journals were mostly committed to the opposite side of the question, it attracted less attention. When the work was ready, Mr. Everett visited London for the purpose of putting it to press; and while there, took an opportunity to converse with Mr. Malthus upon the subject. He found him, however, so entirely wedded to his theory, that, though in general a candid man, he could not bring himself to look at it from a new point of view. After the work was published he found it more convenient not to notice it, than to attempt to refute the argument; and having led to no discussion, it has never been fairly brought before the British public. Whenever it shall be, it will be found a satisfactory refutation of the celebrated paradox in question; and can scarcely fail to produce on the mind of every reader the salutary effect which it produced on that of its author; to relieve the mind from the gloomy impressions which the doctrine of Malthus, if true, is fitted to produce; and to authorize him to continue a cheerful and hearty believer in the liberal creed of progress and social improvement.

During his residence in the Netherlands, he contributed frequently to the North American Review, which had taken the place of the Repository and Anthology, as the leading literary journal at Boston, and was then under the direction of his brother Edward, now our Minister at the Court of St. James. Not having very free access to recent English works, and living in the midst of the contemporary French publications, he commonly selected his subjects from the latter. They were as follows; French Dramatic Literature; Louis Bonaparte; Private Life of Voltaire; Literature of the Eighteenth Century; Dialogue on Representative Government, between Dr. Franklin and President Montesquieu; Bernardin de St. Pierre; Madame de Staël; J. J. Rousseau; Mirabeau; Schiller; Chinese Grammar; Cicero on Government; Memoirs of Madame Campan; Degeando's History of Philosophy; Lord Byron.

In the year 1824 he returned to the United States, on leave of absence, and passed the following winter at home. In the spring of 1825 he was appointed by Mr. Adams, then recently elected President, Minister Plenipotentiary to Spain, the place having been vacated by the resignation of Mr. Nelson. This appointment was an entirely spontaneous act of Mr. Adams, performed without any solicitation on the part of Mr. Everett, or that of any of his friends. Soon after his election by the House of Repre-

sentatives, he intimated to Mr. Everett his intention to offer it to him. Mr. Everett said to him in reply, with proper acknowledgments for so flattering a proposal, that if he thought the appointment of a known personal friend would be likely to injure him with the people, he hoped he would not think of it. This difficulty was treated very lightly by the President, and Mr. Everett consented to accept the place. Such was the only conversation or communication of any kind that passed on the subject.

The Spanish mission, though not in all respects the most attractive, nor generally the most important, was, at that moment, perhaps, the most interesting of all the foreign legations. Independently of the superintendence of the commercial relations between the two countries—the claims for spoliations, and the negotiations for commercial treaties—which, with the communication of political information, form the regular business of our ministers abroad, the legation at Madrid was particularly charged with the affair of the independence of the Spanish colonies, the great European question of that day. Our government had taken the lead in acknowledging their independence; Great Britain was preparing to follow her example, but had not yet come to a decision; the Continental powers were all enlisted on the side of Spain. The Minister of the United States was, therefore, the only diplomatic agent at the Court of Madrid, representing a government which had acknowledged the new American powers; and Mr. Everett was particularly instructed to attend to their interest. By the effect of these circumstances, he became the virtual representative of the new Spanish American States, as well as of his own government. The immense addition of responsibility and labor which was thus thrown upon him, may easily be conceived. He was fully aware of the delicacy of his position, and determined, to the extent of his ability, to do justice to it. Soon after his arrival at Madrid, he prepared and presented to the Spanish government a long Memorial in behalf of the new states, detailing the reasons in favor of an immediate recognition of their independence. This memorial was transmitted to the other legations, to be used in their courts in persuading them to unite in the same policy. It has since been printed by order of Congress, and is a paper well worthy of its author and its object. During his residence at Madrid, the subject was renewed as frequently, and urged as strongly, as propriety would permit. His connexion with the affairs of the new American states also made it necessary for him to keep up a constant personal communication with the private agents of these

states at Madrid, and by letter with those at the other courts of Europe. In addition to the voluminous correspondence required by these negotiations, Mr. Everett transmitted regularly to the government, as often as once or twice a month, full information respecting the political events that successively transpired in Spain, and to some extent in other parts of Europe. In this way it may be readily conceived how actively his time was occupied, though he cheerfully devoted the whole of it to the public business, never leaving his post for a single day, or the capital for any other purpose than necessarily to attend the court in its occasional excursions to the country; mixing very sparingly in merely fashionable society, and hardly allowing himself any recreation, excepting the devotion of a few leisure hours to literary studies.

We are induced to mention one circumstance, growing out of Mr. Everett's connexion with the affairs of the Spanish American States, which constitutes a reminiscence which we trust will not be forgotten as a precedent at two of the legations of our country, where we should be glad now to see our Ministers 'go and do likewise'—one of those legations being the one presided over by Mr. Everett's own brother. We refer, of course, to the American prisoners now languishing in Van Dieman's Land and Mexicó. A privateer in the service of the Republic of Columbia—now broken up into fragments, but then the most flourishing and active in the new states—had been wrecked upon the Spanish coast, and seized with her crew by the government. Among the crew were a number of citizens of the United States. Being found in the armed employment of persons regarded as rebels by the Spanish government, they were punishable, according to the strict usage of nations, with death. The minister of their country had no right of course to claim them in his official character, for in entering the service of Columbia they had violated the laws of their own country. Considering, however, the offence, under all the circumstances, as not of a very heinous character, he determined to make a personal application to the King in their behalf. He accordingly solicited a private audience for this purpose, represented the case in a favorable manner to the King, and placed in his hands a written memorandum on the subject. The next day he had the satisfaction of receiving from the Secretary of State a note, informing him that the King had placed the persons in question at his disposal. He directed the Consul at the nearest port to receive them, and furnish them with the means of returning to the United States. For his conduct in this matter he received, through their private agent at

Madrid, the thanks of the Columbian government, as he also was well entitled to the gratitude of his own countrymen.

In the midst of the various and urgent official labors devolving on him at Madrid, Mr. Everett still found some leisure for literary pursuits, and employed a part of it in composing a work entitled "America, or a General Survey of the Political Situation of the principal Powers of the Western Continent, with Conjectures on their future Prospects, by a Citizen of the United States." This was intended as a complement to the similar work on Europe, which he had published while in the Netherlands, and finished the outline there commenced, of the political aspect of Christendom under the new state of things which had gradually grown up within the last century, and had become for the first time distinctly apparent since the fall of Napoleon. The extension of the European, or rather Christian political system over the whole world; the comparative decline of the great continental powers, Spain, France, Austria, and Prussia, which had successively been at the head of this system under its former more limited dimensions; the rise of England to the rank of a first-rate power; and the recent appearance of two new powers, the United States and Russia, forming, with England, the three leading powers of the Christian world; these, with a careful and able investigation of the political institutions and revolutionary history of the American republics, constituted the principal topics of the work. It was received with well-deserved favor by the leading journals at home; and, like its predecessor, was translated into the German, French, and Spanish languages. The general views, which were at the time in some degree new, and which were pronounced by some American critics as in part doubtful, have been fully confirmed by the developments of the subsequent ten years.

During this period, Mr. Everett also continued his contributions to the North American Review, which was now under the direction of Mr. Sparks. He wrote, while in Spain, articles on the following subjects: M'Culloch's Political Economy; Authorship of Gil Blas; Baron de Staël's Letters on England; Paraguay; The Art of being Happy; Politics of Europe; Chinese Manners; Irving's Columbus; Definitions in Political Economy by Malthus; Cousin's Intellectual Philosophy; Canova.

In addition to these able and active efforts of his own pen in the cause of letters, Mr. Everett never failed to take pleasure in employing his official influence in aiding the efforts of others in kindred literary pursuits. He invited Washington Irving to come to Madrid, gave him the character of attaché to the Legation, to

which he has recently proceeded as its head, and procured him access to the public archives from which he drew in part the materials for his beautiful and valuable works on Spanish subjects. He attached to the Legation, as interpreter, the late lamented George Washington Montgomery, one of the most accomplished scholars and elegant writers, both in Spanish and English, of the day. He also transmitted to Mr. Prescott a large portion of the materials for his work on Ferdinand and Isabella; and gave to Professor Longfellow and Mr. Slidell, now Capt. Mackenzie, who visited Madrid during his time, all the encouragement and aid in their literary pursuits which lay within his power.

In the management of the public affairs, he placed in the hands of the Spanish government projects of conventions on the subject of indemnities and of reciprocity in tonnage duties; and pressed forward the negotiations on both these subjects with all the urgency that propriety would admit, as long as he remained at Madrid. At the time of his departure there was a good prospect of success, which has since been confirmed by the conclusion of arrangements in regard to both, substantially on the basis of his proposals. In the autumn of the year 1829, he returned to the United States—desirous and determined to devote himself permanently and more fully than heretofore to literary pursuits.

From his long connexion with the North American Review as a contributor, he had become strongly interested in that journal, and soon after his return from Spain, by an arrangement with Mr. Sparks, who was desirous of devoting his time to the publication of the works of Washington, he became its proprietor and editor. He conducted the work with a tone of ability which needs no eulogy at our hands, for about five years, and made it during that time the principal object of his attention. Besides a large number of editorial notices with extracts, and other articles of less consequence, he prepared during this time elaborate papers on the following subjects: British Opinions on the Protecting System; Politics of Europe; Tone of British Criticism; Stewart's Moral Philosophy; The American System; Life of Henry Clay; Life and Writings of Sir James Mackintosh; Irving's Alhambra; Nullification; The Union and the States; Hamilton's Men and Manners in America; Early Literature of Modern Europe; Early Literature of France; Progress and Limits of Social Improvement; Origin and Character of the Old Parties; Character of Jefferson; Dr. Channing; Thomas Carlyle.

In the last of these articles, which terminated his long connexion with the Review, he introduced to the American public a writer then almost unknown even in England, but who, in the short

period of four or five years which have since elapsed, has risen so rapidly in reputation, as to have not only completely justified the high commendation which he bestowed upon him, but to have become, notwithstanding some eccentricities, perhaps the most conspicuous person in the whole compass of contemporary English literature.

Although he had determined on his return from Spain to devote himself chiefly to literature, he yet felt no repugnance to taking a part in political affairs, so far as his friends might desire his aid, and as he could give it consistently with the necessary attention to his principal object. He accordingly assented to the proposal, which was made to him soon after his return, to become a candidate for the State Senate. There was, at that time, an "era of good feelings" in Massachusetts, and the six Senators representing the county of Suffolk, in which he resided, were taken in equal number from the two old parties. He was elected in 1830 as one of the three Democratic candidates, and was annually re-chosen to that or the other branch of the Legislature for the next five years.

As a member of the Legislature, he took an active and prominent part in the current business. He was the author of numerous able reports and valuable projects of law, upon which we cannot afford to dwell in detail. He attended the Tariff convention held at New York in the year 1833, and, as chairman of a committee of that body, prepared the memorial which was presented in their name to Congress at the next session, as a reply to the memorial prepared by Mr. Gallatin for the Free Trade convention previously held at Philadelphia. Mr. Everett was at this time a firm believer in the policy of encouraging domestic manufactures by protecting duties. Though not insensible to the truth and importance of the great principle of the *Liberty of Trade*, he considered it as a not less certain and important principle, that a country derives an immense advantage from possessing within itself manufactures of the most necessary articles, and indeed of all articles which it is fitted by situation, soil, and climate, to produce. Believing also that manufactures on their first establishment may require some positive encouragement to enable them to struggle with foreign competition, and that in this country a duty on the similar foreign article was the best mode of giving this encouragement, he considered the case as one of the few exceptions to the general doctrine of the perfect freedom of trade. These views were developed at considerable length in the memorial just mentioned, and in several articles in the North American Review, particularly those entitled "British Opinions on

the Protecting System," and "The American System." Our own views on this subject are known to our readers. We are not aware that Mr. Everett has changed the views which he then entertained, excepting, perhaps, in regard to the last of the above stated principles, viz., that in this country a duty on the foreign article is the best mode of encouraging the manufacture of the domestic one. The full discussion of the Currency question, which has taken place within the last five years, has thrown a new light upon many points connected with that subject, and particularly upon the influence of the state of the currency on domestic industry, to which Mr. Everett's clear and discriminating intelligence has not been blind. A fluctuating currency holds out, in its periods of expansion, a bounty on the foreign article far more than equivalent to the encouragement given by protecting duties to the domestic one. In the great expansion of 1836, for example, our imports rose to nearly $200,000,000, against about $120,000,000 of exports. The specie all went to Europe to pay the balance; the banks exploded; and the industry of the country suffered a shock from which it has not yet recovered. The present tariff party are insisting, as a remedy for the evils occasioned by these fluctuations, the imposition of protecting duties; regarding these as tending to produce a *sound state of the currency*, by preventing specie from being carried out of the country. It is clear, however, to common sense, that the protecting duty, which is added to the price, and paid by the consumer, in no way diminishes the advantage drawn by the foreigner from the unnatural prices occasioned by an expanded currency, and has little or no tendency to prevent him from taking out specie. The true and only remedy for the evils occasioned by these fluctuations, and the best protection which the domestic manufacturer can possibly have against foreign competition, is a steady and natural state of the currency, which can only be brought about by a reform of the abuses of the present banking system. The New England manufacturers, who, from some inconceivable blindness, are among the strongest opponents of this reform, have a deeper interest than any other class of persons in the community in seeing it realized. This view has, within two or three years, begun to attract a good deal of attention. It is developed at some length in two articles on the *Currency*, which he contributed to the Boston Quarterly Review for July, 1839, and January, 1840. The whig leaders, and particularly Governor Davis of Massachusetts, perceiving the effect which the argument, if well understood, must inevitably produce, attempted to evade it by sophistically describing the proposed reform as intended to reduce wages, and thus diminish the

reward of labor. It is hardly necessary to say that this mode of representing the subject was adopted *ad captandum vulgus*, and did no credit to the honesty of the persons who pretended to regard it as a just and correct one.

During General Jackson's first term, Mr. Everett stood ranged —naturally enough under the circumstances—in the party of oppositions. Mr. Adams's accession, after the close of Monroe's no-party Presidency, had considerably divided the old parties. Having been himself one of the old war Republicans, he carried many of them with him at this period. It is not surprising that Mr. Everett's sectional position and personal relations with Mr. Adams made him one of these. He had been abroad nearly the whole of the time. On his return, he was not ungrateful or false to his friends. In the convention held at Baltimore at the close of the year 1831, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the Presidency, he attended as one of the delegates from Massachusetts; and in that body, as chairman of a committee, wrote the address which was issued in their name, recommending Mr. Clay. The election which took place in the autumn of the following year, decided the question in favor of General Jackson. Immediately after, the Nullification troubles came to a crisis, and the famous proclamation was issued. The stand taken by the President on that occasion was much approved by all parties in Massachusetts, and there was a general disposition to terminate opposition, and support the administration. A public meeting was held at Faneuil Hall, at which Mr. Webster moved resolutions highly favorable to the policy of the general government. His friends in the Legislature introduced resolutions inviting the President to visit the State the following summer. This he accordingly did, and was received with an enthusiasm not inferior to that which attended the presence of Washington. The whole proceedings amounted to an adhesion on the part of Massachusetts to the administration. Mr. Everett had not taken a leading or active part in these proceedings, but cheerfully concurred in them, and thought them in part dictated by the true policy of the State. The original differences between Mr. Adams and General Jackson had been rather personal than political; and as neither of them would ever be again a candidate for the Presidency, there was no reason why their competition, which had now become a matter of history, should be permitted to disturb our present or future politics. The questions which had agitated the country during General Jackson's first term, were, in one way or another, disposed of. The removals, right or wrong, were made, and could not be unmade;—the friends of the Indians had acquiesced in

the action of the government;—the Tariff question was settled by compromise, and all minor matters being absorbed in the immense question of the Union, on which the course of the administration gave universal satisfaction, there was nothing to prevent the existing opposition from rallying to the standard of the country, supporting the administration, and joining with its friends in electing Mr. Van Buren, who possessed qualifications equal to those of any candidate before the public, and was certainly the only person having the least chance of being elected by the people.

This was the view which Mr. Everett took of the subject, and upon which he acted. It would probably have been taken universally in Massachusetts, and indeed throughout the country, had it not been for the Bank question, which became at that time and has been ever since the main point of controversy between the parties. As General Jackson, on entering upon his second term, manifested the determination to adhere to his policy of not assisting in the recharter of a National Bank, the portion of the then existing opposition party, who considered this question as paramount to all other considerations, persisted in opposing his administration, and reorganized the party under the new name of *Whigs*. Another portion, with which Mr. Everett acted, and which consisted chiefly of the democratic members of the party, who naturally took the old democratic view of the bank question, concurred with the administration on this subject, and having no motive to oppose it on any other, fell at once into the ranks of its supporters. As respects the subject of this memoir, he had, before his return from Europe, paid less attention to the bank question than to some others in political economy, considering it as settled by the practice of the country; and, though fully aware of the danger of abuse, had been rather disposed to take a favorable view of the existing system. But the conduct of the United States Bank toward the close of its charter, and under its new name, with the disastrous events of the year 1837, completely satisfied him of the demoralizing character of this system, and its utter inconsistency with the principles of a republican government. Indeed, the full discussion of the currency question, which has taken place within the last five years, and the practical illustration which it has received from the events of that period, have brought it, for the first time, distinctly before the public mind in its true character. In the midst of the full flood of light which has thus been thrown upon the subject, it has always, we know, been to Mr. Everett a matter of unmingled astonishment, that so many men of superior talents, and, it must be presumed, good

intentions, should be found willing to perpetuate a system so ruinous to the wealth, morals, and happiness of the community.

In the year 1836, he removed from Boston to the neighboring village of Roxbury, which is within the precincts of the County of Norfolk, and the ninth Congressional district. He was invited soon after by the Democracy of that district to be their candidate for the seat in Congress which had just become vacant by the retirement of Mr. William Jackson. Consenting to this proposal, he received the vote of the party at the elections of that year and of 1838 and 1840. With a strong Federal majority in the district, and in the highly excited state of parties which then existed, there could, of course, be very little expectation of success; but he regarded it as a duty not to refuse, when requested, his aid, in whatever mode it might be demanded, to principles which he thought so important. During the administration of Mr. Van Buren, he took an active part in the political movements of his friends in Massachusetts and New England. On the fourth of July following the explosion of the banks in 1837, a meeting was held on Bunker Hill, for the purpose of expressing an opinion upon that proceeding. The chair was occupied by the Hon. W. Foster, of Boston, one of the soundest republicans and most enlightened political economists of the country. Mr. Everett made the draft of the resolutions adopted on that occasion, which contain a lucid and summary exposition of the theory of banking and the currency, and addressed the meeting with great force in support of them. This was one of the earliest demonstrations that took place after the explosion of the banks, and at least as much as any other public document of the day, had its influence in giving to public opinion the direction which it afterwards took, and into which it is now rapidly and conclusively settling down, in regard to this subject.

During all this period, he was also frequently called upon to deliver addresses at political meetings, and also on occasions of a literary and philanthropic character. These were always received with the admiration due to the chaste eloquence of style in which they conveyed the enlightened views and liberal sentiments of the mind and heart from which they proceeded. A number of them have been published at the request of the hearers. Among the subjects which have been thus treated of by Mr. Everett, we may specify the following:—The Progress and Limits of the Improvement of Society; The French Revolution; The Constitution of the United States; State of Polite Literature in England and the United States; Moral Character of the Literature of the last and present century; Literary Character of the Scriptures;

Progress of Moral Science; Discovery of America, by the Northmen; German Literature; Battle of New Orleans; Battle of Bunker Hill.

In the winter of 1840, it was thought necessary by the government to send a confidential commissioner to the Island of Cuba, for the purpose of exercising a general superintendence over the consulate during the absence of the Consul, and of investigating the truth of charges that had been made against him for sanctioning the abuse of the American flag, for the purpose of covering the slave trade. At the urgent request of the President, Mr. Everett accepted this commission, and passed two months at the Havana in the execution of it.

In the autumn of the same year (1840) he returned to Havana on private business, and, while there, received a letter from the Governor of Louisiana, requesting him, in the name of the board of directors of Jefferson College, in that State, to accept the presidency of that institution. After some consideration, and a personal visit to the college, he accepted the proposal, and entered on the duties of the office on the first of June; and the last of his publications we have met, is the address delivered on his first public appearance as President, which is well befitting that extended and established reputation, as an accomplished scholar, an elegant writer, and a correct and liberal thinker, which procured for him the unusual honor of such an invitation from so distant a section of the Union. We congratulate the institution and the State upon the acquisition they have thus secured. And as Mr. Everett, still in the full vigor of his powers, is now placed in a position so congenial to his tastes, habits, and pursuits, we trust that in addition to those labors, of which the immediate benefits are to be confined to the students under his administration of the college, he will be able to adorn the literature of his country with many a future contribution, not less valuable to it and worthy of himself, than those of his past career, up to the point at which we have now to suspend the task of the biographer's pen.

The engraving accompanying this slight sketch of one in regard to whom, as both a personal friend and a contributor to the pages of this work, we have felt under some restraints which all can appreciate, upon the freedom of even just praise, is taken from a very fine portrait painted a number of years ago in Paris, by the celebrated Girard, now in the possession of Ex-President Adams. Though the progress of time may have made some change in its original, his friends will not fail to recognise in it a resemblance which will give it an interest and value second to none of the former numbers of this series.

# SONNETS.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

I.

As the broad ocean endlessly upheaveth,
  With the majestic beating of his heart,
  The mighty tides, whereof its rightful part
Each sea-wide gulf and little weed receiveth,—
So, through his soul who earnestly believeth,
  Life from the universal Heart doth flow,
  Whereby some conquest of the eternal Wo
By instinct of God's nature he achieveth:
A fuller pulse of this all-powerful Beauty
  Into the poet's gulf-like heart doth tide,
And he more keenly feels the glorious duty
  Of serving Truth despised and crucified,—
Happy, unknowing sect or creed, to rest
And feel God flow for ever through his breast.

II.

Once hardly in a cycle blossometh
  A flower-like soul ripe with the seeds of song,
  A spirit foreordained to cope with wrong,
Whose divine thoughts are natural as breath,
Who the old Darkness thickly scattereth
  With starry words which shoot prevailing light
  Into the deeps, and wither with the blight
Of serene Truth the coward heart of Death:
Wo if such spirit sell his birthright high,
  And mock with lies the longing soul of man;
Yet one age longer must true Culture lie,
  Soothing her bitter fetters as she can,
Until new messages of love outstart
At the next beating of the infinite Heart.

III.

The love of all things springs from love of one;
  Wider the soul's horizon hourly grows,
  And over it with fuller glory flows
The sky-like spirit of God; a hope begun
In doubt and darkness, 'neath a fairer sun
  Cometh to fruitage, if it be of Truth;
  And to the law of meekness, faith, and ruth,
By inward sympathy shall all be won:
This thou shouldst know, who, from the painted feature
  Of shifting Fashion, couldst thy brethren turn
Unto the love of ever youthful Nature,
  And of a beauty fadeless and eterne;

And always 'tis the saddest sight to see
An old man faithless in Humanity.

IV.

A poet cannot strive for despotism;
  His harp falls shattered; for it still must be
  The instinct of great spirits to be free,
And the sworn foes of cunning barbarism.
He who has deepest searched the wide abysm
  Of that life-giving Soul which men call fate,
  Knows that to put more faith in lies and hate
Than truth and love, is the worst atheism:
Upward the soul for ever turns her eyes;
  The next hour always shames the hour before;
One beauty at its highest prophesies
  That by whose side it shall seem mean and poor;
No Godlike thing knows aught of less and less,
But widens to the boundless Perfectness.

V.

Therefore think not the Past is wise alone,
  For Yesterday knows nothing of the Best,
  And thou shalt love it only as the nest
Whence glory-winged things to Heaven have flown.
To the great Soul alone are all things known,
  Present and future are to her as past,
  While she in glorious madness doth forecast
That perfect bud which seems a flower full-blown
To each new Prophet, and yet always opes
  Fuller and fuller with each day and hour,
Heartening the soul with odor of fresh hopes,
  And longings high and gushings of wide power,
Yet never is or shall be fully blown
Save in the forethought of the Eternal One.

VI.

Far 'yond this narrow parapet of Time,
  With eyes uplift, the poet's soul should look
  Into the Endless Promise, nor should brook
One prying doubt to shake his faith sublime;
To him the earth is ever in her prime
  And dewiness of morning; he can see
  Good lying hid, from all eternity,
Within the teeming womb of sin and crime;
His soul should not be cramped by any bar,—
  His nobleness should be so Godlike high
That his least deed is perfect as a star,
  His common look majestic as the sky,
And all o'erflooded with a light from far,
Undimmed by clouds of weak mortality.

Boston, *April* 2, 1842.

# THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

A CASTLE stood in olden time, so lofty and so grand,
Far o'er the plain its splendor shone unto the blue sea's strand,
And round it fragrant gardens a blooming garland made,
Where freshest fountains springing forth, in rainbow glory played.

There sat a haughty monarch, rich in land and victories,
He sat upon his throne, so pale, with darkness in his eyes;
For all his thoughts are horror, and all his looks are rage,
His words are scourges, and he writes in blood upon the page.

Once drew there toward this castle a noble minstrel pair,
The one in golden tresses, and the other gray of hair;
The old man with his harp was seated on a charger pied,
And blithely stepped his blooming mate in beauty at his side.

The old man to the youth thus spake: "Prepare thee now, my son!
Bethink thee of our deepest songs—tune to the fullest tone,—
Gather thy strength together, the gladness and the pain!
For the king's stony heart to-day must melt beneath our strain."

Already stood the minstrels in the pillared hall of state,
And on the throne the monarch and his gentle consort sate;
The king in fearful splendor, like the bloody northern light,
Tender and mild the queen, as if the full moon made her bright.

The old man struck the harp-strings, and he struck so wondrously,
That richer, ever richer, swelled their rising melody;
Then streamed with heavenly clearness forth the young man's tones of fire,
And the old man's song was heard between, like a misty spirit choir.

Of love and spring they're singing, of the happy golden time,
Of freedom, manly worth, of faith and holiness sublime,
And all things sweet that thrill the breast of man are in their lays,
And all that have a lofty spell the heart of man to raise.

The jest has died upon the lips of the gay courtier crowd,
And the king's stalwart warriors before their God are bowed,
The queen, her soul all melted with mournfullest delight,
Throws to the minstrel pair a rose from off her bosom white.

"Ye have seduced my people, entice you now my wife?"
Raves the fierce king, all trembling with passion's fearful strife;
Sudden his sword, like lightning, at the youth's fair breast he flings,
And forth, 'stead of the golden song, a bloody torrent springs.

Then, as by tempest, scattered is all that listening swarm,
The gentle youth has breathed his last upon his master's arm,
He binds him with his minstrel cloak firm upright on the horse,
And from the castle turns his steps, with the beloved corse.

But yet before the lofty gate, pauses the minstrel gray,
There seizes he his cherished harp, the glory of its day;
Upon a marble pillar dashed, by his stern hand, it lies,
Then calls he until tower and grove ring with his fearful cries.

"Wo unto you, proud halls! no more your empty vaults along
The minstrel's string shall tremble, shall gush the poet's song!
No! sighs and groans shall echo there, and the slave's step of dread,
Till the avenging spirit o'er your mould'ring dust shall tread.

"Wo unto you, sweet gardens! in the lovely light of May,
I show to you the features marred of him who's passed away,
That ye thereat may wither, and your every stream be dry,
That ye, all turned to stone, one day may waste and desert lie.

"Wo unto thee, foul murderer! thou curse of Minstrelsie!
In vain thy striving for the crown of bloody fame shall be,
Forgotten be thy name for aye, in endless night enwreathed,
Let it, as an expiring gasp, in empty air be breathed!"

The old man's voice has called it down, the ear of heaven has heard;
The sinking walls, the ruined halls, fulfil his parting word;
One pillar yet remains to mark the glory that has gone,
And that, already crumbling, may fall ere morrow morn.

And round it, 'stead of gardens fair, a barren desert land,
No tree may cast its shadow there, no spring may pierce the sand;
The monarch's name no song, and no heroic page rehearse,
Deep sunken and forgotten—that is the Minstrel's Curse.

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## MR. HENRY A. WISE AND THE CILLEY DUEL.

In the Number of the Democratic Review for March, 1838, under the title of "*The Martyrdom of Cilley*," we published an article not yet probably forgotten by some of our readers, some portions of which, now sincerely regretting to have printed or written, we are as sincerely anxious to retract, and to atone for to the fullest extent that either justice can claim, or generosity could suggest.

The article referred to was written almost as it were by the very side of the dead body of the friend whose unhappy fate

created the occasion for it, and awoke the spirit which it breathed. The profound sensation which electrified the heart of the whole country on the announcement of that terrible tragedy, there are few doubtless who do not remember. What must have been the emotions of those who stood at the very centre of this deep and wide popular agitation—who in its victim mourned a friend and recent companion—and whose sight was still haunted by the image of the good, the gallant, and the gentle, stretched before them in the ghastly awfulness of such a death—language could with difficulty utter, and memory shrinks from attempting to recall. If there was any thing in the article in question of a character too vindictive and merciless, it is a duty to conscience and to Christianity to express for it that regret which, at a calmer season of more just and charitable retrospection, ought to arise in every human heart which has ever been hurried by natural passion to indulge such a sentiment towards any fellow human being. We will only say, that if there was in it any spirit of vengeance, it was that unconscious vengeance which so often believes itself to be but the righteous resentment of justice. That it was both sincere, and prompted only by motives of a high public duty, may be assumed as sufficiently proved by the slightest reference to the great personal peril at which such an article was necessarily written and published, under the existing circumstances of time and place.

Mr. Wise was treated, in that article, as the true author of the death—the death which was regarded as the murder—of poor Cilley. It was indeed very unfortunate for that gentleman that the general complexion of the evidence of the case, so far as it was then spread before the public eye, was such as to fasten this imputation upon him, as the principal figure of the whole horrid transaction, with a terrible degree of concentration and force. We will not recapitulate it—we have no desire to preserve its recollection. So general and so strong was the effect thus produced, that the echo has never yet entirely died away from the land, of the execrations which were then heaped upon his name from every quarter of its wide extent. A general impression has prevailed that he fomented this wretchedly groundless quarrel, urged forward its consummation, and, in a spirit of deadly ferocity that knew no ruth nor relenting, forced it on to its fatal issue, not only without any of the conventional justification to be derived from the laws of the "code of honor," but in opposition to its clearest principles. Many personal and political friends, doubtless, took a different view of the matter, but in the minds of a great majority of the people, such was the pervading

impression left behind; and when the death of Cilley was remembered, the image of Wise, more than that of Graves, was associated with the event as its truly guilty and responsible author. Though the latter was condemned, with a less unforgiving reprobation, as having evinced a wicked weakness of conduct throughout the affair, the former was regarded as the master-spirit of the mischief, and as having shown himself in it a man of dark and malignant soul, of bad and bitter heart.

The recent publications which have been made on this unhappy subject, have satisfied us that in all this a great and serious injustice has been done to Mr. Wise; and if we in any degree contributed before to aggravate that feeling, we hasten—equally now as then, unsolicited and unprompted—to volunteer the expression of our regret, and of our desire to apply such remedy as may be in our power.

No man, but ONE, has ever yet trod the earth, who, in the judgments of his fellow-men upon him and his life, did not need more than justice, *charity*, even as mercy could be his only hope in the judgments of his God. It is especially our duty to judge men, when we venture to judge them at all, with reference to the standard of right to be sought in those codes of practice and principle to which they have been educated, and by the influences of which they have continued in life surrounded. Without carrying this rule to the false length which would substitute the accidental laws of circumstance for the immutable ones of universal justice and right, and find an excuse for all wrong by transferring its responsibility to others—ancestors, parents, associations, the world—the sternest moralist will not refuse to take these at least charitably into account; if not to change his decision, yet to soften the severity of the penalties with which he would visit the authors of human offences, which in themselves would sometimes seem to be beyond the reach of forgiveness. The event to which we have referred above was in itself a most foul deed, a most heinous crime—and constitutes one of the most startling illustrations ever presented to the public mind, of the foolishness and the wickedness of that code of barbarian "honor" to which poor Cilley fell a victim. Its good effects have, doubtless, not been lost in awakening in many minds those reflections upon the absurdity and atrocity of the whole institution of the Duel, which will eventually draw out of the present and partial evil a lasting and extended good. It is to be hoped that its moral influence in this way has not been lost upon those themselves engaged in it.

Mr. Wise in this matter acted as a duellist, and he carried out

the laws of the code under which, in the character of a second, he placed himself, with a terrible sternness and unbendingness of purpose. Further than this we are now satisfied that he neither went, nor evinced a desire to go. For this, in view of his education and associations, we cannot extend to him, individually, that condemnation due to the system, which he merely had not the courage and clearness of moral vision to raise himself above. It is to be presumed he thought, as is thought by a body of public opinion in his country too large to be treated with entire contempt, that duelling was one of the necessary evils of society, for the prevention of greater ones—like hanging, for example; and if his friends choose even to claim a credit for the firmness and vigor with which he carried out the duties imposed upon his position by the principles of the Duel, we can scarcely see how any one who would applaud the display of similar faculties in the administration of that other institution of kindred barbarity and absurdity, can have much ground on which to dispute their right to do so—relative as such terms are, in their common application, as either merits or crimes, according to public opinion, usage, and the motive or spirit by which the individual may have been actuated.

With respect to the latter, it appears to us to be made fully manifest that, instead of the duel having been urged on by the counsels of Mr. Wise, the course pursued had been resolved on independently of them; that it was followed out without his approval; that after the announcement of the weapons chosen by the challenged party, he even wished to arrest it, on the ground of their unusual, and, as he assumed, ferocious character—a ground overruled by the other counsellors engaged in the affair; and that on the field, in the seemingly ruthless determination evinced by him to extort an unreasonable and impossible concession from Mr. Cilley, he followed only the written instructions drawn up by the rest before setting out. It is also made clear and certain that the point of view in which Mr. Wise regarded the matter from the beginning, was that of a direct issue of veracity between the two parties; entirely disapproving that in which it was exhibited throughout the written record of the case,—namely, that of the vicarious vindication of the honor of a third party; in whose behalf an acknowledgment was to be extorted, that no disrespect had been intended toward him in the refusal to accept his challenge. It is to Mr. Clay that the error is chargeable of placing the matter on this latter absurd ground. His motive was, doubtless, a good one, that of facilitating a settlement, according to his view of the probabilities, by making it a question of formality, rather than the more difficult one of

veracity. But its effect has been very unfortunate for Mr. Wise and all concerned; since it was out of the very breadth of the contrast between the unrelenting spirit with which it was carried out to its deadly end, and the absurdity of the ostensible reason or motive of the whole, that proceeded a great part of the public odium which has gathered and settled like a black cloud over the heads of the parties involved on the challenging side.

So much in justice to Mr. Wise. We think it due to him, since the recent publications on the subject, that this justice should be tendered to him by all those who either publicly or privately contributed to swell the torrent of general indignation against him, by which, at the time, he was almost swept away to destruction; and especially is it due that it should not be withheld, nor ungraciously bestowed, by all that great institution and power in society, of which we have spoken the sentiments of one of the constituent units—the Press. As for Mr. Graves, there is nothing in the recent publications we have alluded to, (and which we have neither time, space, nor inclination to refer to in detail,) which calls for any particular remark in relation to him. Whatever his crime may have been, it has not been unattended by a full measure of punishment—to which we have no desire to add. We are willing in charity to concede, that in his interview with Cilley he *understood* the latter in accordance with the sense which he afterwards insisted that Mr. Cilley should express in a written form. But that that was a total *mis*understanding, growing out of the uncertainties of verbal communications on such occasions, we are well assured,—knowing as we do how uniform were Mr. Cilley's representations on the subject to his friends from the beginning; and how indignantly he saw in the insolence of this demand that evidence of a determination to force him to the crime of fighting, or to the disgrace of insult and outrage, which led him in that fatal hour to accept that fatal challenge.

Of the part which Mr. Clay appears to have performed in this dread drama, we have nothing else to say than this—that while he was undoubtedly at the time actuated by a sincere desire to avert any fatal consequences in the affair, yet as to his subsequent course, in allowing his friends to keep so closely drawn the veil of secrecy over the extent of his participation in it, and in abstaining from coming to the rescue of Mr. Wise from the terrible pressure of the public sentiment against him, in the manner so easy for him to do with conclusive effect, we find it hard to reconcile it with all we have heretofore been proud and happy to believe of Mr. Clay's manly magnanimity, honor, and frankness of character.

Let there be now no further revivals of all these wretched recol-

lections. We should have never again alluded to the sad subject, but for the purpose of doing the act of justice now, we trust, sufficiently performed. The dead are gone. Of them let nothing but the good be remembered or spoken. And for the living, let them be forgiven, by all but those who never expect themselves to need forgiveness at the hand of man or God.

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## THE SUPREME COURT OF NEW YORK, AND MR. WEBSTER, ON THE M'LEOD QUESTION.*

THIS is the second edition of a carefully elaborated pamphlet dedicated to Daniel Webster, the avowed object of which is to show that the Supreme Court of New York ought to have discharged M'Leod on *habeas corpus*. It will be recollected that M'Leod stood indicted for the murder of one of our citizens; and his discharge was demanded by the British government on the ground that if he was guilty of homicide in any sense, it was as one of a military expedition ordered out by the Canadian provincial authorities for the purpose of destroying the steamboat Caroline, then known to be lying in our waters at Schlosser. The boat belonged to Mr. Wells, a citizen of Buffalo, who was suspected of an intention to use it in aid of the rebels at Navy Island in the winter of 1837; and the expedition being designed to frustrate such supposed purpose, the Queen of England three years afterward avowed the act, and demanded the release of M'Leod—a demand which Mr. Webster at once hastened to concede to be proper, in language which we shall presently notice. As the case is now before the public *in extenso*, both in the reports of Mr. Hill and Mr. Wendell, we shall not enter further upon its details.

To one unacquainted with the deep interest which Mr. Webster has in the questions discussed in the Review under consideration, its publication at this time might seem a work of supererogation. M'Leod has been acquitted and has returned to Canada, where he and all concerned in the affair of the Caroline will probably choose hereafter to remain. There is, therefore, no purpose of criminal justice to be subserved by the discussion. Much less can any advantage be gained in a national point of view from a vindication of the by-gone demand which England made upon our government; for we cannot believe that Mr. Webster's pliant concessions to Mr. Fox are to be repeated as a basis of the approaching

* Review of the Opinion of Judge Cowen, of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, in the case of Alexander M'Leod. By Judge Tallmadge, of the Superior Court of the City of New York. N. T. Eldredge, 1841. Pamphlet, pp. 43, second edition.

negotiations with Lord Ashburton. But some effort to sustain Mr. Webster's legal and political character was undoubtedly necessary. He had granted the right of England to demand the surrender of M'Leod, on a distinction quite novel—not to say suspicious. In a letter to Mr. Fox, while strongly insisting that England was herself in the wrong, he held the following language:—

"The government *entertains no doubt* that after this avowal of the *transaction* as a *public transaction*, authorized and undertaken by the British authorities, individuals concerned in it [M'Leod included] ought not, by the principles of public law, and the general usage of civilized states, to be holden personally responsible in the ordinary tribunals of law for their participation in it."

The argument of Mr. Webster in the letter containing the clause cited, when divested of its rhetorical embellishments, will be found to amount to little short of this: The transaction was illegal. England had no power to enter our territory, and burn the property and take the lives of our citizens. But although she had no such rights, she could impart them to M'Leod. She might give what was not hers. A derivative right is better than a primary one. The agent may have a higher authority than his principal—the inferior, than his superior—the bailiff, than his landlord!

This, Judge Cowen, delivering the unanimous opinion of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, denied. That Court held, first, with Mr. Webster, that the English functionaries concerned in this matter had acted without right: but they held further, that England, having no means of defending herself against the imputation of wrong, could impart none to M'Leod; that the burning and homicide being without authority, he was, like one of our own citizens, amenable to all the requisitions of criminal justice; that England had, by the avowal, become an accessory to the crime after the fact, but that the establishment of such a relation took nothing from the guilt of the principal offender. It is obvious that a view so consistent, so much in accordance with the common sense of mankind, and with every principle of law which had yet found its way into the books, was calculated to make a powerful impression upon the general mind.

The decision had doubtless been anticipated. In a few days after it was announced, Judge Tallmadge, of the Superior Court of the city of New York, a zealous political friend of Mr. Webster, drew up and published in the "New York Times" the substance of what is contained in the work before us, which he soon afterward expanded to the dimensions of a pamphlet, calling it his first edition. This was, with very equivocal propriety, printed by Mr. Webster himself, at *the public expense*, from the contingent fund at the disposal of the Department of State, and extensively circulated. That the political associates of Mr. Webster

should have been disposed to render him every aid at a crisis thus momentous to him—in which his standing as a jurist, a statesman, and an American, was so unfortunately involved—was to be expected. Even in this, however, we are disappointed; for among the thousands of those associates whose abilities are acknowledged, we now, on the appearance of Mr. Tallmadge's second edition, find only two—the late Chancellor Kent and Chief Justice Spencer—who indeed seem prepared to second his efforts by a general endorsement. These, we concede, are distinguished jurists; and had they not been equally distinguished for the ardor of their attachments to the political school of which Mr. Webster is the pride and boast, we should certainly have to congratulate the reviewer on the accession of such illustrious proselytes. We are not disposed to deny, nevertheless, that on whatever grounds these gentlemen may have joined Mr. Tallmadge, they have entitled his work to a consideration which, it is believed, no one understanding the subject would have accorded to its intrinsic force. Chancellor Kent, in a letter acknowledging the receipt of a copy, declares the Review to be *precise*, *accurate*, and *conclusive*; and Chief Justice Spencer, that, by it, he considers the opinion of Judge Cowen most *amply overthrown*. Each authorized his letter to be appended to the second edition of the Review, and those letters are so appended. We consider ourselves entitled, therefore, to treat the writers of them as holding the same relation to Mr. Tallmadge, which the Supreme Court of New York adjudged England to hold toward M'Leod, viz., not that of principal offenders, but accessories after the fact.

Let us first consider some express admissions of this high court of Review, which has thus taken an appellate cognizance of the case, as it was adjudged by the Supreme Court of the State of New York. And here we must do them the justice to say, that they concede away the main question raised by M'Leod's counsel, and indeed the only one which seems to have created any serious embarrassment in the mind of the Supreme Court. They agree that that tribunal had jurisdiction both of M'Leod's person, and of the subject matter of the indictment; in other words, that the Court had *power*, in their discretion, to send M'Leod down for trial, as they did. Indeed, like those who saw Columbus set up the egg, they are astonished that the power should ever have been doubted; and they think that, in discussing this point at all, Judge Cowen, to use the somewhat overstrained figure of the Review, "must have been fighting a shadow of his own casting." We have their admission, then, that the Court did nothing more than they had a most clear right to do in their discretion,

and the question is narrowed down to the manner in which that discretion was exercised. The Court examined the case in this view, and came to the conclusion that, so far from M'Leod's counsel having shown a want of jurisdiction, they had not even presented matters on which he could defend himself before a jury.

Again—the Review admits that, assuming England to have been at war with individuals, and the United States to have held the position of a neutral nation, the transaction was "absolutely unlawful;" and we also understand the concession to be clearly made, which, it is true, is denied afterward, that if the two countries were at peace,—M'Leod, provided he participated in the transaction, was guilty, and could not legally have been discharged. That the history of the two countries ever since 1816 shows them to have been at peace, is not questioned. Neither is it denied that there was and still is a treaty of peace between them; nor that such treaty is the law of the land, which all courts must judicially regard and pronounce binding, until one of the two countries shall have instituted war. That either country had issued a declaration of war, is not pretended; and we agree with the critics we are criticising, that this was not necessary for M'Leod's defence. It would have made only one of the two kinds of lawful war, viz., that known in the code of nations as "*perfect war.*" There is no doubt that without a general declaration of war, England may send her military and naval force to make war upon the United States, and thus impart protection as against our criminal tribunals to her soldiery and sailors. She may do this by particular commission; and that would constitute the second kind of lawful war, called in the code of nations "*imperfect war.*" These are the only two kinds of public war which could have been insisted on as justifying M'Leod. This, also, is conceded in one part of the pamphlet before us; for the necessity had not yet occurred of resorting to a *quasi* war, to which it is ultimately driven.

Thus the Review seemed approaching an issue tendered by the opinion of Judge Cowen. We shall presently see how far it has ventured to accept it. He had denied that the trespass on Wells's boat, and the incidental destruction of life, without the intent to make war on the United States, would constitute "imperfect war!"* He insisted that an attack of one nation upon

* See an authoritative adjudication by the Supreme Court of the United States as to what constitutes *imperfect war*, in *Bas v. Tingy* (4 Dall. 37.) This case, besides being in entire accordance with the doctrine maintained by Judge Cowen, suggests two tests which may be applied to the circumstances of the M'Leod affair. Suppose the Caroline, instead of having been sent over the falls, had been taken to Chippewa, and there condemned as lawful prize: would our courts have recognised the title of a purchaser under the decree? Or, suppose she had been

the private property or person of the citizens of another, though, under circumstances, a justifiable *cause for war*, was not war *per se* of any kind; that to constitute it such, it must have been intended as an act of *national aggression* upon the one side, with a view of influencing *national will*, at least, upon the other. That as to the affair in question, there was no such object; but, on the contrary, the sole purpose was to cripple Wells's boat, and prevent his conveying munitions to Navy Island. That, in effect, it was no more war against the United States, than if England had sent her sailors to cut a mast on Wells's farm against his consent, for the purpose of repairing a ship in the royal navy. That the whole was a mere trespass, subjecting the agents to civil or criminal responsibility, according to the nature of the offence committed. That the act, being in time of profound peace, was without color of authority; and therefore, if M'Leod had burned, he was legally guilty of arson—if he had taken life, he was legally a murderer. Several pages of the opinion of the Court are occupied in presenting and enforcing this controlling feature of the case; and we must confess our astonishment on finding that its reviewer has neither attempted to meet it, nor even given it any allusion.

This brings us to notice those qualities ascribed to the Review by Chancellor Kent, and for which he so much admires it, viz., its *precision* and *accuracy!* Does he mean that it is "precise and accurate" when it says, Judge Cowen denied imperfect war to be lawful by the law of nations? and when it makes him say, there cannot be a lawful war without a public declaration, by which the entire peace of the country is broken up? It is due to the learned Chancellor, perhaps, that, with a view of appreciating the force of his endorsement (if we may be allowed to use a convenient though not very classical commercial phrase), some portion of the language of the Review should be here stated. At p. 13, after quoting Rutherforth, the Review proceeds:—

"In opposition to this authority, it will be seen that Judge Cowen starts with the proposition, that, so long as the entire peace of the two nations is not broken up—in other words, until Congress shall declare war against England, or the Queen of England against us—there cannot be a state of war that will warrant the destruction of property, or the taking of life in conflict on either side."

Again, p. 14, after quoting Vattell, the Review adds further:—

"Vattell does not, *like Judge Cowen*, call all wars unlawful that are not formally and solemnly declared by the war-making power of a government," &c.

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rescued from her Canadian captors by some other American vessel: would a claim for salvage have resulted and been sustained in our admiralty court? It is believed that no intelligent lawyer can be found, except perhaps Judge Tallmadge, who would venture to answer either of these questions in the affirmative.

And then some dozen or more pages are occupied in extracts from various books, to show that war, though imperfect—i. e. made without formal or solemn declaration—is lawful. Now we unhesitatingly admit that, had the Judge advanced the position here imputed to him, he must have done so in disregard of the whole current of authority since the time of Grotius. The fact, however, is directly the reverse; and the Review in this respect exhibits as cool a piece of controversial fabrication as was ever penned. No doctrine of the kind is contained in the opinion of Judge Cowen, and none is even inferrible from it. On the contrary, after carefully defining the two kinds of war, "perfect" and "imperfect," he distinctly affirms and decides that "*both sorts of war are lawful;*" giving, as the reason, that both "are carried on under the authority of a power having, by the law of nations, a right to institute them." (See 1 Hill, 409 to 411; and 25 Wendell, 576 to 578.) He then proceeds to show the absurdity of considering the Caroline affair as a war of either kind, and in the course of his observations cites the identical books quoted in the Review. This was the turning question in the cause—one which was made to assume a prominence in the discussions of counsel, and in the opinion of the Court, which could not be overlooked; and yet Judge Cowen's observations upon it, instead of being met, and, as Chief Justice Spencer is pleased to say, refuted and overthrown, have been simply *perverted* and *falsified* by it.

The Review, moreover, is likely to retain quite as much distinction for its logic, as for its precision and accuracy. Its author, notwithstanding the experience he ought to have acquired both at the bar and on the bench, seems not to have been aware that a minor proposition is at all necessary to constitute a perfect syllogism. Its style of argumentation, disdaining the slow process of the schools, proceeds thus: "Imperfect war is lawful, and will entitle those engaged in it to protection against a criminal prosecution:—*therefore*, M'Leod was entitled to such protection!" Even Master Hedge would have told Judge Tallmadge, that to render the argument complete it was necessary to show M'Leod to have been engaged in an imperfect war. This does not seem to have occurred to him; or if it did, he preferred a more compendious mode of reaching his conclusion. We admit he rambles through some dozen pages of quotation, acting all the time as if he intended to bring M'Leod within his labored category of imperfect war; and should some jaded reader stop midway among his scraps, picked up at random, and so colored by comment as occasionally to look like meeting the case, he might be left under the impression that the pamphlet did, or would somewhere and somehow, seek to protect M'Leod as a

*bonâ fide* warrior. In this, however, he would be greatly deceived. The Review does not pretend that the affair of the Caroline was imperfect war; indeed, it is constrained to admit that it was just no war at all! Not that it means to abandon M'Leod's justification, but to place it on new and curious ground, viz.: that although the affair was not imperfect war absolutely, yet it so nearly approached or resembled it, that the Supreme Court should have recognised the *likeness* as being the thing itself, and let M'Leod go free at once. Its language is as follows:

"We feel *great confidence* in saying, that we have by the most ample authority maintained,—1st. That a hostile attack and violation of our territory, in time of general peace, by the authority of the British government, with apparent cause, is [not imperfect war, but] so FAR *a lawful war of the imperfect sort*, as to furnish impunity to the military engaged in it."

Thus, instead of regarding nations as necessarily occupying relations of either war or peace, and their subjects as at all times amenable to the laws of the one or the other, the Review imagines that it has discovered a "middle passage" for M'Leod, or rather, perhaps, that it has picked out and patched up, even from authoritative publicists, a sort of international purgatory—neither peace nor war, but *quasi* war—so FAR *a lawful war* of the imperfect kind, as to afford impunity to lawless violence, and even hireling assassination.

We recollect that some ingenious friend of Mr. Webster, in Congress, thought M'Leod irresponsible to our civil tribunals, because the expedition sent against the Caroline came with "the giant tread of war." The bearing of a single musket, then, a cutlass, or even a bludgeon, by M'Leod, would, in the judgment of some of them, have been "so FAR *a lawful war* of the imperfect sort," invading our territory with "giant tread," as to warrant Mr. Webster's obliging offer to surrender him. Man-worship is not idolatry in their sight; and to sustain their favorite, right or wrong, is their vocation. We are desirous of according full force to their arguments, when we can bring ourselves to see that they have used any. We sincerely wish Mr. Webster's conduct could be vindicated by truth and just reasoning; but we protest against the gross perversion of both, even in behalf of so eminent a public functionary as a Secretary of State. Above all, we protest against the sort of rude arrogance with which the Review censures the Supreme Court, for not adopting distinctions so puerile, that M'Leod's counsel out of self-respect forbore to urge them; nay, which any student who has read his Blackstone might blush to advance.

In the same spirit, the Review, at p. 36, cites the concessions of Mr. Webster to Mr. Fox, which we mentioned in our introductory remarks. It there represents him as saying, what it does

not venture to say for itself, that the relation of the two governments was that of "*imperfect war.*" Now the declaration of Mr. Webster, whatever it may have been, was intended by him as no more than what it imports, viz., a mere *opinion.* This is entirely obvious. Yet we find the Review quoting and pressing it into its service as a constitutional *decision*, definitely settling the general relations of peace and war between England and the United States, and absolutely binding our courts of justice. In other words, the Review considers that the Supreme Court was no longer to regard the treaty of peace as in force, because Mr. Webster had declared that it should be suspended for the special benefit of M'Leod. Mr. Webster, however, had declared nothing of the kind. He put what he said on the law of nations, without reference to the question, whether the two countries were in a state of peace or war. The avowal of England was enough, in his opinion, to protect M'Leod, though he had been an acknowledged assassin in time of peace. He nowhere hinted that we were at war; for *he* knew better. We admit, his remarks are a direct authority for the impunity of M'Leod. The misfortune of the Review is, that it has been unable to adduce any other. But when it places him in the attitude of undertaking to settle the question of peace or war, and of pronouncing a judgment binding on the courts, it pushes him not only beyond his meaning, but beyond his power.* Besides, the Review would bring its illustrious client—not to say patron—into disgrace; for, according to such a representation of him, his desire to serve England was so overweening and undisguised, that he decided for an *imperfect war*, on a case which the Review itself concedes was not such, but only an approximation to it.

Mr. Fox, also, sought to justify the outrage, independently of the question of peace or war. Judge Cowen asserts that he had not called the affair of the Caroline a war. The Review admits

* The Review claims for Mr. Webster's opinion, not only that it should bind the Supreme Court of New York, but operate in the nature of a reversal of all previous opinions expressed by our government on the same question. In the letter of Mr. Forsyth, Secretary of State, to Mr. Fox, in reply to the original demand made by the latter for the immediate release of M'Leod, the views then entertained by the President and his Cabinet were thus unequivocally avowed: "If arrested at the time, the offenders (M'Leod, &c.) might unquestionably have been brought to justice by the judicial authorities of the State within whose acknowledged territory these crimes were committed; and their subsequent voluntary entrance within that territory places them in the same situation. The President is not aware of any principle of international law, or, indeed, of reason or justice, which entitles such offenders to impunity before the legal tribunals, when coming voluntarily within their independent and undoubted jurisdiction, because they acted in obedience to their superior authorities, or because their acts have become the subject of diplomatic discussion between the two governments."

this to be so; but because Mr. Fox spoke of a *transaction*, which it has ventured to say was "very like" a war, it cites Cowen's Treatise to show that he might be considered as announcing war by equivalent words. Quoting a treatise upon the civil jurisdiction of a justice of the peace, to settle a grave point arising under the law of nations, is what we should scarcely have noticed, had it not been so entirely in keeping with the general want of pertinence of quotation by which the Review is characterized, and the kindred puerilities with which it abounds.

The truth is, this idea of the two nations being at war, never entered into the mind of any one, until Mr. Webster's strange opinion came to be discussed in Congress. His friends then made the discovery that he could not be sustained without a war, or, at least, the pretence of one. England, however, had steadily refused to treat the matter in that light, and even when pressed by the arrest of M'Leod, would go no further than to call it "*a public transaction*" under the authority of the Queen. Hence it became necessary for Mr. Webster's friends to avail themselves of the doctrine of relation; and to this end, to falsify the declarations of Mr. Fox. The phrase—"a public transaction"—selected by the latter apparently to avoid compromitting his government on the question of war or peace, must, in order to subserve their purposes, be understood, not as importing merely an *act of lawful magistracy*, but as a dainty, decorous, and dignified way of saying that the affair of the Caroline *was war*. And thus, as was hoped, through an assumed avowal operating *nunc pro tunc*, they might establish a constructive war three years before, between two nations who had all along been most affectionately protesting to each other and before the world that they were at peace, and neither of whom would admit itself a party to the war in any sense, or at any time! England had indeed avowed the transaction as a *public one*. Such also it would have been had Colonel M'Nab done nothing more than send over a gang of soldiers or volunteers to rob a flour-mill for the sake of the flour; and Mr. Webster's friends might with as much propriety of language talk of war in the one case as in the other.

If the disciples of Mr. Webster will look into their books, instead of hastily yielding any and every point, because they imagine England has made it, they will find that in the time of Grotius, nothing short of *perfect war* could take from a hostile soldiery the character of criminals in the eye of the municipal law; that afterward, the rule was modified, and extended to *imperfect war*; that it has always, however, been confined to war between two nations in their corporate capacities, denominated public war; and that here the indulgence stops. So long as these gen-

tlemen shall struggle to protect, by the authority of England, such of her agents as in time of peace perfidiously burn the property or take the lives of our citizens on our own soil, under circumstances which are beneath the chivalry of the tomahawk and scalping-knife, so long they will find the common feeling not only of the country, but of mankind, against them; and be as wretchedly straitened for written authority as they have been heretofore.

But the worst feature of the Review here reviewed remains to be noticed. Judge Cowen's final answer was, that even if a good defence on the merits had been shown, M'Leod was not, after indictment by a grand jury, entitled to his discharge on *habeas corpus.* The Judge's language was in effect this:—

"M'Leod has been indicted for murder. He is brought before us on *habeas corpus*, and insists that he is able to show his innocence by affidavit. The grand jury have said in their indictment that he is guilty. He has pleaded not guilty; and the true mode of trying that issue is before the petit jury. We cannot in this summary way determine the question of guilt or innocence, or listen to evidence which detracts from the force of the indictment in this respect. Such is the settled practice of the English courts as well as our own under the *habeas corpus* act, and there is nothing in this case calling for a departure from it."

The above is the substance of what the Judge said, and what every one understood him to say. Now, at p. 36 of the Review, instead of making him simply repudiate the proposed *proof of innocence* as a ground for admitting to bail, or discharging one who had been indicted, he is presented as holding that such a man cannot be bailed or discharged *under any circumstances.* This the reviewers italicise, repeating it in the same marked and emphatic manner at a subsequent page. To any person acquainted with the matter, it is needless to say, that the unqualified proposition here attributed to the Judge neither belonged to the case, nor was it advanced by him even as a *dictum.* But having thus made him speak broadly enough to suit its purpose, the Review goes on citing case after case where individuals indicted have been let to bail under *some circumstances;* but under *what circumstances*—whether on hearing proof in opposition to the indictment, or otherwise—it in general takes no trouble to inform us. We shall not follow it in its ramblings, but simply request a perusal of the cases as the reviewer himself has stated them. With a single exception, which we shall presently notice, even an unprofessional reader will at once be struck with the entire impertinence of its quotations. The Supreme Court had not only stated the legal doctrine applicable to the question before it, but gave the reason for it, and cited authorities to establish both. The opinion of Judge Cowen said, the Court would not inquire into the merits, because the evidence before the grand jury who found the indictment was secret, and could not be disclosed.

That therefore the cause should go to the petit jury, where all the witnesses might be examined and their truth fairly tested. Did the reviewer mean to be regarded as serious when, in answer to views like these, he cited cases relating to the *general power* of the court; or cases where the prisoner's *sickness* was the ground on which he was bailed; or where the like result followed from a *disagreement of the jury?* Does this quadrate with Chancellor Kent's notions of *precision* and *accuracy;* or Chief Justice Spencer's mode of *overthrowing a judicial decision?*

But the reviewer did find an anonymous case, in the third volume of Bacon's Abridgment, 436, which is in conflict with Judge Cowen's opinion. We admit it is entitled to an answer; and it shall receive it. Let us then consider the intrinsic worth of this case. It is not found in any regular book of reports. Neither did it arise in a court of ordinary criminal jurisdiction, but in the admiralty—an inferior court, which the King's Bench, the highest criminal court in the kingdom, were in the daily habit of controlling by prohibition. Judge Cowen cited and relied on the opinions of several judges of the latter court, directly impugning the authority of this case—opinions which have been followed by the best approved British writers on criminal practice. But more: two American cases, the authority of which will not be lightly estimated even by the reviewer or his learned endorsers, are in direct conflict with the one in question, and as directly in favor of the opinion of Judge Cowen. The first was decided by the Supreme Court of Louisiana, and the second by Marshall, then Chief Justice of the United States. In the former (*Territory v. Benoit*, 1 *Martin's Rep.* 142), the Court, after admitting that a prisoner may be bailed, notwithstanding a coroner's inquest finding him guilty of murder, add:—

"But as the evidence before the grand jury is not written, and *cannot be disclosed*, the same discretion and control *cannot* be exercised; and the Judges *cannot help* considering the finding of a grand jury as too great a presumption of the defendant's guilt to bail him. We recollect no case in which it was done."

In the other case, Chief Justice Marshall bailed Colonel Burr on a charge of high treason *before* he was indicted; but *after indictment* he refused to take bail, though an offer was made to show that the indictment had been obtained by perjury. He conceded that his power was the same as it would be in a case of murder; but neither he, nor the distinguished counsel of Colonel Burr, could find any reliable authority warranting the exercise of the power to bail under such circumstances. (*See references to Burr's Trial in* 1 *Hill*, 393, *note C.*) These cases arose long after the publication of Bacon's Abridgment, and yet this admiralty decis-

ion, cited by the Review from that book, was not regarded as of sufficient authority to be noticed; nor was it even referred to by M'Leod's counsel. It would be strange indeed, if, on questions of practice, especially among the bail courts and commissioners, a straggling decision might not be found favoring almost any extravagance. Delay of a trial on the part of the government is regarded as a strong ground for letting prisoners to bail; and this delay was indeed the main evil intended to be mitigated by the *habeas corpus* act. Accordingly, even where the delay was excused by an attempt and failure to procure the attendance of a material witness, Pattison J. let the prisoner to bail, though he had been indicted. On being applied to subsequently, however, in a like case, he said, in reference to his former decision—"I have reason to believe that I acted incorrectly. In cases of this serious nature (rape), where the grand jury have found a bill, I cannot allow the prisoner to be admitted to bail." (*Regina v. Guttridge*, 9 *Carr. & Payne* 228.) He cited a previous case (*Regina v. Chapman*, 8 *Carr. & Payne* 558), where the like question arose on postponing a trial for murder. On Sergeant Talfourd moving in the latter that the prisoner be admitted to bail, Lord Abinger C. B. answered—"I cannot do it after a bill for murder has been found by the grand jury. After a bill has been found for murder, I know of no case in which it was ever done." Talfourd observed, "It is entirely in your lordship's discretion." To which Lord Abinger replied—"But it is a discretion which has never been exercised." If the judges of England, therefore, may be supposed capable of understanding their own rules of practice on *habeas corpus*, this admiralty decision may be set down as a legal nullity—a case not only without a name, but without any claim to respect.

The Review seems sadly perplexed by several extreme hypothetical cases which it has instanced; and among others, that of a prisoner indicted for the murder of one who, on a subsequent examination before Judge Cowen upon *habeas corpus*, should turn out to be alive. It asks, if the Judge would refuse to discharge under such circumstances? In the absence of other modes of relief, no doubt any judge would feel a strong inclination to make so striking a case an exception to the general rule. But that would be unnecessary; for if the circuit were remote, the Attorney General would at once interpose and enter a *nolle prosequi*. During the sitting of the circuit there would be still less difficulty, as then the Circuit Judge might either authorize the District Attorney to enter a *nolle prosequi*, or empannel a jury *pro forma*, and direct an acquittal. The same may be said in regard to each of the other cases supposed by the Review.

Among all the points of attack chosen by Mr. Webster's friends from the opinion of Judge Cowen, though it was to be expected they would be eager, if not unscrupulous in the assault, we confess we had set down as the very last and least promising to them, that part relating to the question of practice on *habeas corpus.* No one whose hot zeal had not overleaped all the bounds of discretion, would have ventured on such a selection. The opinion has been successively reviewed in two legal periodicals in Boston, edited by political friends of Mr. Webster, and under all the lights furnished by Mr. Tallmadge's first edition. Both put forward their best energies in behalf of the Websterian code of national law, but neither denied, while one expressly admitted, that the Supreme Court were entirely right in remanding M'Leod for trial. One of the articles did insist indeed on the jurisdictional point; and was characterized moreover by such a tone of partisan ill-nature, as to leave little doubt of its disposition to go to the utmost verge of plausible fault-finding. We owe the remark to both, however, that they are free from those glaring errors which we have felt it our duty to expose in the present article.

One word in parting, both to the Boston and New York disciples of the Websterian code. Should they ever find leisure to examine Grotius, they will there learn that a nation is but a large corporation—an artificial being—enjoying nearly the same rights and capable of committing nearly the same wrongs as a natural person. Among the latter are corporate trespasses against the rights of individuals—a kind of injury well known to publicists as the subjects of redress upon principles both of municipal and international law. The nation and its agents in the transaction are alike responsible. The wrong is the same in both. The only difference lies in the form of the remedy. Against the agents, you proceed by an ordinary civil suit in the municipal courts of the country where the wrong was committed; or, if it rise to the dignity of a criminal offence, by indictment. Against the nation itself, no action, technically so called, can be maintained; but you may resort to a war. Whether you will adopt the latter alternative or not, however, is entirely at your option; as much so as whether you will proceed by civil or criminal prosecution against the agents in a municipal court. But in neither aspect is the trespass itself a war. The error of Mr. Webster lies in not having adverted to this distinction. He confounds the wrong with the remedy. And yet, if his friends are correct in their views of the doctrine he holds, had the agents of England come in any other guise than that of soldiers—had any other class of Canadians committed the outrage in question, he would have had no difficulty in sanctioning both the action of trespass and the

indictment. But no sooner is the agent clad in a red coat, and furnished with a musket, than straightway Mr. Webster's faculties become confused. The whole then looks "*so far like lawful war*," that both the civil remedy and the indictment are merged. So he instructed the Attorney General of the United States to tell Governor Seward, and the State of New York. "If Governor Seward will not yield," was virtually the substance of his language, "go into court and plead the *red coat* and the *musket*, backed by the corporate seal of England." Gov. Seward was unrelenting, and refused to be frightened by this "giant tread of war." He therefore united with New York in a demurrer to the plea; and the Supreme Court felt bound to allow the demurrer.

Are Mr. Webster and his friends really aware of the miserable aspect which such a plea presents? There are said to be at least ten thousand troops in Canada, and the number can at any moment be indefinitely augmented by volunteers. Mr. Webster declares by his plea that all these, and any others suitably tricked out for the occasion in military costume, their leader bearing the corporate seal of England, may, singly or in files, enter our territory, arrest deserters, criminals, and rebellious "patriots," forage on and kidnap our citizens, burn, kill, and perpetrate every imaginable outrage—and if such soldiers, instead of being shot down as Vandals, are pursued by the common remedies of our municipal laws, the sufferers are to be told that they are without redress; that they must drop their prosecutions, and be content with a windy remonstrance like that of Mr. Webster, to be followed by a certain number of words in the form of diplomatic negotiation, the fruits of which may be realized after a repetition of the outrage shall have sent them to their graves!

Such we aver to be the natural tendency and true character of the doctrines of the Websterian school. The obvious want of either principle or authority to support them, must be our apology for leaving the opinion of Judge Cowen to speak for itself, to all who have a disposition to understand it. Perhaps we have bestowed more attention upon the pamphlet in question than its claims will justify. We have, however, deemed it proper to point out some of the more gross perversions with which it abounds. In doing so, we have necessarily been obliged to restate several of Judge Cowen's propositions. To notice the numerous minor departures from the rules of fair and manly criticism, which present themselves at almost every page of the pamphlet, would so swell this article that, as regards them, we must content ourselves with giving what the lawyers call equitable notice; that is, enough to put on their guard such parties as may be concerned to know the truth.

# THE EXCHEQUER PROJECTS.

HAVING received a communication from MR. Cushing, impugning the accuracy of our remarks in our last Number upon his Exchequer project, it appears but an act of justice to that gentleman, as well as to the subject, to give his letter entire, though its insertion curtails the space we had desired to bestow upon a more extended examination of the three Exchequer plans now pending before Congress:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *Washington*, 8th April, 1842.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW:

I have been accustomed to read with interest the successive numbers of the Democratic Review, and more especially, in each of the more recent numbers, the "Monthly Financial and Commercial Article," and I cheerfully bear witness to the intelligence and ability with which (upon the assumed premises of the particular opinions of the writer) those articles are written. But in the article for April, in the remarks upon the several Exchequer bills, there is an error of fact, which I beg permission to correct.

You say, (p. 403,) "General Jackson's plan embraced the issue of no paper, with the exception of bills of exchange, which might be sold for cash, at one point or another. The new proposition is, to add to that the issue of paper dollar for dollar of the specie kept on hand in the Treasury. This system of issue has been found to work well in the case of the bank of France, where the amount of specie in the vaults is always equal to the paper outstanding. * * * * That system offers all the advantages of paper, with all the security of specie, without any of the fluctuation and risks attending credit issues."

In another part of the article (p. 401) you say: "The reputed authors of them (that is, the Exchequer Bills) have only taxed their ingenuity to engraft upon it a borrowing and expanding principle, that will be open to corruption, and allow of those violent fluctuations which throw the property of the industrious into the hands of the designing, in spite of all the foresight and prudence that can be exercised."

Now, if there be in either of the two Bills reported by the Select Committees any "borrowing and expanding principle," it is wholly unknown to me. As to the Bill reported by the House Committee, certain it is, that the "authors" of that Bill "taxed their ingenuity," *not* "to engraft upon it a borrowing and expanding principle," but, on the contrary, utterly to exclude from it any such principle. Accordingly, it gives an issue of paper, only dollar for dollar, as you perceive and have stated; and if in the case of the Bank of France "this system of issues has been found to work well,"—if in the case of the Bank of France "that system offers all the advantages of paper with all the security of specie, without any of the fluctuation and risk attending credit issues,"—if all this be so in the case, as stated by you, of the Bank of France, how can it be otherwise in the case of the proposed Exchequer?

I have sought in vain to see what provision it is of this Bill which involves, in your estimation, a "borrowing and expanding principle."

The Bill does not, in any way, recognise the deposite of the public funds in Banks to be discounted on by them, nor the employment of Banks as agents of the Exchequer.

It authorizes the Exchequer "to sell bills of exchange to private individuals

at a moderate premium," as proposed in General Jackson's Message of 1830. But the adoption of this part of General Jackson's plan cannot, of course, be intended by you as being a provision "to engraft upon it" any new and exceptionable principle of borrowing and expansion. It is in fact no such thing. The bills are to be sold for cash only.

The Bill authorizes the Exchequer and its agencies to issue $20.000,000 of certificates of deposite, dollar for dollar, on the specie kept in the Exchequer. It authorizes the mint and its branches to issue like certificates of deposite, without limitation of amount, on all bullion or foreign coin deposited in the mint or its branches for coinage. In all this there is no borrowing and no expansion.

Such are the powers given by this Bill, and which powers embrace nothing whatever in the nature of credit, or susceptible of 'violent fluctuations.'

You speak of the clause of the Bill concerning the *purchase* of Exchange, which you truly describe as being "under the restriction, that they are to be only for the necessary transmission of the Government funds;" and you add,—"This latter is a great objection, and liable to great abuse and losses." But I submit to you whether it would be judicious to provide by law that the Secretary of the Treasury shall never be suffered to authorize the purchase of a bill of exchange, though it be for "public use, and for no other purpose whatever," which is the restriction of the bill. Must it not necessarily happen, in some of the multifarious transactions of the Federal Government, that it may have occasion, and that it may be wise and proper, in the transmission of its funds, or for some other public purposes, to purchase a bill of exchange? Would you deem it a just provision of law that no merchant should ever purchase a bill, and peremptorily require him, in every case of the transmission of funds, to do it by the transportation of coin? And why impose such a troublesome necessity upon the Government?

The nature and object of this provision in the Bill reported by me to the House seem to have been very generally misapprehended, in consequence, I suppose, of the impression left on the minds of men by the very different provision in the draft of a bill presented to Congress by the Secretary of the Treasury. Allow me to say a few words in explanation of it.

The bill proceeds throughout upon the idea of devolving on the Exchequer and its officers the various operations of receiving, safe keeping, and disbursing the public moneys, and transferring and transmitting the same,—of paying all drafts, warrants, or orders,—of receiving, transferring, and conducting loans,—of paying out pensions,—and performing all other like duties, in behalf of the Government.

In the class of fiscal duties of this description, to be performed by the Exchequer, is that of purchasing bills, when requisite for the public service, and even then only upon *the special order* of the Secretary of the Treasury.

I think, when you reflect more maturely upon this provision of the bill, considering that it is a power which the Government now holds, and exercises when occasion requires, and that all the bill does is to devolve the function upon the Exchequer, with very precise limitations, you will be induced to concede that the provision is not of that objectionable character which has been hastily ascribed to it.

At any rate, it cannot be this provision of the bill which has led to the construction, erroneously imputed to it, of being a measure of borrowing and expansion.

I will not trouble you with any remarks of a controversial order on the general question, my only object in this communication having been the desire that your estimation of the bill might not be affected by errors of fact.

Very respectfully,

C. Cushing.

It is certainly a remarkable fact, that three prominent members of the party by which General Jackson was so bitterly denounced and vilified—in all the three departments of the Federal Government, the executive and the two legislative bodies—should have all concurred in drawing from his hints the general outlines of the financial systems which they now propose for our adoption! And it is still more remarkable, that one of them should address a letter to the Democratic Review, repelling as an unjust aspersion the charge of a departure from General Jackson's plan, and seeking, substantially, to recommend his project on the ground of the absence of any feature of difference between the two.

A brief reply will meet Mr. Cushing's objection. The point in question is the right of *purchasing* domestic bills of exchange. Now, what occasion can the government possibly have for such a transaction? New York is the great metropolitan depôt to the whole general commerce of the country, and exchange is always in its favor from every direction of the Union. Two-thirds of the public revenue is collected at that point; and for the transmission of its funds to other sections, nothing more can ever be needed than to *sell* its own bills upon New York in those respective sections—which must always command a premium. A private merchant is never so situated; so that Mr. Cushing's argument, derived from the absurdity of placing such a restriction upon him, amounts to nothing. To purchase bills is a very different affair. This can only take place at a place where the government has funds, upon one where it has none, but where the seller of the bill which it buys has them. Now, if the government pays cash for the bill, it virtually lends the money to the seller, whose bill, thus discounted, may or may not be paid, precisely as the note discounted in bank may or may not be paid at maturity. If it does not pay cash, but waits for the reception of advice of acceptance and payment before doing so, why would it not be much simpler and better to reverse the operation, and to *sell* its bill, *at* the distant point where it wants money, *upon* that where it has its surplus funds?

This feature of Mr. Cushing's plan could not do any conceivable good; nor serve any other purpose than, wherever or whenever a disposition might exist to abuse the law, to afford the convenient ways and means for doing so. Mr. Cushing has no right to complain that the addition of this noxious excrescence to the original plan of General Jackson's suggestion should have been regarded with some suspicion, as designed to leave open a door by which the insidious evil of *credit* in the fiscal action of the government might still creep in. We cheerfully, on his own as-

surance, acquit him of any such *intention*, at the same time that we recommend him to expurgate this obnoxious provision from his project as soon as possible. It is not contained in Mr. Tallmadge's bill, which on this point, therefore, is superior to that of the House Committee; though, after all, this evil sinks into insignificance in comparison with that which is evidently made a cardinal idea in the project of the distinguished champion of "the credit system" in the Senate—namely, the use of banks as the agents of the Exchequer. Nor is the feature in Mr. Tallmadge's bill less objectionable, which would virtually permit an issue of paper money by the government in the proportion of four to one, to the specie on hand—namely, by issuing dollar for dollar in paper on the specie deposited, and also, in addition, Treasury paper to the public creditors in the payment of their claims, to an amount not exceeding three times that of the specie on hand. The plan of the Secretary of the Treasury is far worse than either of the other two, and may be left entirely out of view, as already decisively stamped by public opinion with the condemnation it merits.

For our own part, we are free to confess our hope that Congress may not agree upon any of these pending plans. We shall then get along for another year or two under the present laws regulating the Treasury Department, and the first act of the next Congress will be the restoration of the Independent Treasury. Some of our friends deceive themselves with the idea that this issue of government paper on a specie basis of dollar for dollar will be a good thing in itself. It is, of course, far preferable to the issue of anything in the nature of a credit paper; and we have always contended that some places of public deposite where the convenient form of paper, for large transactions, could be given to the solid substance of specie, were very desirable. The proposed machinery for that purpose is, however, objectionable in several points of view, on which we regret that our remaining limits forbid us at present to dwell. It would interfere with the free self-regulation of the internal exchanges, if these government certificates of deposite, wherever made, were made everywhere receivable for the public dues, without any charge corresponding to the existing rate of exchange, or expense of transporting specie. It would bear with a severity far greater than that imputed to the late Democratic policy on the banks and the classes of the community dependant on them; and would soon excite against it so powerful an interest, that it could not stand long unchanged. Give us back again the Independent Treasury—the whole Independent Treasury—and nothing but the Independent Treasury!

## MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

The general features of the market, as described in our last, continue to characterize the present state of affairs; but the extraordinary depression which has taken place in values and prices of all commodities, is of itself an earnest that a reaction must soon take place. During the month which has elapsed, a vast number of failures have taken place in all sections of the country, in both banks and commercial houses. The amount of liabilities of the latter may be computed at several millions in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and are a reflection of those which have taken place in the suspended districts, caused by the severe restringent course of the banks of those sections, in the manner pointed out in a previous article. These will probably continue through the coming month, which is the period when the heaviest dry-goods payments fall due. The grocers have long since got through their payments with little difficulty. The resumption of the banks in the suspended districts, although it is attended with disastrous loss to mercantile men, whose credits were too much extended, will probably prove the immediate cause of reanimation of trade. Hitherto the circulating medium of those sections has consisted of irredeemable paper, in which but a partial confidence existed. The banks which issued that paper held a large amount of specie, probably from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000 locked up in their vaults, a burden to themselves and a loss to the community. This may have been represented by double the amount of paper afloat, which passed from hand to hand as a local currency, but was available only at a loss in the great markets of the north. The consequence was, a sluggishness of movement that rendered its efficiency as a circulating medium much less than would have been that of half the sum of specie. The driving in of this paper, releasing the specie, has the effect of reducing prices, but forms the basis of renewed activity. The general result is, then, abundant products at extraordinary low prices. While, on the other hand, the stores in the interior and in the cities are full of merchandise, the imports of last year, which has not been sold. The farmers, finding prices falling, and the markets sluggish, have restricted their purchases. The country dealers having stocks on hand, and unable to obtain bank accommodation, have not remitted, and do not feel encouraged to extend their purchases. Hence we find that the hotels, which are usually full at this season, are now comparatively empty. The steamboats, running to and from the city, have but half freights; the city merchants daily failing in their contracts, and when their stocks are put upon the market they bring scarcely 50 per cent. of their cost. This is the present position of the markets; but an element of recovery is indicated in the present state of the foreign exchanges, which are as follows at New York:—

| | *Nov.* 15. | *Jan.* 31. | *Feb.* 28. | *April* 1. | *April* 15. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| London, | 10 a 10½ | 8 a 8½ | 8 a 8½ | 5½ a 7½ | 5 a 7½ |
| France, | 5 20 a 5 21 | 5 28¾ a 5 30 | 5 27½ a 5 28½ | 5 37½ a — | 5 37 a 5 45 |
| Amsterdam, | 40⅝ a 40½ | 39½ a 39⅝ | 39½ a 40 | 38½ a 39½ | 39 a 39½ |
| Hamburg, | 36½ a 30½ | 35½ a 35½ | 35 a 35½ | 34½ a 35 | 35 a 35½ |
| Bremen, | 78½ a 78½ | 76½ a 77 | 76½ a 77 | 75½ a 76½ | 75½ a 78 |

At these low rates of bills, specie begins to flow from Europe to the United States. Already large amounts have been received from abroad, and larger sums are under policy in our insurance offices. The low prices of produce are attracting the precious metals in exchange for them. The result will be, that coin will pour from New York all over the specie-paying districts, performing the double operation of diminishing the stocks of produce, and raising their prices under the effective demand, at the same time filling the channels of trade with a sound currency, restoring confidence, and increasing the power to purchase merchandise.

At the commencement of the month money was very hard to be obtained, but under the operation of causes pointed out, has gradually become more plentiful. That is to say, the call for money is naturally very small when the amount of business done is limited; and the same quantity of money when prices are very low, bears a much greater proportion to that business than when prices are high. This is very clear, but we may illustrate it as follows:—

In January, 1840, the price of English bar iron in New York was $75 per ton; at present it is $55 per ton. If business is active and money plenty, and a large dealer wished to purchase 1,000 tons when the former price was current, the operation would require $75,000 of money or bills. At present, business is less active, and the same dealer may buy but 500 tons, which would cost but $27.500. The same general proportion may run through all the markets. Hence, half the value of the currency now, would cause money, apparently, to be more plentiful than would have been the case with any given amount at the former period. This apparent plenteousness of money must continue, until absorbed by rising prices, and increased activity in the markets.

It is evident, while such is the state of the market, that a more favorable time for the government to make its loans could not exist; and a loan would undoubtedly be taken at a short period, at very favorable rates, if the example of New York in providing for its liabilities was in any degree followed by the Federal government. The vacillating and suicidal policy hitherto pursued, has been such as to counteract the returning health of the commerce of the country, instead of assisting to restore it by making the Federal treasury a rallying point for mercantile confidence. That the government is seriously involved in debt, admits of no cavil; also, that its revenue is short of its expenditure by many millions; and again, that this state of things has been directly the result of the mistaken policy pursued during the past year. The whole state of financial affairs, both of the government and of the public at large, appears to have reached that crisis when a firm perseverance in the policy of the last administration would realize for the country all the advantages contended for through three administrations. The following is a statement of the actual present public debt from official sources:—

| *Loan.* | *Amount.* | *Redeemable.* | *Rate.* | *Annual in'st.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| September 1841, | 16,000 | 1844 | 5 2/5 | 864 |
| " " | 3,213,000 | 1844 | 5½ | 176,705 |
| " " | 2,439,000 | 1844 | 6 | 166,360 |
| Total old loan, | $5,668,000 | | | 323,909 |
| Treasury notes, | 8,569,000 | yearly average, | 5½ | 471 295 |
| " " to issue, | 2,500,000 | " " | 6 | 150,000 |
| New bill, balance of old loan, | 6,332,000 | 6 months to 20 years | 6 | 379,920 |
| Additional, | 5,000,000 | " " " | 6 | 300,000 |
| Total, | $28,069,000 | | | $1,625,194 |
| Debt of Dis. Col., | 1,440,000 | | | |
| Old Funded Debt, | 233,163 | | | |
| Unfunded " | 35,417 | | | |
| Grand Total, | 29,777,580 | | | |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Estimated expenditure for 1842, | $33,000,000 | |
| Less Treasury Notes falling due, | 7,000,000 | $26,000,000 |
| Estimated receipts from customs this year, | 13,500,000 | |
| " Duties last year payable this, | 3,600,000 | |
| Total receipts, | | $17,100,000 |
| Deficit, | | $8,900,000 |
| Treasury notes to be redeemed, | 7,000,000 | |
| New loan may realize, | 10,198,800 | |
| Deduct surplus, | | 2,198,800 |
| Deficit, | | 5,701 200 |
| Add interest on debt not included in expenses, | | 1,475,124 |
| Deficit at the end of the year, | | $7,176,324 |
| Add debt as above, less treasury notes redeemed, | | 22,777,580 |
| Debt at the close of the year 1842, | | $29,953,904 |

If the floating debt which will accumulate through the year should be funded in a six per cent. stock, the annual charge will be $2,955,709, a sum equal to 15.22 per cent. on the whole annual income of the government, according to the admission of the chairman of the Senate committee of finance, leaving but $11,444,-297 to meet the gross expenditures of the government, which, should they even be reduced to $20,000,000 in 1843, will leave an addition to the debt of $8,555,-703. This will make the debt at the close of that year $38,509,607, with an annual interest of $2,571,045, showing a fearful increase in the liabilities of the government in a ratio that will soon absorb the total revenue.

In the following year, 1844, the $5,668,000 of the loan of the Extra Session falls due, and is to be redeemed. The prospect is, that it can be done only through a new loan. The only resource then is supposed to be, a revision of the tariff. A bill to effect this object has been reported in the House of Representatives. The bill is based upon the supposition that the expenditures for the future will not average less than $27,000,000 per annum, including the charges on the debt, and a revenue estimated, under the supposition that the compromise act would continue in force, at $15,600,000, leaving a yearly deficiency of $11,400,000. The committee, although professing to have in view only the best means of raising a revenue, have made a purely high tariff report. All its arguments and facts are directed only to demonstrate how great a tax consumers must pay to support any particular interest. Every measure recommended is supported by arguments like the following:—"The committee are satisfied that, under an ad-valorem duty of 30 per cent., this business could not be sustained. The country would be flooded with the cheap labor of France, Germany, and Italy,"—clearly showing that the object of the committee was not to raise a revenue, but to exclude foreign goods to the greatest extent, in order to protect home manufactures at the expense of the people at large. Under these circumstances the bill, as reported, contains the following leading principles:—

1. The cash duties are to be retained in connexion with warehousing.

2. The home valuation to be modified with a fixed value of dutiable articles like the "official value" of the English system.

3. The duties are levied partly ad-valorem, and partly specific. A general ad-valorem duty of 30 per cent., where the duty is now on that principle; a discrimination for protection by specific duties; and, as a general principle, the duty on articles subject to discrimination to average at the rates under the bill of 1833, before the deduction of $\frac{4}{10}$ of the excess over 20 per cent.; and an additional retaliation duty of 10 per cent. on the goods of certain countries, to continue in force until the municipal regulations of those countries are altered in favor of certain products of the United States.

These are the leading points of the bill, and the probability is, that scarcely more revenue can be collected under it than under the compromise act. It is calculated to effect the object which the committee have in view, viz.: to exclude foreign goods in order to favor certain interests, without regard to the revenue. The present and prospective state of the currency of the country, coming down as it is to the level of the constitutional standard, is a sufficient protection to home manufacturers against the imports of foreign goods, even at the lowest rates of the compromise tariff, and any increase of those rates must tend to prohibition. The large income derived from the customs in former years had its origin in the inflation of the currency, and also in the amount of money borrowed abroad. When paper money was very abundant, and prices relatively high, goods came here to sell on foreign account, and any parties who had remittances to make to this country did so in those articles which would afford the most profitable means of re-

mittances. In those years, say from 1835 to 1839, it is estimated that near $175,000,000 were borrowed in Europe. The proceeds of these loans were sent home in goods. Probably $50,000,000 in those articles which paid no duty, and the remaining $125,000,000 bore an average duty of 25 per cent. This operation, therefore, put into the Treasury $36,500,000, or an average of $8,325,000 per annum. The average receipts from the customs in those years was $28,255,806; if, then, we deduct the customs derived from proceeds of loans, it will leave but about $20,000,000 as the customs revenue from the regular trade of the country, which is $2,000,000 more than in 1840, when no foreign loans were contracted. That means of revenue will cease to exist for the future, and the imports, consisting only of the proceeds of produce sold, cannot, in a dear currency, bear a very high per centage of duty, lest specie become the most profitable means of remittance, and the government be deprived of its revenue altogether.

The business and the financial affairs of the country at this moment indicate that state of languor incident upon a recovery from overwrought excitement caused by the paper system. The wealth of the country is now rapidly accumulating under that productive industry, which was interrupted in its operations by the mania of bank speculations. This effect of paper credit was once forcibly expressed by Governor Wolcott, some years since, to the Legislature of Connecticut, in the following language:—

"If any principles are demonstrable by reason and experience, they are, that paper money is an interruption to productive industry; that industry is the main source of wealth; and that whatever diminishes production, is injurious to the lenders of capital."

Who that reflects upon the occurrences of the past few years, its scenes of riot and speculation, resulting in individual, corporate, and State dishonor, can fail to respond to the truth of the above remark? By the seductive influence of Bank facilities, the populace of these United States were diverted from their industrial employments, and drawn into expenditures and speculations which impoverished the country by the rapid progress of consumption simultaneous with non-production. These expenditures have resulted in mercantile dishonor, so general, and involving want of confidence to so great an extent, that, although a return to industry is rapidly increasing the productive wealth of the country, trade and commerce, which should facilitate the interchange of these commodities, remain stagnant and prostrate. The old credit operations have nearly ceased to be practicable; vast amounts of capital engaged in trade have been swallowed up by the speculative character given to the markets by bank paper, and capitalists will not hazard their fun s in new commercial enterprises until assured that the prices have reached their minimum. This state of affairs necessarily leaves without business and without funds a great number of persons who have been heretofore engaged in commerce. For, as we explained in a former number, the operation of banking is not to encourage the development of wealth, but merely to promote the exchange of wealth after it is created. Hence, when bank credits are most abundant, many persons cease to produce in order to trade. When the revulsion which is inevitable overtakes banking, these persons lose that capital, by the fall of the goods in which they deal, which they formerly employed in productive industry. They are therefore ruined past remedy, and become among the most clamorous for a return of speculation, that they may retrieve their desperate fortunes.

When money is plentiful, it is very easy for a person with a little capital to increase its nominal amount by exchanging his own obligations for those of a chartered corporation, to increase his business and extend his enterprises; but when all is lost, and universal distrust prevails, he is without the means of re-

turning to his former employment. This appears to us to describe the state of affairs at this juncture, and explains the apparent anomaly of the enormous stocks of produce at mere nominal prices, which are crowding the great national thoroughfares on the one hand, while on the other the stores of the merchants are overflowing with goods at half prices, and they themselves are failing on all sides. That class of men whose small capitals and shrewd dealings effected the interchange between the merchants and the producers, seem to have been crushed beneath the wheels of the Juggernaut of paper money. The wealth of the soil has accumulated with the revolving seasons, but the pure stream of trade on a metallic basis has not yet broken through the dross and rubbish of the paper system.

We have here endeavored to point out those general causes proceeding from the paper system which appear to have produced the present state of financial affairs in the United States. For the future it appears to us that there can be no return, at least for many years to come, to a paper expansion. The losses, disasters, ruin, and distress which attend the transition from a cheap to a dear currency, have been encountered in most sections of the Union, and the people will not again voluntarily encounter the same distress, for the purpose of a little temporary speculation. The country is now rich in everything, except, perhaps, there may be a little deficiency in the precious metal to perform the office of a circulating medium; but a metallic currency, like every other description of property, is to be acquired only by labor and industry, and when once acquired it is not merely money, but wealth—treasure; it is a commodity for which all things may at all times be obtained; and if used for money it may be for three reasons, viz.: to prevent the disastrous losses and ruinous consequences which inevitably grow out of a paper currency;—also, to give that regularity, consistency, and stability to the affairs of the community, which cannot fail to have place under such a system;—and lastly, to relieve the people of that enormous tax which otherwise they must pay to the issuers of paper money.

The use of the precious metals for money does not deprive them of their quality of wealth. It is the safest and cheapest manner in which a nation may invest its surplus money. It is then ready for all contingencies of war or otherwise; for we are not of that class of economists, who consider the specie of a country as dead capital, and who, to prevent the loss of interest, as they imagine, displace the specie with paper. The specie then goes abroad in payment of silks and wines, which are consumed by bank customers, who in their turn take the benefit of the bankrupt law, and thus extinguish all remains of the specie of the country.

We have said that the use of specie for money relieves the people from a tax, which they otherwise would have to pay to the issuers of bank paper. We will endeavor to make this position sufficiently clear. The following table will show from the best sources, the comparative currencies of France, England, and the United States:—

CURRENCIES OF FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND THE UNITED STATES IN DOLLARS.

| | *France.* | *England.* | *U. States.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Specie currency | 500,000 000 | 112 500,000 | 75,000,0 0 |
| Paper " | 50,000,000 | 146,150 000 | 149,860,000 |
| Total | 550,000,000 | 258,650,000 | 224,560,000 |
| Excess of paper | | 33,650,000 | 70,800,000 |
| " " specie | 450,000,000 | | |

We have here, for the purpose of comparison, taken the quantity of the currency of each nation for 1837. It thus appears, that in the article of money alone, the wealth of England is double that of the United States, while that of France is more than four times as great as that of England. If we assume that the rate of interest in France and England was 4 per cent., and in the United States 6 per

cent., at the periods mentioned, we shall find that the inhabitants of each nation paid the following sums as a tax to the issuers of paper money.

| | *Amount of paper money.* | | *Interest on issues.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Paper money tax in France | $50,000,000 | 4 per cent. | $2,000,000 |
| " " " " England | 146,150,000 | 4 " " | 5,844,000 |
| " " " " U. States | 149,560,000 | 6 " " | 8,973,600 |
| Total, three countries | $345,710,000 | | $16,817,600 |

This is independent of the losses occasioned by the destruction of the paper, which greatly exceeds that of the abrasion of a metallic currency. The mere expense of a paper currency is estimated at ½ per cent., while that of a metallic one is $\frac{1}{10}$ per cent. per annum. Thus the expense of the $500,000,000 of metallic currency in France, is $500,000 per annum, while that of the $50,000,000 of paper money is $250,000.

Again, the actual expense of $150,000,000 paper money in the United States is $750,000 per annum, while that of the metallic currency is $75,000 only. This is the actual *bona fide* cost of creation. Now when paper money is created, a charge of 6 per cent. is made upon the community in the act of uttering it, and this is the only instance in the history of commerce where the borrower receives interest from the lender for that which he borrows of him. The more the public debtor, which is a bank, multiplies its debts, and the longer it refuses to redeem them, the more it increases its income. This monstrous anomaly in mercantile operations, against all reason and common sense, is thrust upon the people as a blessing in time of peace, and strangely enough, when a government does the same thing in time of war, it is called a "necessary tax." This was the case with the famous assignats of France, and the continental paper of the United States. In the first named instance, the creators of that famous bubble advocated it on the ground that "it was the best way of taxing the people," because, issued of all denominations, it fell into the hands of all classes in proportion to their means. He who was rich received more money than he who was poor, consequently, the depreciation and ultimate loss fell upon each individual according to his means, and therefore each paid a just share toward the expenditures of the government. In a time of peace and general prosperity, the several State governments in this country authorized corporations to issue similar money; they then authorized them to refuse to redeem it; and finally the banks stopped, throwing the loss upon the people. The losses from this source during the past 5 years amount to $150,000,000. For whose benefit was this tax imposed, and why should it be continued? It may be urged, that the interest charged by the issuers of paper money cannot be called a tax on the circulation, because the issuing of the paper is an exchange of obligations between the bank and the person whose note is discounted, and the charge is a fair rate for the superior credit of the institution. The operation is different, however, in the use of these credits as a currency. For instance, an employer owes his workman at the end of the week $20 for his wages. He gives him in payment the promises of the bank. By this operation the bank assumes the debt of the employer to the employed, and it becomes a direct debt from the bank to the workman, and as long as those bills remain out of the bank, the institution draws interest on the debts which it owes to the operatives, and which the latter pay in the enhanced price of all that they consume. This enormous impost bears heavily upon the resources of the industrious many, for the sole benefit of the banking few.

# LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We have heard it rumored, that the MSS. and Correspondence of General Andrew Jackson are about to be committed to the editorial charge of George Bancroft, Esq., who, it is said, will prepare them for publication, together with a biographical Memoir of the Life and public services of the General. If this be so, no historian could have been selected better adapted for such a task, and the history of few individuals now living, will awaken so general an interest as that of the venerated hero of New Orleans.

Mr. JOHN KEESE is, we observe, preparing for speedy publication, "The Literary Remains of the late Lucy Hooper," including her poetical writings, &c. The editor will confer a deserved tribute to the genius of this lamented authoress, and an equally acceptable offering to the many admirers of her muse. We look with impatience for the appearance of the volume. (S. Colman, publisher.)

Mr. PRESCOTT, we have heard, contemplates publishing an *Abridgment* of his "History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella." This will be a popular idea, and vastly beneficial to a large portion of the reading community, to whom the more extended work has, from its expensive form, been hitherto inaccessible. It is by such works as these, that our American literature is fast acquiring a reputation and nationality worthy of the name; and we rejoice to learn that both this able historian, as well as Mr. Bancroft, are now engaged in the preparation of other new and important historical works.

## AMERICAN LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

J. & H. G. LANGLEY have just issued the New Work by the author of "*Intermarriage*," *&c.*, entitled "*Pathology founded on the natural system of Anatomy and Physiology.*" This last production of Dr. Alexander Walker, is a popular and philosophical treatise on that branch of medical science, in which the natural classification of diseases and the distinction between morbid and curative symptoms, afforded by pain or its absence, are pointed out, as well as the errors of Homœopathy and other hypotheses.

The other new work by the above author,—"*Physiognomy founded on Physiology, and applied to various countries, professions, and individuals,*" with illustrative engravings, is also in press, and will be published shortly, printed uniformly with his previous works. 1 vol. 12mo.

The same firm have just issued a new edition of the uniform stereotype edition of M. De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," in two handsome volumes, 8vo, with statistical map, an original analytical index, notes, &c. &c.

Dr. Martyn Paine's new work, "A Physiological View of the Materia Medica, with an arrangement of the articles in their several groups, according to their relative value," &c. This new manual has, we hear, been highly approved by the members of the schools and the faculty generally

The new work by Dr. Samuel Forry, "*The Climate of the United States and its Endemic Influences,*" announced in our previous number, has at length appeared. Its reception has already been highly flattering, and what we predicted for this important work is now no longer a matter of doubt—its success is certain. Not only is it the first attempt to systematize the phenomena of our climate, by means of positive and long-established data, thus developing many new and interesting meteorological laws, with their influence upon the human organization, but the subject being presented in language divested of technicalities, is peculiarly adapted for the general reader. Independent of the numerous complimentary notices of this work by the several medical journals of the country, it has been received with the highest favor by those purely literary

D. APPLETON & Co. have just published Mrs. Ellis' new book, "*The Daughters of England,*" a work which we doubt not will become exceedingly popular, as indeed are all the productions of this favorite authoress.

They will also speedily issue a new series of Juveniles under the general title of "A Library for my Young Countrymen," which will include several works illustrative of the annals of American History, and some by the editor, whose previous writings under the signature of "Uncle Philip," are already well known.

Mr. Cooley's long-promised work on Arabia Petræa and the Holy Land is nearly completed; it is to be copiously illustrated, and we are informed, is likely to prove an exceedingly attractive book.

The Sketch of the Life of Peter Van Schaack, LL. D., including his literary remains and correspondence, is now ready.

The same firm also announce for publication the following valuable standard works:

Bishop Burnet's History of the Reformation, edited by Dr. Nares, with twenty-three portraits.

An Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles of the English Church, with notes, by Rev. J. R. Paige.

Bishop Pearson's Exposition of the Creed, with notes, by Rev. W. S. Dobson, &c.

They have nearly completed an exceedingly instructive and entertaining work, to be published early next month, entitled "A Description and Historical Account of Hydraulic and other Machines for raising water; with observations on various subjects connected with the Mechanic Arts, including the progressive de-

velopment of the Steam Engine, &c., by Thomas Ewbank." The above explanatory title will afford some idea of the practical value of this work, which we doubt not will, on its appearance, attract very general public attention.

Nearly ready, A Manual for Communicants, by Archdeacon Wilberforce, adapted for the use of the American Service. 18mo.

A History of the Anglo Saxons, by Sir F. Palgrave. 12mo.

Also, beautiful uniform editions of Scott, Milton, Cowper, and Burns, with illustrative titles,—editions in 12mo and 18mo.

Guizot's Essay on Civilization, with notes, by Professor Henry, new edition.

M. W. DODD has in press a new and thoroughly revised edition of Rev. Joseph Tracey's History of Missions, considerably enlarged.

The same publisher has just issued, a Treatise on Punishment by Death; by George B. Cheever: and

Moral Tales for Children, by Uncle Arthur.

WILEY & PUTNAM have in press the following: "Poems, chiefly of early and late years, including the Borderers, a tragedy," by Wm. Wordsworth, 1 vol. 12mo.

The Pilgrim of Glencoe, and other Poems, by Thos. Campbell, 1 vol. 12mo.

Poems, chiefly lyrical, by Alfred Tennyson, 2 vols. in one, 12mo.

Captain Barclay's Agricultural Tour in the United States and Upper Canada, with miscellaneous notices, 1 vol. 12mo.

Rutillius and Lucius, or Stories of the third age, by Robt. J. Wilberforce, 1 vol. 12mo.

The Kingdom of Christ Delineated, by Archbishop Whately, with an Introduction by Dr. Skinner.

"*A Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art, comprising descriptions of every branch of human knowledge,*" &c., edited by W. T. Brande, F. R. S., assisted by other eminent scientific writers.

The same firm have just issued a fine edition of Mr. Borrow's long-promised work, entitled "*Zincali, or an account of the Gipsies of Spain,*" &c. This is a book of singular cast, and one that will doubtless awaken much public attention, as it relates to a race as anomalous in their character as they are curious in their history.

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## ENGLISH LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Among the latest Announcements of the English press, we observe that of "A Life of Admiral Viscount Keppel, first lord of the Admiralty in 1782-3, by the Hon. Thos. Keppel," in 2 vols. 8vo, with portraits.

"Travels in Kashmere, the Himalaya of the Punjaub, including the mountain course of the Indus, through the valleys of Great and Little Thibet," &c., by G. T. Vigne, Esq., 2 vols. 8vo, with numerous illustrations by the author, with maps, &c. (Just ready.)

Romantic Biography of the Reign of Elizabeth, edited by W. Cooke Taylor, LL. D.

Also, the following new works of fiction:—

Lady Anne Granard, or Keeping up Appearances; a novel, by the late Miss Landon. (L. E. L.)

Sowing and Reaping, a novel, edited by Capt. Chamier.

The two Admirals, by the author of "The Spy," &c.

Newstoke Priors, a novel, by Miss Waddington.

London Legends, by Paul Pinder, Gent., with illustrations, in 2 vols., and two new novels, *edited* by Mrs. Charles Gore, one entitled "Fascination," and the other "Modern French Life."

A curious and unique early English Romance is in press, edited by Mr. Halliwell, of the Society of Antiquaries, entitled "*Torrente of Portugal,*" said to be full of romantic adventures, encounters with giants, &c.

"Popularity, a Tale of the World," by Mrs. C. Baron Wilson, and a new Historical Romance, entitled "The Traduced," by the author of the "Fatalist," &c.

The following are among the latest issues: "Excursions in Albania," by Capt. Best—"Father John, or Cromwell in Ireland," by the author of "Richard of York,"—"Narrative of the late Expedition to Syria," by W. Patison Hunter, "The Rhine," by Victor Hugo, &c. &c.

Miss Pickering's new Novel, "The Expectant," is now ready.

A new work is shortly forthcoming, by the author of "Elphinstone," entitled "The Herberts, or the Way of the World."

"The Book of Thought," is the mysterious appellative of another forthcoming novelty.

Maxwell, whose new work ("Recollections of a Soldier of Fortune") is very popular, has announced a periodical work, in shilling numbers, to be called "The Fortunes of Hector O'Halloran."

Theodore Hook's *last* novel is nearly ready for publication. It is said to be highly comic, and is yclept, "Peregrine Bunce, or settled at last."

Miss Stodart announces a new volume "On Female Writers, their Powers, Duties, and Dangers," &c.

An interesting volume, the Memoirs and Travels of the Duke d'Enghien, has been ushered into the world within the last few days by the Comte de Choulot. It forms a valuable addition to the historical works of this century.

M. Thiers is stated to be writing a history of the German empire, and his late tour in Germany, to be connected with his historical inquiries.

A New Work by John Burke, Esq., author of the Peerage, &c., is in press, entitled "A General Armory of England, Scotland, and Ireland, founded upon Gwillim, Nisbett, and Edmonson." The work will be embellished with 30,000 coats of arms, &c.

Edw Lytton Bulwer

[illegible] Montezuma & Pomerania [illegible]

*crankless* labor, it remains to be seen. England is not a country

* See first article in Democratic Review for May, 1842.

THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. X. JUNE, 1842. No. XLVIII.

# EDINBURGH REVIEW ON JAMES'S NAVAL OCCURRENCES, AND COOPER'S NAVAL HISTORY.

(*Second Article.*)*

THE running title to the article of the Edinburgh is "British and American Navies;" but its professed object is to review Messrs. James and Cooper. Of the General History of the former, which includes the "Occurrences," the reviewer says: "The book itself is one of which it is not too high praise to assert, that it approaches as nearly to perfection, in its own line, as any historical work, perhaps, ever did." This, be it remembered, relates to a book that contains the matter we have dissected in our former number. Speaking of Mr. James's reasoning, he goes on to say: "With a *candor* almost as uncommon as his *accuracy*, he (Mr. James) never fails to notice any variation of consequence in the statements of the hostile party; and either to refute it by argument, or fairly to balance it with the opposing testimony. We must acknowledge that we cannot contemplate without admiration the *impartial* and *unwearied zeal for historical truth* (!) which alone could have supported him through his tedious and *thankless* labors." This is said of the gentleman who accused Captain M'Donough of lying about the hot shot, Commodore Decatur of telling an untruth about the *complete effect of grape*, and Commodore Chauncey of not daring to come out and meet Sir James Yeo with a *superior force*, that happened to be *unarmed*, or *on the stocks!* Any man may innocently be led into mistakes, especially when his accounts descend into details; but no man of upright feelings would have brought such charges as those we have so fully exposed, on mere rumor; which must have been the best of Mr. James's testimony in all the cases we have cited. As to the *thankless* labor, it remains to be seen. England is not a country

* See first article in Democratic Review for May, 1842.

to overlook services of this nature, more especially when accompanied by so material a wear and tear of logic and character; and we confess ourselves at some loss to understand our contemporary. The sale of the book has probably compensated its writer.

After this introduction, the reviewer eulogizes, in strong language, Mr. James's precision and *details*, and most especially his *tables;* the excellence of which we have ourselves had occasion to celebrate. Then follows the panegyric of Captain Chamier on the accuracy of the language of the history—setting the "gaff-head braces" at defiance. All this is not laid before the world without an object; it is simply that Mr. James may be used with effect in demolishing Mr. Cooper. We shall now proceed to inquire how far the reviewer has been successful.

We shall so far presume on what has been shown in our former article, as to take it as admitted, that nothing is *proved* simply because Mr. James has seen fit to assert it. This we feel we have a perfect right to claim, after having shown, in the most unanswerable manner, that Mr. James has asserted many things that are not only untrue, but which any man of discrimination might have seen were untrue, from his own premises.

The Edinburgh, however, disregards all these truths, and assails Mr. Cooper on a lofty key for not having the same faith in its great authority as it has, or affects to have, itself. In calling this writer to account for his sins of omission, it says: "But ought not Mr. Cooper to admit, or at least to notice, *British accounts of facts resting wholly within the knowledge of British historians* and officers? Is he justified in passing over a point as doubtful, or stating it upon mere conjecture, when there is a *British history which decides it on direct authority?*"—"Without demanding from the American historian any extraordinary degree of industry, we might surely expect that so well known a work as Mr. James's history would scarcely escape his researches. The high authority of that history for accuracy and research, demanded from Mr. Cooper some notice of such of its assertions as contradict his own; and we think that the offensive remaks by which it is too often disfigured (meaning James's Naval Occurrences), ought to have been but an additional incentive to an able and diligent American writer, fairly to meet, and if possible triumphantly to overthrow, its statements and inferences." The reviewer then goes on to say that Mr. Cooper's abstaining from answering certain charges brought by Mr. James against several American officers, recoil on the service to which he has dedicated his work, by giving the world reason to believe they are true.

Now, by one of those mysterious qualities which adorn our

craft, we are able to answer for Mr. Cooper, in this behalf, as well as he could do it for himself, and he *did* read, study, and dissect the "Occurrences," and detected their worthlessness at a glance. All that we have shown the reader on this subject, and a good deal more, was as familiar to him as household terms. He had no faith in Mr. James's boasted accuracy; laughed at his particularity; and held his seamanship cheap—"gaff-head braces," "ridge-rope breechings," and all. Then he had too much respect for that service to which he had dedicated his book, and we trust for himself, to think of degrading his own history into a controversial work, with one of the calibre of the "Occurrences." He could not think of putting any man on trial because a writer of the truth and decency of the James school had seen fit to become his accuser; and we point to our answers to the charges against M'Donough, Decatur, Hull, and Chauncey, that are to be found in the former part of this very article, as proofs of what he *might* have said on such subjects, had he been so minded—especially with our assistance. Mr. James's history has *not* "escaped his researches." Before we get through, some may be inclined to think that the Edinburgh has not "escaped" them either.

After sounding the praises of James, and dwelling on his *accuracy*, the Edinburgh condemns Mr. Cooper, altogether, for not emulating the particularity and the details of that distinguished writer; after which it proceeds to give an analysis of its own, that pretends, in particular, to embrace all the combats of the last war: though doubtless, by a happy accident, it omits two or three, of which it might not have found it so easy to dispose. We are authorized by Mr. Cooper to state distinctly that he has no ambition to emulate the *accuracy* of Mr. James, and there we shall leave that matter.

The first charge which the Edinburgh brings against Mr. Cooper, as connected with any particular fact, relates to the affair in which a man was killed off Sandy Hook, by a shot fired from the London. The reviewer thinks Mr. Cooper very culpable for not telling the world that Captain Whitby, the English commander, was tried for murder at home, and acquitted. Now Mr. Cooper does not charge Captain Whitby with murder. The circumstance is related, as showing the nature of the warfare the English carried on against the French in the American waters, and as having a tendency to excite the feeling which eventually produced the war. No one ever supposed that Captain Whitby wished to kill a man; much less the particular man who actually lost his life; but it *was*, and is *still* thought in America, that he ought not to have been firing shot into the waters of a neutral country; and this,

too, with the intent to harass the trade of that country. The acquittal on a charge of murder had nothing to do with the feeling of America,—a country that would now, we doubt not, instantly declare war against England for an unatoned and unexplained act of the like nature.

But it is worth remarking that the reviewer, while he admits the fact as stated by Mr. Cooper, thinks proper to comment on his omission to note a trial that has no connexion with the national wrong that gave rise to the national feeling excited,—while not only its oracle, the "Occurrences," is guilty of the very offence it charges on Mr. Cooper, without the possibility of urging his explanation, but *the Edinburgh itself contains the charge!* Mr. James relates the Bombay version of the rencontre between the Peacock and Nautilus, at the close of the war, with severe animadversion on the conduct of Captain Warrington,—flourishing the fact that its charges were verified by the oath of a certain master of the yard, while it neglects altogether to say that a court was held on the occasion, and Captain Warrington fully exonerated by the counter-oaths of those who contradicted the aforesaid master. This is one of the cases of personal misconduct alluded to by the reviewer, and to which he returns again and again! Thus is not only Mr. James, but the reviewer, guilty of the precise offence it imputes to Mr. Cooper, and without his apology that the trial was not pertinent to the real matter at issue. Captain Whitby was acquitted of the charge of *murder*, a crime Mr. Cooper never imputed to him; and Captain Warrington was exonerated from censure on account of an affair in which both James and his reviewer attribute to him the grossest brutality;—and why should Mr. Cooper have spoken of one trial, more than Mr. James and his reviewer of the other? We will answer for the Edinburgh: one was an *English*, the other an *American* officer; one an *English*, the other an *American* court. We scarcely ever knew an English writer get upon stilts, in a question of this sort, that he might not have been answered just in this way. So coolly does the reviewer treat the Bombay affair, that he affects to think the statements of the English side never have been even contradicted!

We have no intention of following the reviewer through his history of the different battles, which is little more than a repetition of James's history, and which would require an article as long as the "Occurrences" themselves; but having, as we think, disposed of the general merits of the historian, by producing particular and close instances of his worthlessness, we propose to adopt a somewhat similar course with his eulogist.

The first serious misstatement of the reviewer is to be found in a brief summary of the actions between the Constitution and United States, with the three English frigates they took at different times. Speaking of these combats, the reviewer says: "All the three actions were decided in consequence of the British ship becoming dismasted by the heavy metal of her opponent, which enabled *the latter to rake her with impunity until further resistance was impossible.*" Our illustrious contemporary meant to say, "*each* of the three actions *was* decided," &c.; but we pass over the English, in order to get at the fact. The Constitution certainly raked the Guerriere once, in crossing her bows; when, taking aback herself, she got a stern board, and fell in with her quarter exposed to the British ship's bow guns. If either vessel was raked at the close of this action, it was the Constitution. As the latter hauled off, the Guerriere's masts fell, and not a gun was fired afterwards. The Macedonian was not, properly, raked at all. She had no need of it. Captain Carden says—"When, having the mizen-mast shot away by the board, top-masts shot away by the caps, main-yard shot in pieces, a small proportion of the foresail only left to the fore-yard, all the guns on the quarter-deck and forecastle disabled but two, and filled with wreck, two also on the main-deck disabled, and several shot between wind and water, a very great proportion of the crew killed and wounded, and the enemy comparatively in good order, who had now shot ahead, *and was* ABOUT *to place himself in a raking position*, without our being enabled to return the fire, *being a perfect wreck, and unmanageable too*,—I deemed it prudent, though a painful extremity, to surrender his Majesty's ship."—Occ. App. p. xxviii. Captain Dacres says: "But just as we had cleared the wreck, our spritsail-yard went, and the enemy, having rove new braces, &c., wore round within pistol-shot *to* rake us," &c. "I ordered, though reluctantly, the colors to be struck."—Occ. App. p. xiii. The Java *was* raked during the fight, as the Constitution *might* have been, had her enemy been active, or not in confusion; for the American frigate steered badly, in consequence of having lost her wheel early in the action; but that she was *not* raked, in the *manner mentioned by the reviewer*, is proved by Lieutenant Chad's report of the battle. "We still waited the attack of the enemy," he says—(and this was when the Constitution had hauled up to windward, after completely dismantling her opponent); "he was standing toward us for that purpose. On his coming nearly within hail of us, and from his manœuvres perceiving that he intended a position ahead, where he *could rake us* without the possibility of

returning a shot; I then consulted the officers, who agreed," &c., and, in a word, he struck.

The Edinburgh complains, in strong language, that Mr. Cooper does not attend sufficiently to the British accounts of the different affairs; a charge from which, it is to be hoped, he will exonerate the Democratic Review.

The reviewer says, speaking of the Guerriere—"She was pierced for only 48 broadside guns, but, as Mr. Cooper states, mounted 49, having on board two standing bow-guns which could *only* be used in chase. And we have to add, that every one of the particulars here quoted respecting her, has been in print and *uncontradicted* for upward of twenty years." Now this is very magnificent, doubtless, but in answer to it, we say that these particulars *have* been contradicted, *time and again;* but, because it does not suit the English to republish American statements of this nature, our Edinburgh contemporary coolly assumes that nothing has been said of the matter. How will he feel, however, when we prove to him that his own immaculate authority, Mr. James, contradicts his particulars! Speaking of the manner in which the Guerriere was *pierced*—(and it is a-propos of what Mr. Cooper has said on *that* point, that the reviewer wrote what we have just quoted)—that oracle says: "When Captain Skene had the command of the Guerriere, he had ports fitted upon her quarter-deck for two brass 12-pounders, given to him by the Duke of Manchester. Upon quitting the Guerriere, Captain Skene, of course, took with him his brass guns. The *vacant ports* led some of the Constitution's officers to suspect that the Guerriere's people had, between the time of surrender and of taking possession, thrown two of her guns overboard."—p. 105. By adding these two ports to the 48 admitted as the broadside ports by the reviewer, and which *had* guns in them, we get 50, without the bridle-ports, that had guns mounted also. So much for being "uncontradicted."

In point of fact, the Guerriere had 30 long 18s on her gun-deck, the forward port being further forward than usual. The forward guns, however, were not useless in broadside, as contended by Mr. James, and asserted by the reviewer; for they were so placed as to permit these guns to be worked at the same time the guns next aft were worked, as is not ordinarily the case with guns in a common bridle-port. Owing to the incidents of the battle, the Constitution being so much ahead of her enemy, these two forward guns *ought* to have been the most useful of any in the Guerriere; and one of them *was*, doing the Constitution more injury, perhaps, than any half-dozen of her guns farther aft. Notwithstanding, Mr. James and his reviewer throw them both out of the

calculation of force! Shortly after the battle, some of the Constitution's officers published a card, stating that the Guerriere was *pierced* for 54 guns. This is some of the testimony to which Mr. Cooper *alludes*, and we will now inquire how far the English authorities sustain the supposition. The reviewer admits 48 broadside guns—James owns 1 shifting gun, which must have had 2 ports, and the 2 bow guns are acknowledged. Add to these Captain Skene's 2 ports, *in which no guns were found*, and the account stands thus, viz.:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Broadside guns - - - - | 48 |
| Bow guns - - - - | 2 |
| Shifting guns - - - - | 2 |
| Vacant ports - - - - - | 2 |
| | 54 |

It is worthy of remark, also, that the reviewer says his facts stand uncontradicted twenty years, when Mr. Cooper mentions the authority of the officers above named to the contrary!

The reviewer next adverts to the old question of the actual weight of the shot. On the part of the Americans it is known that a 32-pound shot frequently weighed but 30 lbs.; 24s, 21, -2, or -3 lbs.; as the case might be, and the other shot in proportion. Defective castings were supposed to be one cause of these deficiencies in weight; though irregularity in moulds may have been another. On the other hand, some of the English ships were said to have had shot of *over* weight; the variation being ascribed to their French guns. Mr. Cooper distinctly says that he weighed many shot; and, that while he found that the American fell short, he found the English surprisingly accurate. Speaking of the Java, however, in a note, he says that it was affirmed her 18s weighed 19 lbs. In opposition to this, the reviewer derides the idea that shot of French weight should be found in English ships, even though the latter were French built. On this point he adds: "Does he (Mr. Cooper) think it probable that whenever they (the French-built ships) want a new supply, French shot were cast or procured expressly for their use?" Why not? An Englishman can cast a shot weighing 19½ lbs. as well as a Frenchman, and if he has a gun that requires such a shot, why should he not cast it? He can and does imitate the stamps of the American heavy cottons, where he finds it to his interest; why not imitate the French shot? In 1812, there must have been in the British navy some forty or fifty French-built vessels, all of which had their armaments when taken. Now which is the most probable—that all these guns were thrown aside, or that shot was made for them? Besides, the shot captured with them *all*, would last a *few* ships

a long time; and this plan may have been adopted, in preference to the cost of new castings. The fact that the Java's shots were over-weight, is distinctly asserted, not by Mr. Cooper, but by some of the Constitution's officers; and, as the Java was a French-built ship, we see nothing half so extravagant in the proposition, as in the reviewer's opinion that the old shot were all thrown away, or melted down. The only party that professes to *know* anything in the premises, is the officer who affirms that he actually weighed the shot.

But the most remarkable of the reviewer's theories on this head remains to be shown. He says: "We believe it is admitted by all persons *skilled in gunnery*, that in shot of the same *diameter*, a slight difference in *mere weight* will neither increase nor diminish the effect on the object aimed at." And again: "The alleged variation must have been *merely in specific gravity*, and therefore of little or no importance." This is advanced as a *principle*, and, if it prove nothing else, it proves that our Scottish contemporary is not Professor Playfair. "Slight differences" may not produce important results, certainly; but, as a principle, the *slightest* difference will produce some effect. Two or three pounds are not a slight difference in the weight of a shot, however, when applied to its effect. A shot obtains its power altogether from its *momentum;* and this proceeds from the double principle of *weight* and *velocity*. A heavy shot, lying *motionless* against a wall, does no harm; it has its *weight*, but it wants its *velocity*. A hollow sheet-iron ball, of the same diameter, flying with the rapidity of a shot thrown from a gun, against a wall, would only crush itself; it has the *velocity*, but wants the *weight*. *Momentum* is calculated by *multiplying velocity* into *weight*. Thus if a shot has a velocity of 100, and a weight of 30, it has a momentum of 3000; or, if a velocity of 100, and a weight of 32, it has a momentum of 3200. This is a difference of $\frac{1}{16}$—no immaterial odds when applied to effects on the sides, spars, anchors, and defences of a heavy ship. In addition to this, the bad castings of the American shot caused them to break on striking, and frequently destroyed their usefulness in this manner. The same was true of the guns, which often burst.

It was the habit of the English to say that the American vessels of war sailed with picked crews of able seamen, and, in this manner, to account for their own defeats. Mr. Cooper exposes this fallacy, by saying it was extraordinary that a nation which practised *impressment*, should use such an argument against a people who did not. This reasoning the reviewer derides, with his usual success. He says that "at the *commencement* of the war with

America, England had 584 cruising vessels in commission, 102 of which were ships of the line." As opposed to this, he gives Mr. Cooper's own authority for saying that America, exclusively of gun-boats, had only 17 cruisers,—none larger than frigates. "Now, assuming the practice of impressment to be a powerful agent in manning a navy," he adds, "we imagine that Mr. Cooper will scarcely assert, that to man 584 vessels, with its aid, is as easy as to man 17 without it." This is exceedingly narrow logic, were the premises fair. But the premises are obviously unfair. Everything would depend on the stock of mariners in each country, to begin with; and England, a country overflowing with people, had long maintained her common navy, in *addition* to a mercantile tonnage nearly double that of America at that time. This, of course, gave her a vast supply of men, and the power to impress gave her an arbitrary choice of all she could lay her hands on. So unscrupulous were her agents in the exercise of this power, that they often seized foreigners, and thousands of Americans among them. On the other hand, the American navy did not get its best seamen until near the close of the war. The best and most enterprising men preferred the privateers, in which nothing but gain was the object; in which they were not liable to drafts for the lakes—a service without prize-money, and in all respects out of favor; and in which *all* the money made went to the owners and crew; the government unwisely taking half, in the cases of their own captures. If the American navy had but 17 cruisers at the commencement of the war, it had 50 soon after, and the privateers amounted to hundreds. On the other hand, England made peace in Europe early in 1814, and had thousands of men to spare. But the question is a matter of fact; and the Americans were compelled, in 1814, to lay up many vessels on the ocean, in order to get crews for the lakes. By this time, very many of her seamen were in the English prisons, the privateers having been captured; and so far from *choosing* men, as is done by *impressing*, she was glad to get any. Some of the American crews were good, certainly; but many were exceedingly bad. Those on Lakes Erie and Champlain, in particular, are known to have been worse than common. By keeping the British marine up to its number in 1812, keeping the American down to its 17 sail, and by keeping the countless privateers altogether out of view, the Edinburgh makes a proposition quite to its own satisfaction! As a matter of course, too, every American crew was broken up once in two years; that being the term of enlistment.

As is not unusual with English writers, the reviewer evidently would gladly compress all the battles of the war into the single

action between the Chesapeake and Shannon, if he could. He aims at facetiousness on this subject, and untruly imputes to Mr. Cooper the allegation that the day was lost principally by the cowardice of a bugleman. "Were none of the Chesapeake's officers or men enabled to sound the bugle of the fugitive? or, if so, were their powers deranged by the advance of the English boarders? How came the men on the Chesapeake's main-deck not to know that the ships were foul, and that a scuffle was going on over their heads?" This being the only occasion on which he *can* indulge in mirth, our Scottish contemporary indulges to indiscretion.

The circumstances are simply as follows: The Chesapeake had closed on the weather quarter of the Shannon, and in passing ahead, having most way on her, some of her head sheets and the foretop-sail tie were shot away, at a moment when her spanker-brails loosened. The vessel came into the wind, and got foul of her antagonist about the latter's fore-chains. In this situation, she lay exposed to a raking fire, especially of some of the quarter-deck guns of the Englishman. By this fire, and a singular fatality, every officer on the upper deck of the American, above the rank of a midshipman, including captain, first lieutenant, master, and marine officer, was either killed or wounded. *To this circumstance*, Mr. Cooper ascribes the loss of the ship. It is true that when the ships were coming foul, Captain Lawrence ordered the bugle to call the boarders; but the bugleman, a negro, had deserted his quarters, and was not to be found. All that the reviewer says about officers sounding the bugle is a puerility that is unworthy of an answer. That the boarders were *not* called, as ordered, is proved on oath,—a favorite mode of establishing facts with the reviewer; and as for the idea of the men's below hearing a scuffle on deck, it is quite of a piece with the rest of the witticism. There was no scuffle to hear, until the English had got well in possession; for, finding themselves raked with canister, and without officers, all the men ran from aft forward. This was what Captain Broke termed "flinching from their guns" when he gave orders "to prepare for boarding." The enemy met no resistance on entering the Chesapeake, though a short but confused struggle occurred forward of the mainmast afterward, the boarders who came from below being *without their arms*.

But the reviewer disputes Mr. Cooper's statement that *all* the officers of the upper deck of the Chesapeake, the midshipmen excepted, were wounded before the boarding. On this head he says: "Now, we have the authority of the official letter for disputing this statement. By that account, Mr. Ludlow, the Chesa-

peake's first lieutenant, and one of the officers stated by Mr. Cooper to have been disabled as above, was wounded in attempting to repel the boarders. And yet Mr. Cooper enumerates this officer's name among those who fell before the enemy boarded."

Mr. Budd's statement that Mr. Ludlow was wounded in attempting to repel the boarders, or by the boarders, is true. It was not a fact for him to inquire into closely, at the moment of writing; and as he did not see what passed, he may very well have supposed, at the time, that Mr. Ludlow was hurt in this manner, and in no other. But the evidence on the court-martial brought out all the circumstances, and the finding on this point is in these words, as Mr. James himself might have told the reviewer, viz.: "It appears also to the court, that, when the Shannon got foul of the Chesapeake, Captain Lawrence, his *first lieutenant*, the sailing master, and lieutenant of marines, were all killed, or mortally wounded, and thereby the upper deck of the Chesapeake was left without any commanding officer, and with only one or two young midshipmen."—Occ. App. p. lx.

A mistake in reference to Mr. Ludlow might very well occur. We understand that he was twice wounded; once by a small missile, before the boarding, and afterwards by a sword. The account we have heard states that he was seated on a gun slide, as the English came in, and that naturally raising his sword, he got a blow on the head. It was said, at the time, he might have got well of the first injury, but that the last proved fatal. But this was probably no more than one of the additions that grew out of the excitement of the affair, the court, out of question, coming at the real facts. We presume that even the reviewer will admit that Mr. Cooper's statement is justified by the finding of the court.

The reviewer has been misled by a misprint in the English edition, where he sneers at the supposed assertion of Mr. Cooper, that the battle of Lake Erie "has long been considered" by the American "*navy*," one of its proudest achievements on the water. The word is "nation," in the original, and the fact is unquestionably true as regards *them*. We believe the *navy* look's upon the battle of Plattsburg Bay, (Perry's *game* out of the question,) as much the most brilliant victory. It is in this sense that Mr. Cooper makes the remark he does, concerning those two affairs. It is the battle of Plattsburg Bay that the *navy* most appreciates according to Mr. Cooper.

All that the reviewer says about the vagueness of Mr. Cooper's comparison of the forces of the respective parties on Lake Erie, and his own explanation, is as hollow as most of his reasoning.

The comparison was difficult, because no element of force was common to either party, and because the American force was not brought simultaneously to bear, while that of the enemy was. Thus, the American principal vessels had carronades, which were not fully available until they had suffered severely; while many of their smaller vessels, armed with heavy long guns, were kept a-stern by the lightness of the wind. But the reviewer makes a calculation which we will analyze. "It is certainly true," he says, "that Captain Barclay's ship was armed with long guns, while the American ships carried 32-pounder carronades; but, notwithstanding this, the advantage in long guns was, on the whole, greatly on the side of the enemy. The British, on the authority of the official letter above mentioned, presented in broadside, beside a few smaller pieces, one long 24, one 18, five 12s, and seven 9s. The Americans, three long 32s, four ditto 24s, and six 12s. If, therefore, as Mr. Cooper asserts, Captain Barclay's long guns had committed great havoc before the carronades of the American vessels became available, their effect was clearly not owing to any want of means to return the fire." All this is exceedingly disingenuous, while the statement is substantially true. But *three* American vessels were fairly within range of even their long guns, when the Lawrence began to suffer severely; viz., the Scorpion, Ariel, and Lawrence herself. Now those three vessels could use in broadside, one long 32 and five 12s. The Confiance and Niagara added to this fire, two long 24s, and one 12; making one 32, two 24s, and six 12s. It was a considerable time before the two last named vessels could get near enough to do much harm, and much longer before the schooners a-stern, which carried three long 32s, and one long 24, could aid at all. These were the circumstances which, added to the smoothness of the water, render it so difficult to make a just estimate of the force of the combatants. Comparing whole numbers with whole numbers, the Americans were doubtless superior to the British on Lake Erie, and Mr. Cooper admits as much. Still, circumstances might and did vary the chances. In a sea way, and blowing fresh, the Detroit's armament would have been worth those of all the small vessels together, much as they would have outnumbered her in broadside metal; but the battle was fought in smooth water, and in nearly a calm. In reference to this battle, the reviewer adopts Mr. James's version, that the *Canadians* of the English vessels were all landsmen. But he adopts all his facts.

We have not room to follow the reviewer, paragraph by paragraph, and must select a few prominent defects, to show the character of his whole article. We shall take the case of Lake

Champlain as one example, having cleared the way for it by details already given. In this battle, the reviewer says, "The Americans lost 110, and the British 129, killed and wounded."

Now this last statement is opposed to Mr. James himself. "This makes the total loss on the British side," says the great historian, "54 killed, and 116 wounded." According to our arithmetic, this makes 170. The reviewer has copied from a report annexed to Captain Pring's official letter, where the loss *is* put at 129; but this very letter says in a note, appended, (all in James, be it observed,) "The number stated is the whole *yet ascertained* to have been killed and wounded." This oversight compels us again, however reluctantly, to reproach our contemporary with neglect of the English authorities. Mr. James admits that the mistake in the Confiance's crew alone was as 81 are to 124; in other words, he admits that the Confiance lost 124 men, instead of 81, as stated in the report from which the reviewer copied Let us make a proposition of this:

as 81 : 124 : : 129 : 197.

But even this will exclude the galleys, from which no report at all was made. Mr. James, on the strength of this omission, assumes that they met with no loss, whereas the Americans believe their loss to have been very heavy, from the nature of their service, and what they themselves saw. Every one of them is said to have struck. The English killed and wounded in this battle are believed to have been near or quite 300 men. At all events, the *reviewer* is a great deal out of the way, by *his own authorities.*

And yet this writer does not hesitate to cavil about any little oversight he fancies he detects in Mr. Cooper, whose arithmetic, in connexion with this affair, he attacks in the following mode. He accuses Mr. Cooper of putting only 480 men in the four large vessels, and 1000 in the squadron, which would be giving 520 to the 12 galleys. This imaginary discrepancy he treats with little respect. Let us see if it be half so bad as he pretends. One does not very easily see why 12 row galleys might not have had this number of men in them; more especially when it is known that the intention was to board. The duty was not one of any duration, and 40 men each, with a few officers, would make the sum total. But Mr. Cooper does not dogmatize concerning the number of the men. He uses the term 'about,' evidently wishing to be understood as not professing to have accurate data. As regards the Confiance, he says, "her complement of men is supposed to have been *considerably more* than 300." His information

asserted that this ship had quite 400 men in her, but there being nothing certain, Mr. Cooper chose the safer expression we have quoted. Mr. James's particulars had no effect on him, for he too well knew their value; and all sides agreeing, even to Captain Pring, that it was Captain Downie's intention to lay his ship athwart hawse of the Saratoga, when boarding would have followed, he believed the enemy *must* have been strong manned. Three hundred would not have been a large crew, but the reverse, for a ship like the Confiance, and it is probable she had more men in her; especially when we remember that an army was on the shore to supply the means.

Now, "*considerably more*" than 300, does not mean *just* 300, as the reviewer quite coolly assumes. Putting it only at 350, it would place 530 in the large vessels, and leave only 470 for the galleys, or less than 40 men each, officers and all. Putting it at 400, the number his informant insisted on, it would raise the first figures to 580, and leave but 420 for the galleys. *Au reste*, nothing absolutely precise is alleged by Mr. Cooper, or meant to be alleged. The only precise allegation connected with the matter is that of the reviewer, when he says, that Mr. Cooper states "the united crews of the four captured British vessels at 480," when, in truth, he says nothing directly in this mode about them; and, by unavoidable implication, he says they were "*considerably more*" than 480 men. But the whole article is written in this same equivocating and sophistical vein. We must pardon it as a *casus necessitatis*.

The reviewer has very much the same sort of logic concerning the forces of the vessels in this battle as he uses in reference to the crews. "He," (Mr. Cooper,) says the reviewer, "speaks of the Confiance as a vessel of double the force, and of nearly double the tonnage of the Saratoga," and says that few professional judges will deny that a ship with the gun-deck dimensions, metal, and battery of a forty-four, ought to have been fully equal to contending at least with two such vessels as the Saratoga and Eagle. *The exact dimensions of the Confiance are given by Mr. James;* she was a ship of 831 tons. As to Mr. James's authority on this point, it is unnecessary for us to say anything more. Captain Lavallette tells us, he thinks the American tonnage of the Confiance was 1120, and that of the Saratoga 630 tons. This fully justifies Mr. Cooper's language of "nearly double the tonnage." As to the metal, about which the reviewer has a good deal to say, a simple calculation will dispose of this point. The Confiance had sixteen long 24s in broadside, to say nothing of the three carronades. The Saratoga had four long 24s, which deducted from the Con-

fiance's, would leave her twelve, to oppose to six carronades, 42s and 32s. Now, in naval warfare, taking the service as it comes, the long 12 is the equal of the 32lb. carronade, the 18 of the 42, and the 24 of the 68. A carronade will seldom stand a long cannonading, like that of the battle of Plattsburg Bay; nor will it bear two shot, with proper effect. Mr. James tells us what the Confiance would have done could she have been winded, as was the Saratoga, inasmuch as she had each gun loaded with *two* round shot and a stand of grape. This, in addition to its greater accuracy of aim, is the secret of the superiority of the long gun over the shorter one. But we have the opinion of Commodore Read (certainly as good a judge as Mr. James, with the advantage of having examined the vessels) that the Confiance was equal to *two* Saratogas; and the Saratoga was certainly a good deal more than equal to the Eagle.

Mr. Cooper says that several guns were found on board the Confiance, on the side she fought, after she had struck, with wads and shot below the powder, or without powder; a proof, as he thinks, of the confusion she was in, while attempting to wind. The reviewer treats this statement as conclusive of all controversy about the battle, by proving "the ignorance and inexperience of the crew with which Captain Downie was compelled to go into action." In answer to this, we have only to remark, that if the reviewer is ready to admit there is any portion of the people of England who, sane and not confused, imagine a wad or a shot is to be put into a gun before the powder, we have no more to say. Our victory has been one of civilized over uncivilized men, and confessedly is not a fit subject for exultation.

The reviewer hazards many assertions that we are willing to believe he would have spared, had he taken time to examine what he says. Of this class of allegations is his assertion that Mr. Cooper is wrong when he praises Commodore Stewart for so handling the Constitution that she escaped being raked by her two adversaries; an unusual occurrence in an engagement of *two* against *one*. "That the Constitution, however, did, while wearing, receive at least one raking broadside," he affirms, "Mr. Cooper will find from the American official details of the action." This is very coolly stated, we admit; but it is not sustained by the *fact*. Here is all that is said about the Constitution's waring, in these minutes: "We then discovered the sternmost ship wearing also; wore ship immediately after, and gave *her* a stern rake, she luffing to on our starboard bow, and giving us her larboard broadside." This was with the Cyane, which ship struck immediately afterwards. Again, with the Levant: "At 50 minutes past 8, ranged close alongside

to windward of her, on opposite tacks, and exchanged broadsides; wore immediately under her stern, and raked her with a broadside; she then crowded all sail, and endeavored to escape," was followed and captured. We mention this, in order to show the reader how necessary it is to be on his guard against the seemingly confident assertions of our contemporary, who indulges a little too freely, throughout his whole article, in such flights of the imagination.

The reviewer treats the notice of the Constitution's not having been raked by her two adversaries with great disrespect, pretending that the Constitution kept to windward at a distance of three-quarters of a mile. The minutes, and all the American testimony we can collect, say at three hundred yards; but why did not the English vessels stand off before the wind, if they disliked the distance, which would have compelled their enemy to close, or at least to have given them an equal chance for the wind. According to the minutes, however, the Constitution, about 40 minutes after the action commenced, "ranged up on her (the Cyane's) larboard quarter, *within hail*," which was near enough for any one's taste, certainly. Besides, a night action at the distance of three-quarters of a mile could not be a very serious affair for any one. The allegation that the Constitution engaged at the distance of three-quarters of a mile was made at the time, and formally and publicly denied by men of the highest respectability in our service; though, we dare say, the reviewer is ready to affirm it stands uncontradicted to the present time, as in the other cases he mentions.

The reviewer refers to James for his authority in nearly every disputed case, and we feel that we have too effectually proved how little the "Occurrences" are worth, to be under the necessity of refuting that book any further. He adopts, among other things, James's calumny concerning Sir James Yeo's blockade of Sackett's Harbor, when "Commodore Chauncey actually commanded the strongest force." For the answer to all this, we refer to the proofs furnished in our article of the last number. There is one other assertion of the reviewer, however, in connexion with Lake Ontario, to which we ask the reader's attention. "Before we take leave of Lake Ontario," says the reviewer, "we must be permitted to remark, that Mr. Cooper, as if troubled by misgivings that Sir James Yeo's backwardness and Commodore Chauncey's gallantry were not quite so conspicuous as he has endeavored to prove them, tries to keep up his spirits by repeated vaunts of the certain success which awaited the American squadron in the event of an engagement. *Thus* we find him affirming that Sir James Yeo's

'whole force would have been sacrificed,' but for a certain timely retreat, *which the English Commodore denies ever having made.*" This paragraph is a very fair specimen of the accuracy of the review, when it relies on itself instead of Mr. James. Mr. Cooper makes *no remark of the sort quoted, except in relation to the battle off York, on the 28th September*, 1813. Indeed, all that the reviewer says proves that his remark is in reference to this battle, in which Sir James Yeo, after losing two topmasts, bore up, and went off before the wind, followed by his whole squadron; the Americans chasing. This retreat, the reviewer says, "Sir James Yeo denies ever having made." Where? Not in James's Appendix; for that accurate and conscientious author has omitted to give *either* official account of the battle of the 28th September, one of the handsomest affairs of the war, though, as it turned out, not decisive. Commodore Chauncey's letter he certainly might have given, but we doubt if he could have got at Sir James Yeo's. *We* have not been able to find it, and presume it was never published. How, then, can the reviewer say, "Sir James Yeo denies ever having made" this retreat? We have not the smallest idea he ever saw a line from Sir James on the subject. Even Mr. James, with all his *aplomb* in assertion and in figures, slurs over the battle of the 28th September, in a manner to show any one it embarrassed him. He admits, however, that the Wolf was dismasted, and then endeavors to *sneer* over the rest of the affair. In a word, this was one of the battles of which the British account was *suppressed*, and yet the reviewer pretends to give the substance of a remark in Sir James Yeo's official letter! It is in reference to *other affairs*, that Sir James Yeo denies his retreats, and not to this, the retreat being, on the 28th, too undeniable to admit of a question.

This business of the suppressed despatch reminds us of another opinion of the reviewer. He treats Mr. Cooper's remark that the combats of this war had produced a strong effect in England, altogether *de haut en bas*. The "moral consequences" of the war are what Mr. Cooper terms them, and at which the Edinburgh pretty distinctly sneers. We are not quite certain that we can ourselves point out any very obvious "moral consequences," but we are sure of having a material "immoral consequence" at our finger's end. Publicity, in matters of public concernment, is the boast of England. The Edinburgh, in connexion with a point to which we shall presently advert, derides the idea of any man's falsifying an English official account, though he does admit the French have done such things! Now, the "immoral consequence" of the war, to which we allude, is the well-known fact of the sup-

pression of English official reports, when the result was *unfavorable*, and when, at the very time, the British government were willing enough to publish those that were *favorable*. If this were not something very like false dealing, we are ignorant of the laws of good faith. Either England has been in the habit of doing this, or the maritime war of 1812, 13, 14, and 15, *induced* her to do it. We believe—nay, we know, it was the latter. The following is the list and the dates of battles at sea, or on the lakes, in which the English were losers, and in which they suppressed their own reports, while they continued to publish those reports in which they were successful, viz.:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Hornet and Peacock - - - - - - | Feb. 24th, 1813. |
| Enterprise and Boxer - - - - - | Sept. 5th, 1813. |
| Chauncey and Yeo - - - - - - | Sept. 28th, 1813. |
| Peacock and Epervier - - - - - | April 29th, 1814. |
| Wasp and Reindeer - - - - - - | June 28th, 1814. |
| Wasp and Avon - - - - - | Sept. 1st, 1814. |
| Constitution and Cyane and Levant - - | Feb. 20th, 1815. |
| Hornet and Penguin - - - - - | March 23d, 1815. |

Although the reviewer pretends to analyze all the battles, he overlooks the last himself, while he speaks of those which immediately precede and follow it. Now the President was taken as late as the 15th January, 1815, and we get *two* letters on that occasion, while the eight actions above named could not produce *one!* A great and powerful nation like England would not be apt to adopt so equivocal an expedient, without some very strong moral inducement; and we think Mr. Cooper ought not to have been sneered at for mentioning the "moral consequences" of the war.

Then the altering the rates of the ships was another sign of the times. It was what all Europe had not induced England to do before. We think, moreover, that the very language of this review, when it compliments America, as it does from time to time, quite freely, is another moral consequence of the war. But for that war, and its successes, a very different article would have been written, in our judgment at least.

We come now to a matter of serious import. It will be remembered that a very bloody conflict took place in 1815, on Lake Borgne, between an English boarding party, under Captain Lockyer, and several American gun-boats, under the orders of the present Commodore Ap Catesby Jones. The gun-boats were all taken, but the defence was desperate, and their success cost the enemy dear. The English admit a loss of 94 men, while Mr. Jones thought it could not have been much less than 400. Mr. Jones, however, was wounded, and had not as good opportunities

of observing as some of his officers, all of whom estimated the loss on the part of the English at between 200 and 300 men. These facts are stated by Mr. Cooper, in his text; and in a note he adds as follows, viz.:—

"The disagreement in official returns, in matters that will not admit of mistakes, leaves no choice but to suppose intentional departure from facts, somewhere. *In the British official account of the battle of New Orleans* (*8th January*, 1815), *their loss in killed is stated at* 293. *It is well known that the field was left in possession of the Americans, and that they transferred the dead to the enemy for burial. In his letter of the* 9*th January, General Jackson says: 'Upward of* 300 *dead have already been delivered over for burial, and my men are still engaged in picking them up within my lines, and carrying them to the point where the enemy are to receive them.' Colonel Hayne, the American Inspector General, under whose orders the dead were given up, reports them at* 700. *The English report their missing at* 475, *and Colonel Hayne reports the prisoners at* 501. *A private letter, written on the* 13*th, says: 'In one small spot alone, on the left of our lines, they found* 378 *dead bodies,' or* 75 *more than the total loss of the enemy's official account.* It was of so much moment to impress the seamen with the idea that the danger of attacking in boats was not great, that we find a motive for the difference in the accounts of the affair of Lake Borgne. It by no means follows that an officer writes what is published."

This statement, and the suggestion of Mr. Cooper that official reports are sometimes altered for effect, excites the ire of the reviewer, who comments freely on the opinion that the English system would allow of so gross a fraud as falsifying reports. In stating the case, he quotes *not* the above cited note, but *from* it —*discreetly omitting all the portion we have put in italics*—and then, assuming that the matter refers only to Lake Borgne, proclaims that Mr. Cooper's issue rests wholly on "vague and inconsistent reports founded on the hurried observations of a party of prisoners." We shall stigmatize all this as worse than disingenuous. Let us look a little into the facts. Mr. Cooper first states that the British give their loss, on Lake Borgne, at just 94; but, that the American officers, who were carried off to the English fleet, and kept on board the ships with the wounded for a considerable time, affirm it as their opinion, that the enemy lost from 250 to 400 men. Commenting on this discrepancy, Mr. Cooper introduces his note. First, he *proves* a gross discrepancy in the official reports of the battle of New Orleans, having the means in his power; and a discrepancy that *must* leave the impression of intentional misrepresentation somewhere. The *killed* of a battle are frequently included by mistake among the *missing*, and *vice versa*; but in this case, the *prisoners* taken by the Americans *exceed the missing* reported by the English, while the dead found on the field are as 700 are to 293. These facts are given in corroboration of the *theory*, and then, without saying what was the precise

loss on Lake Borgne, the suggestion is thrown out that there was a strong motive for concealing it. Will the reviewer pretend to say that all the officials of his own government are so very pure that they will never color, or trifle with rigid facts, in order to effect an object? *He has done it himself, in this very case!* Why did he omit to quote the part of the note we have put in italics, and which goes directly to establish the justice of Mr. Cooper's general suggestion, but to state the case unfairly, and to effect an object much less important than the conquest of a country, viz., the conquest of Mr. Cooper? He quotes the *first* and the *last* sentences of the note, but omits *all the intermediate*, which completely justify the writer's position. He will permit us to tell him that, under the circumstances, he makes but a very indifferent figure in vaporing about integrity, and fairness, and gross inconsistencies. Or does he wish us to understand that he is *worse* than his government? If so, men will naturally hesitate about accepting homilies from such a source.

Then as to the probabilities and hurried observations of the prisoners of Lake Borgne, and as to the inconsistency of their opinions: Mr. Jones, being wounded, had not as good means for observation as the officers who were not. He estimated the loss as high as 400; the *lowest* estimate of the other officers was about 250. Now men resolved on fraud, would settle down on a fixed number, and stick to that. There was no opportunity for definite enumeration but by means of comparison, the boats being scattered, as well as the prisoners. They arrived at the general opinion that the loss was diminished very essentially; though differing among themselves as to the precise number. All this strikes us as being very natural, instead of being very inconsistent.

But, if deception and management of this nature be so very repugnant to the British system, how will the reviewer explain the affair of the *suppressed reports?* Even Mr. James admits the *fact*, —and let us inquire into its character. When a government, or an individual, is in the habit of laying before the world certain documents, with the profession of a wish for publicity, they impliedly contract the engagement to act fairly, and to suppress nothing. The suppression itself, without explanation or acknowledgment, might very properly subject the party to the imputation of disingenuousness, more especially when the world had a right to think nothing was withheld; but, when all that is *favorable* is *published*, and all that is *unfavorable suppressed*, it becomes next-door neighbor to *deliberate misrepresentation.* Suppose a bank in the voluntary practice of publishing its statements for the information of its stockholders, for a long series of years, until it

had got a certain reputation for a love of publicity. Then suppose it suddenly to cease laying before the world its *losses*, while it flourishes its *gains:* what should we think of the honesty of its directors? This case is a near parallel to that of the English suppressed reports; and in the matter of the bank, a court of equity, in certain questions that might well arise, would be very apt to pronounce its course a legal fraud. If from the sublime to the ridiculous is so short a passage, to alter a report is but a step from suppressing it, under the circumstances named.

As the reviewer, however, fancies the English system so unfavorable to these practices, we will put a plain case before him. The battle of Bridgewater, or Lundy's Lane, was fought in 1814. General Brown commanded the Americans; Sir Gordon Drummond, the English. The first stated in his official report, that he carried certain pieces of cannon (9 in number) at the point of the bayonet, repulsed three desperate efforts to retake them, and held them until the enemy fairly left the field. He then returned to camp, himself being wounded, leaving directions with General Ripley to follow, and bring off the captured guns. The guns were *abandoned*, for want of horses, and subsequently taken possession of by the English. On the other hand, the report of Sir Gordon Drummond is so worded as to convey the idea, that the guns were only momentarily in the hands of the Americans, through the vicissitudes of charges, a circumstance of frequent occurrence. In a word, the report of General Drummond, as repects these guns, leaves a very different impression on the reader from that of General Brown. The last says he *took* the guns, and *kept* them, until *resistance ceased;* the first, that they were in *danger*, and that was *all*. Now, General Ripley was tried for not bringing off these very guns, and the proceedings were of a personal and vindictive character. Still he did not think of showing that General Brown *never took these guns;* or, that having taken them, *he lost them again*, the most natural course in the world, for a man who felt he was wronged, by being accused of not having brought off guns that his superior had not left in his power. He was acquitted, on the ground that he had not the physical force at command necessary to execute the order. Here then is as clear a case as could be proved, in the nature of things, that Sir Gordon Drummond's *published* despatch did not state the truth; containing an equivocation that was tantamount to a fraud; and the question arises, who was guilty? We think the agents who published, and not the officer who wrote the report. Sir Gordon Drummond probably told the whole truth, but it was an impolitic truth to circulate, with the Canadas in jeopardy, and

when a sentence or two, judiciously introduced, could mystify the matter, so as to answer all the purposes that were thought necessary. At all events, somebody caused that report to contain what was, virtually, a misstatement, and we think the act savors more of the tricks of politics, than of the fair dealings of a soldier. There is a curious discrepancy of the same character connected with the battle between the Wasp and Frolic, to which both Mr. Cooper and the Edinburgh advert. The Frolic's main-yard was down when the battle commenced, having been injured in a gale. Captain Whinyates put this gale, which he terms "a *most violent gale of wind,*" only the night that preceded the battle, which certainly gives him a much more crippled appearance than if it had occurred two or three days earlier. Captain Jones says, he encountered a "heavy gale" *three days before the battle,* but that he made the enemy at the midnight which immediately preceded the battle, and kept near him until they met. *He* clearly had no "most violent gale of wind on the night of the 17th October, (the battle was fought the 18th,) while it would seem Captain Whinyates, who could not have been more than ten or fifteen miles distant, *had.* Mr. Cooper suspects the offices have been at work here; and if not, the discrepancy must be admitted to be most remarkable. It would be but an incipient step, in the downward course of suppressing reports altogether, to have just altered a date in Captain Whinyates's letter. At all events, the American officers affirm that there was no gale of wind on the night of the 17th; and Captain Whinyates affirms, or is made to affirm, that there was, and "a most violent gale of wind," too. In addition, "a most violent gale of wind" is hardly nautical in sound.

Before closing the subject, we will make one more sum in the rule of three; our contemporary being professedly fond of arithmetic. Mr. Jones's officers think the enemy lost on Lake Borgne, say 250 men. The British report says the loss was 94. At New Orleans, the British report puts the killed at 293; Colonel Hayne, at 700. Here are our premises:

$$293 : 700 :: 94 : 224.$$

Thus, by carrying out the *proved* misstatement of the account at New Orleans, we get something very like the conjecture of the American officers of Lake Borgne. We do not put this case under the notion that rigid arithmetical proportions are observed in these little embellishments in history, but to demonstrate that the *capabilities* for contraction, in the one case, are sustained by the *facts* of contraction in the other.

But our limits admonish us of the necessity of closing. This

article of the Edinburgh is a piece of shallow special pleading, clumsily put together, and very easily refuted in every line. We think we have done this, in part, though we have left most of that which relies on the authority of James, to fall by its own weight. Having shown *his* value,* it is unnecessary to dissect him twice, and that, in many instances, too, in relation to the same events.

The Edinburgh closes with high professions of respect for America and her marine, and some remarks on Mr. Cooper that it would have been wiser, as well as more true, to have suppressed. The last is virtually accused of having a feeling of ill will to England on account of slights received in her society! If the glory of the English navy can be defended by means no more

* The following statement will show the real value of the "Occurrences" as authority. James gives a table, p. 399, of what he calls the comparative tonnage, force, &c., of the two squadrons, while Commodore Chauncey consented to remain quietly in port, leaving Sir James Yeo to pursue his operations at Oswego, viz.:—

| *British.* | | *Americans.* | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Metal in broadside, | 2752 | do. | do. | 2316 |
| Men, | 1517 | do. | do. | 1311 |
| Tons, | 3787 | do. | do. | 3510 |

Now Mr. Cooper says, on the authority of the documents on file at Washington, and the information he received from the best sources, that when Sir James Yeo appeared off Oswego, as mentioned, Commodore Chauncey, under the impression that Sir James had not yet got his two frigates ready, prepared to go out and meet him. "The greatest exertions were now made to get the Pike, Madison, Jefferson, Sylph, and Oneida ready to follow him," says Cooper; "these being *all the vessels that had their armaments,*" &c., &c. On hearing from Captain Woolsey that one of the frigates was certainly with Sir James, and from Lieutenant Gregory that he had seen the other off the Ducks the same day, the idea was abandoned, of course. Luckily, James gives us his own authority for the force of these five American vessels; and, although the account is grossly exaggerated, the Edinburgh cannot cavil at it. We give it preference to the truth, as the shortest way of silencing objections, viz.:—

| | *Tons.* | *Broadside metal.* | *Men.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pike, | 820 | 360 | 400 |
| Madison, | 490 | 374 | 210 |
| Jefferson, | 530 | 362 | 185 |
| Sylph, | 400 | 174 | 75 |
| Oneida, | 287 | 198 | 115 |
| Total, | 2527 | 1468 | 985 |

| | *Tons.* | *Metal.* | *Men.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Thus, instead of - - - - | 3510 | 2316 | 1311 |
| We get, according to Mr. James himself, | 2527 | 1468 | 985 |
| Difference - - - | 983 | 848 | 326 |

Now compare these results, which, be it always remembered, are derived from Mr. James's own statements of what he alleges were the force, complements, &c.,

manly and just than these, the service must, indeed, be in a bad way. We do not believe it, and we think every true gentleman in that service will feel that it has been humiliated by an attempt like this. The "History of the Navy of the United States" is not written in the spirit of the "Naval Occurrences" of James. It certainly is not full of personal detraction, nor does it betray such a temper of malignancy as to authorize such a charge, for instance, as we have brought against James in the case of Com. Biddle. Captain Marryat has done Mr. Cooper the justice to say, his opinions of England *cannot* have been owing to any *neglect* received in that country. A great nation is degraded by its defenders, when the frank allegations of a traveller are imputed to causes so unworthy. We regret there has been so much of it in this country; for we take it as a proof of narrowness of views, and of provincial vulgarity of mind. If Mr. Cooper's history could have been written down by fair argument, we should have heard nothing of this pitiful personal attack. It is unworthy of the character of the Edinburgh; and savors much more of the miserable and low-minded tactics of the Quarterly—a periodical that has all the narrowness of feeling and tone that distinguishes narrowness of political views.

As to England, and the peculiar relation in which she now stands to this country, we have a word to say. It is a fact not to be concealed, that the national hostility that has so long prevailed in England toward this country, is fast being transferred to America. The hold which England had on our *feelings* has got to be slight indeed, and it is now confined principally to a few bookworms, devotees of monarchy, and the remains of the old school of *doctrinaires* in politics. We should say, notwithstanding the great increase of population, that where England had two men

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of the only five American vessels that were *armed*, with what he admits were the figures on the British side, and we get the following, viz.:—

| | *Tons.* | *Metal.* | *Men.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| English, | 3787 | 2752 | 1517 |
| American, | 2527 | 1468 | 985 |
| Difference, | 1260 | 1285 | 532 |

In these statements the British figures are diminished, while the Americans are exaggerated; but, admitting that the five vessels mentioned were all the Americans could use, the results are inevitable consequences from Mr. James's own premises. That the Americans had no other available vessels at that time, fit to go into such an action, can be established by official documents. The boasted details of Mr. James are nothing but impudent assertions, obtained, half the time, from the gossip of partisans. It is scarcely necessary to say that most of the other tables of the writer are as faulty as this here exposed.

with her, in feeling, at the declaration of war in 1812, she would not have *one* to-day. Setting aside the direct interests of trade, we believe a war with that country might, at any hour, be made extremely popular in this. Nor can we conceal from ourselves that America is much more likely to rush into a conflict, in the present deranged condition of her material interests, than when all her pecuniary resources are prosperous. Then, change would be deprecated by the multitude; now, it is sought. In the actual state of the country, many sources of wealth would be immediately benefited by a war. Such would be the fact with railroads, canals, manufactures of all sorts, and even with banks. These are considerations that ought to render all men cautious, who really wish to see justice done by means of reason and friendly dealing, rather than by a resort to force.

We are not the advocates of war, except in cases in which the nation is clearly right. We do not believe that communities, any more than individuals, are justifiable in making the last appeal, unless fully sustained by moral principles; and we reject the plea of mere policy as altogether untenable. Still, we firmly believe that the dignity of a nation is inseparable from its policy, and we see an intimate connexion between the maintenance of this dignity and the maintenance of its rights.

As for the usual language about a "common origin"—"common history"—"common usages," as between Great Britain and this country, it has little weight on our minds. We deem it discourteous to other nations, and, in some respects, dishonest. It is, in particular, discourteous to France and Russia—two nations that have befriended us, in trying circumstances, against this very country of our fathers, and which are entitled to receive at our hands at least the boon of impartiality. It is dishonest, because it is opposed to our duties. When this republic took its place in the great family of nations, it was with the implied understanding that it recognised certain great principles of justice to govern its intercourse with foreign states. No reservation was made in favor of England, or of Englishmen; nor was any reservation made against them. They were to be like the rest of mankind—in war, enemies: in peace, friends. We see no propriety in especially fostering, or in especially denouncing them. They are an exceedingly great nation, and as such to be respected and honored; on the other hand, they are an exceedingly grasping and ambitious nation, and as such vigilantly to be watched. Their enterprise, courage, dexterity, manliness, and nationality, all command our profound admiration; while their policy often excites our apprehension, and their fallacies our distrust. More or less of these

feelings must blend with our views of national policy, as applied to all powerful communities. England, for obvious reasons, may excite more of them than any other state, but the principle of general intercourse should be that of rigid neutrality in all public transactions. When we look beyond this great rule of right, and inquire into those private motives that sometimes influence men to act in opposition to their duties, we find much to regret, but little to conciliate. There is a long catalogue of grievances, including impressments, commercial spoliations, illegal blockades, atrocious calumnies,—and all heightened by contumely publicly expressed. In the exercise of the high moral duties that nations are as much bound to respect as private men, we are willing to let the mantle of oblivion fall over the past, so far as that past is connected with the *measures* of the republic; but it is too much to ask us to forget everything, and to lick the foot that has spurned us. As to that amity which is founded in trade, the only hold we have on the affection of England, it has its uses, beyond a doubt; but when it struts forth in the garb of sentiment, it becomes as offensive to feeling and taste, as every man of ordinary intellect knows it to be false. There is but a single rule which a great nation *ought* to, or which an independent nation *can* adopt, in its control of these interests; and language cannot express it better than it has already been done in the words of a patriot of our own—"To ask for nothing but what is right, and to submit to nothing that is wrong."

We most sincerely hope that the difficulties which now exist between this country and England may be, fairly and creditably to both parties, amicably disposed of. If war should come, however, we well know what to expect in a naval point of view. We shall by no means be annihilated. England cannot, in 1842, do with America what she was unable to effect in either 1776 or 1812. Still we shall have a brave and a stubborn enemy to contend with. Battles, by sea and land, will be both won and lost, and the result will be to satisfy each party that neither is to be despised as an enemy, while each ought to be prized as a friend.

After having carefully examined the entire article of the Edinburgh, we meet in it but a single remark that is worthy of the ancient reputation of that journal; and that is, where it tells us that America has yet to send forth her fleets, and achieve victories that may influence the politics of the civilized world, before she can properly claim to be a great naval power. To this opinion the writer of this paper fully subscribes. As yet, America has rather given pledges of her naval capabilities, than accomplished anything to take a high place in history. That principle of dif-

fusion and of individual exertion which characterizes her system and her habits, has extended to her marine, which exists, as yet, merely as a corps of partisans, rather than as a great naval army. At this moment, she ought to have a fleet of six or eight line-of-battle-ships collected and practising for the purposes of comparison and discipline. The cost would be insignificant in comparison with the benefits. Any man who ever saw five ships in company a few days from port, and these same ships three months out, will understand the immense difference that is produced in their combined physical powers, by means of practice; and it is only by this combined physical power that great results are to be attained. Notwithstanding all the reviewer's friendly professions, it is easy to see his production is the work of one inimical to this country; and the truth he utters in this respect, as a taunt, is not the less a truth because it comes from an enemy.

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[The authorship of the preceding article is too transparent on its face to escape the observation of any reader. Although a departure from our usual course, we have allowed some passages in its conclusion, materially different from what would have been our own language, to go unmodified, in the confidence that they would be received as conveying the sentiments of the able author of the "Naval History of the United States" on the subject of War, rather than those of the Democratic Review—which have been freely declared on more than one occasion within the past year. The absence of that gentleman, together with the pressure of time in the passage of the article through the press, precluded the opportunity of personal consultation with a view to any such changes or suppressions. It may be proper also to mention, that the same cause has prevented the usual submission of the proof-sheets to the author's eye—occasioning, probably, some typographical errors claiming the indulgence of the reader.]—Ed. D. R.

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## IMPROMPTU,

### WRITTEN ON THE PALM OF A SMALL WHITE GLOVE.

No realm that e'er owned monarch's sway
  Hath stretched so far o'er wave and land,
But that I'd cast it all away
  For that of this dear little hand!

And even though it rise to smite,
  I only pray to be allowed,
As pious Christian, loyal Knight,
  Humbly to kneel and "kiss the rod!"

# THE SONG OF THE GALLANT MAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

BY H. GATES.

High rings the song of the Gallant Man,
  Like the organ's tone and the churchbell's chime;
Who lofty deeds can proudly span,
  Deserves not gold, but heroic rhyme.
Bless God, that to sing and praise I can—
To sing and to praise the Gallant Man.

The thaw-wind comes from the noon-day-sea,*
  And puffs through Italy thick and wet;
The clouds in flocks before him flee
  Like sheep by the hungry wolf beset:
He lashes the fields and crashes the woods,
And the ice bursts forth from the lakes and floods.

On the mountain's top dissolves the snow;
  The rush of a thousand waters sound;
The meadow becomes a sea below,
  And in torrents all the vale is drowned.
High roll the billows, across their course,
And rocks of ice with mightiest force.

On pillar, and arch, and heavy pier,
  Of quarried stone, from base to hood,
A bridge lay over the river here,
  And midway a little cottage stood.
Here dwelt the tollman with child and wife—
Oh, Tollman! Tollman! fly for life!

They threaten and threaten with hollow clang;
  Loud howl the storm and waves about;
Too late the affrighted tollman sprang,
  And gazed from his roof on the scene without.
"Oh! merciful Heaven! Oh, pity thou!
Lost! all lost! Who shall succor now!"

The clods roll down, leap after leap,
  From either shore, on left and right,
From either shore, the billows sweep
  Pillar from arch,—in vain is flight!
And the trembling tollman, with wife and child,
Howls louder than the storm-wind wild!

* The Mediterranean:—"Mittagsmeer."

The clods roll down, heap after heap,
  On either end, both left and right;
And pillar by pillar away they sweep,
  Before the torrent's strengthening might.
And ruin approaches the middle now:
"Oh! merciful Heaven! Oh, pity thou!"

High on the far-off bank there stands
  A swarm of gazers, great and small;
And each one cries and wrings his hands,
  But none may rescue from that thrall,
The trembling tollman, with wife and child,
Who howl for help through the storm-wind wild!

Song of the Gallant Man sing'st thou? When?—
  Like organ's tone and church bell's chime—
Go on! So name him,—name him—then!
  When namest thou him, my gentlest rhyme?
The ruin approaches with fearful waste—
O, Gallant Man! Gallant Man! haste thee, haste!

Quick galloped on lofty steed, thereby,
  A noble Count, serene and bold,
What holds the Count in his hand on high?
  'Tis a heavy purse, stretched full of gold—
"Two hundred pistoles to him who dare
To rescue the trembling sufferers there!"

Who's the Gallant Man? The Count? Is't he?
  Say on, my noble song,—have done!
The Count was gallant, by Heaven! but see!
  I know a gallanter, braver one!
And the ruin goes on, with fearful waste—
O, Gallant Man! Gallant Man! haste thee, haste!

And ever louder puffed the gale,
  And ever higher swelled the foam,
And ever deeper sank, to fail,
  The hope that a succorer yet would come;
While pillar by pillar sank in the flood,
To the crumbling arch where the cottage stood.

"Halloo! Halloo! Fresh, brave! draw near!"
  Again the Count held his prize on high;
Though each one heard, each shrank with fear,
  And of thousands not one ventured nigh!
In vain for rescue, with wife and child,
The tollman howled through the storm wind wild.

Lo! humble and true, a farmer's lad,
  With travelling staff, came boldly forth;
In frock of rustic coarseness clad,
  And gait and mien of honest worth.
He heard the Count—he took his pledge,
And gazed on the scene from the torrent's edge.

And quick, in God's name, firm and strong,
  He sprang in the nearest fisher's boat;
Through eddy, and storm, and billows-throng,
  He warily kept his craft afloat;
But ah! the boat was all too small
To save at once the sufferers all!

And thrice he pushed his little boat
  Through billow, and eddy, and tempest's roar,
And thrice he warily kept afloat,
  Till every soul was safe on shore;
And scarcely the last on the firm earth stood,
Ere the last arch fell and sank in the flood!

And where is the Gallant Man? tell me, who?
  Say on, my noble song, and bold!
The farmer-boy risked one life, 'tis true;—
  And risked he that for clink of gold?
Had the Count withheld his prize of pelf,
Would the farmer-boy have risked himself?

"Here," cried the Count, "my vigorous one,
  Here is thy prize; 'tis thine,—the whole!"
Say on; was that not bravely done?
  By Heavens, the Count has a noble soul!
But a nobler—a heavenlier—swells the breast
That beats in the farmer-boy's homely vest!

"My life for gold was never sold;
  I eat and drink my fill, though poor;
But such is not the tollman's lot;
  Give him who needs—I ask no more."
So spake he, with hearty and firm intent;
Then turned his back, and away he went.

High ring'st thou, Song of the Gallant Man,
  As the organ's tone and the churchbell's chime!
Who deeds like this can proudly span,
  Deserves not gold, but heroic rhyme.
And blessed be God, if in song I can
Make deathless the praise of the Gallant Man!

# EARLY LIFE OF JEREMY BENTHAM.*

In a former number of this Magazine,† we took occasion to express our views of the philosophical merits—in the departments both of morals and legislation—of the great founder of the Utilitarians. We are happy to be able, by the receipt of an early number of the first part of Mr. Bowring's Memoir of him, to furnish our readers with some traits of his personal character. This might have been done before from the "Recollections" of Dumont, and from the various sketches and notices of the English Reviewers, but not with so much satisfaction and detail as it is now in our power to do it, from the more authentic materials gathered by his friend and literary executor, Mr. Bowring.

There is a part of the life of all distinguished men which is generally the most interesting, but with which the public, notwithstanding all their curiosity, are seldom made acquainted. We mean their youth and early education. Nothing can be more agreeable than to know how those who have come to exert an important influence over the minds of mankind, or on the destinies of society, comported themselves before they began to attract the attention of the world—when, free from the consciousness of observation, they acted freely, and gave a loose rein to the native bent of their dispositions, unawed and untrammelled by the conventionalities and restraints of our forced social existence. How eagerly we catch at all the traits of the childhood of great men, which either tradition or history has preserved! How we pore over the lessons given by his mother to the infant Washington! With what a strange feeling of delight do we read of the fierce independence and inflexible energy of the military student of Brienne! And what treasures would we have given, had some school-companion, or brother playwright of Shakspeare, seen fit to let us know somewhat of his sports on the merry banks of the Avon, or his madcap pranks in the midnight streets of London! "Can we not," asks D'Israeli, speaking of the youth of genius, "in the faint lines of his youth, trace an unsteady outline of the man? In the temperament of genius, may we not reasonably look for certain indications or predispositions announcing the permanent character? Is not great sensibility born with its irritable fibres? And the unalterable being of intrepidity and fortitude, will he not, commanding even amid his sports, lead on his equals?"

* The works of Jeremy Bentham, now first collected. Part XIX., containing Memoirs of Bentham, by John Bowring, including Autobiographical Conversations and Correspondence. Edinburgh, 1842.

† See Democratic Review for 1840.

In the case of Bentham, we should be compelled to answer the question in the affirmative. As soon as he began to think, he was very much the same being he was when, forty years afterwards, he projected the grand scheme of Panopticon, or when, eighty years of age, he devoted days and nights to the development of his benevolent principles of legislation. The same originality and ardor of mind, the same disinterested love of truth and of his species, the same eccentric methods of thinking and speaking, characterized him at either period; the only difference being, that in the one he was Bentham the young philosopher, and in the other, Bentham the old philosopher.

Mr. Bowring, fortunately, has collected the memorials of his early years; and as these are full of interest, as well as little known, we shall occupy ourselves briefly with a few of their more striking or entertaining incidents.

Bentham was born in Houndsditch, London, in the year 1748. His father was a prosperous scrivener, once a Jacobite, but who transferred his allegiance subsequently from the Stuarts to the Guelphs, without, as Bentham himself says, "much cost in conveyancing." His mother, whose maiden name was Alicia Grove, belonged to the family of an honest shopkeeper. Their residence, at the time of his boyhood, was in a retired spot, called Browning Hill, where, in the company of the grandmother Grove, a widow Mulford, and an unmarried great aunt, Deborah, their lives passed with great uniformity and comparative comfort. The father, rather of a worldly, ambitious turn, not having succeeded to the best of his wishes in securing a distinguished place in the world's regard, conceived great hopes of his son. At first, the diminutive size and feeble health of that son led him to fear that these hopes might be disappointed, but the astonishing precocity which the child soon manifested only heightened and inflamed his ambition. Many examples of this unusual forwardness are furnished us by his biographer. Bentham knew his letters before he was able to speak. The Latin Grammar and the Greek alphabet he learned on his father's knee. As soon as he was well able to read, he began to write; and before the sixth year of his age, he was tolerably skilful in music. His earliest recollections of infancy were, as he expressed it, of being "starved" for want of books. No opportunity for enlarging his knowledge was allowed to pass without being seized upon with the utmost eagerness. One or two pleasant instances of the avidity with which he read whatever he could lay hold of, are recorded in the present volume. It happened one day, before he was "breeched, and he was breeched at three and a half years

old," he had gone with his father and mother, and some of their acquaintances, to take a walk. Their talk, which was about Mr. This and Miss That, soon became wearisome to the child; he managed to slip away from them unperceived, and scampered home. The house was far off, but he reached it some considerable time in advance of the pedestrians. When they came in they found him seated at table—a reading desk upon the table, and a huge folio upon the reading desk—a lighted candle upon each side, and the boy most intensely engaged in study. The work was Rapin's History of England; nor was this the first time that he had hung enamored over its pages.

In the year 1751, Bentham being then in his fourth year, there is in his father's book of accounts an entry for "Ward's Grammar, 1*s.* 6*d.*—Fani Colloquendi Formulæ, 6*d.*—Nomenclator Classicus Trilinguis, 8*d.*—being two and eight-pence for Jeremy junior," showing at what age his classical studies began; and in the year 1753, a nicely written scrap of Latin is preserved among his father's memoranda, with this notice: "Mem. the line pasted hereon was written by my son Jeremy," and a few days after this is the following entry: "Paid to Mr. Robert Hartley, for double allepine for Jeremy's coat and breeches, to his pink waistcoat, £0. 12*s.* 3*d.*"

Bentham's parents united in keeping out of his way, as far as they were able, all books of amusement. They were possessed of a strange conceit, that there was a sort of moral contagion in works of that kind, which would bend his mind from more profitable and elevating studies. Knowing, too, his passion for reading, and that he contrived to get hold of all books that were accessible, they laid an absolute prohibition upon fictions and poetry. The list of these, therefore, to which he was restricted is rather curious, particularly as connected with the impression they made on his young mind. He has himself given this account of the matter:—

"There was first," said he, "'Burnett's Theory of the Earth,' in folio, by which I was informed of the prospect I had of being burned alive; 'Cave's Lives of the Apostles,' in a thin quarto, with cuts, in which the said Apostles were represented playing, each of them, (as a child with a doll,) with that particular instrument of torture by which he was predestined to be consigned to martyrdom. Another quarto was an old edition of Stow's [Chronicle], in black letter. This Chronicle had stories in it which acted upon me with a fascination similar to that which certain animals are said to be subjected to by the serpent, to which they become, in consequence, a prey. Several pages there were, by every one of which I was filled with horror as soon as ever I ventured to risk a glance at them. Yet never could I venture into the little closet, in which almost the only sources of my amusement were contained, without opening the book at one, or two, or more, of the terrific pages, and receiving the accustomed shock. The book con-

cluded with a description of a variety of monstrous births. I thought the world was coming to an end. My sensibility to all sources of sentiment was extreme, and to sources of terror more particularly so; and these volumes teemed with them. There was also a 'History of England,' in question and answer, by a Mr. Lockman, with a quantity of cuts: but my father's caution had not gone so far as to divest the book of its embellishments, though better it would have been for my peace of mind if it had; for there it was that I saw the blessed martyr, Charles, with his head on the accursed block—there it was I saw the holy bishops burning as fuel at Smithfield—there it was I saw the Danish Coldbrand, with a Saxon's sword in the act of finding its way into his body. Not long after, to this 'History of England,' was added a 'History of Rome,' in like form and demeanor, by the same author. Lockman was secretary to some associated company, into which my father had contrived to introduce himself; which incident was perhaps the cause of the instruction I was destined to derive from these two sources. Lockman was of the number of my father's protegés. He may have given these books to my father. My father had some books: I knew it well; for they sometimes escaped from the receptacle in which he destined them to be buried; the being allowed access to which would have been indeed a pleasure and a privilege to me. Such was 'Churchill's Voyages,' in several volumes folio. I saw them once or twice by accident, but never knew whence they came nor whither they went. In these I should have found instruction, and most useful instruction: but then the instruction would have had amusement to sweeten it; and that idea was not to be endured. My father gave me once 'Phædrus' Fables;' but fables, inasmuch as they are stories in which inferior animals are represented as talking together like men and women, never had any charm for me. One of my tribulations at this time was the learning Church collects: they used to give me the colic; but my father insisted on my getting them by heart. When living at Aldgate, a volume of Swift's works was left about. There was the poisoning of Curl. I did not know what to make of it, whether it was true or false, serious or jocular. It excited my sympathy, however; a sort of provisional sympathy.

"'Rapin's History of England,' which I often read, whatever benefit it might have been of in other respects, was of little advantage in a moral point of view. Rapin was a soldier by trade, and his history is a history of throat-cutting on the largest scale, for the sake of plunder; and such throat-cuttings and plunderings he places at the summit of virtue. Edward the Third's claim to the throne of France was, in my view, an indisputable one. I followed his conquests in their progress with eager sympathy. My delight grew with the number of provinces given up to him against the will of their inhabitants, and with the number of Frenchmen left dead in the field of battle. Yet do I remember how great was my mortification when, after so many victories gained, he had, at the head of one hundred thousand men, advanced to the gates of Paris, which I thereupon expected to find given up to him without a struggle, and all France following its example; instead of that, the termination of his career—of this part of it, at any rate—was the same as that of a certain king of France of whom it is narrated, that he,

> 'With forty thousand men,
> Marched up the hill, and then
> Marched down again.'

On Calais, too, I could not help thinking that he had bestowed more time than it was worth. Our conquerors, I observed, had, according to the account given of them by the historian, two main instruments by which their conquests were effected: One of these instruments was the sword,—a brilliant instrument, never

beheld by me without delight, as it glittered in my eyes; the other instrument was negotiation,—a word which met my eyes too often, and never without annoyance. Having consigned the sword for a time to the scabbard, Edward betook himself to negotiation; and how it was that so much was to be got by negotiation, and so little, in comparison, by the sword, I could by no means explain to myself, nor find explained. At the sight of the word negotiation, my spirits began to droop; at the sight of the sword, when once more drawn from the sheath, they revived again. In a victorious king, merit was in the direct ratio of the number of armed men slaughtered by him, and in the inverse ratio of those employed in slaughtering them. With this impure alloy, during a great part of my boyhood, was mixed up the pure virtue which the moral part of my frame had imbibed from reading 'Telemachus.' Such were the contents of my library; a library that was no otherwise my own than by the door being left unlocked of the small room in which the books were deposited; a room on the first floor at the head of the principal staircase, situated over the principal door into the house. At this house, in which my father scarcely ever made a longer stay than from Saturday evening to Monday morning, he had no library of his own. My mother was too much occupied by her children, and other family concerns, to have a moment's time for books.

"As to my grandmother, she had her own library. It was composed, besides the Bible, of two or three books of devotion, so much in use as nearly to have fallen in pieces. These books, not containing any of them the poison of amusement, there could be no objection to my studying them as much as I pleased. One of them was the book of sacred poetry, by Bishop Ken. It began—

'Awake, my soul! and with the sun,
Thy daily course of duty run;'

the first lines of the first hymn; and to render them the more intelligible, the sun was represented in a vignette as beginning his daily course, and making himself a pattern for me. I feel even now the sort of melancholy which the sight of it used to infuse into me. Another book which was imported for my use, did not contribute to lessen my melancholy: it was 'Dodsley's Preceptor,' with the Vision of Phedora, and the Hermit of Teneriffe, found in his cell: the production of the gloomy moralist, Samuel Johnson—of one of the last of whose clubs I became, in process of time, a member. Like Godwin, this man infused a tinge of melancholy, though of a different hue, into every book he touched. There was the poor ideal traveller, toiling up the hill, with Reason and Religion for his guides, and an unfathomable abyss at each side, ready, at the first *faux pas*, to receive his lacerated corpse; as it actually did those of the greatest part of the travelling population whom I saw toiling toward that summit which so few of them were destined to reach. Every now and then, after reading a page in this history, or another page in that system of cosmogony which taught me to look out for that too probable day in which I should be burnt alive, it occurred to me that I had better not have been born: but, as the misfortune had actually happened to me, all I could do was, of a bad bargain to make the best, and leave the rest to chance or Providence. Had I had children of my own age to associate with, these gloomy ideas would not have filled so large a portion as they did of my time. Except once or twice, no such solace was I destined to experience."

Bentham appears to have been remarkable also in early life for his extreme susceptibility of the emotions of pleasure and pain; a lively sensitiveness to the beauties of external nature; strong

feelings of humanity for animals, and an invincible love of truth. His boyhood was generally a very happy one. There were many sources of enjoyment within himself, and the tenor of his existence was in the broad way of felicity. In this, perhaps, we perceive the secret of that serenity which marked his old age. No strong passions nor disquiets, arising from internal difficulties, filled his young mind with the bitterness which is apt ever afterward to tinge the intellectual perceptions of its victims. Another thing, which it is important to observe, hinted at in the above extract, is the want of associates which he felt for the greater part of his juvenile life. It had a strong influence, no doubt, in habituating his mind to the self-reliance, the complete and even prejudicial independence of the deductions of other intellects, for which he was distinguished beyond all other men that we can call to mind. Had his playmates been more numerous and more congenial, their companionship would have created a deference for the opinions of others; the absence of which we think a defect in his mental constitution. Not that he was ever intolerant, although sometimes unjust; his impatience of theories and sentiments different from his own, not permitting to give due weight and authority to whatever of excellence or merit they may have contained.

From the year 1754 to 1763, or from the sixth to the fifteenth year of his age, he was at school and college. The purposes that were the employment of his life, seem to have been formed in his mind at a very early period. He related once to Mr. Bowring that he had a distinct recollection of the time when the conviction impressed itself upon his heart, with the strength of an instinct, that he should devote himself to legislation. It was on an occasion when several friends of his father were engaged in discussing the subject of *genius*. Having perplexed themselves, as people generally do, we have observed, who attempt definition, they called in the boy to settle the dispute. What is genius? asked the father; but the poor timid, trembling child, although celebrated as a prodigy, knew no more about it than did the three grave and learned doctors of divinity who composed part of the company. Yet he did not, like them, give up the question in despair. He was puzzled by it, and whatever puzzled him could not be dismissed until some solution was found for it. For a long time he was haunted by the topic, until it occurred to him that *genius* must mean invention. Quick as thought, he asked himself, "Have I a genius for anything? What can I produce?" Then came another question, "What of all earthly pursuits is the most important?" Helvetius had said Legislation. "Have I genius for legislation?" Again and again was the question put to himself;

he turned it over in his thoughts; he sought every symptom he could discover in his natural disposition and acquired habits. "And have I indeed a genius for legislation? I gave myself, fearfully and tremblingly, the answer—YES!"

Is there a man living who has read the works of Bentham, who will say that there was anything of vanity in the reply?

At school, the Westminster school, Bentham obtained considerable reputation as a maker of Greek and Latin verses. A great many specimens of these, mostly written in his tenth year, are given by his biographer. They are interesting, not as showing any prodigious powers for language or versification—although not without great merit as schoolboy exercises—but as indicative of the peculiar structure and turn of his mind. Formed, as they are, after the ancient models, they are yet in idiom, thought, and association, thoroughly English, and that an English after Bentham's own sort. Verse-making, however, was not the subject to which he most inclined. Indeed, all the exercises of the school appear to have been irksome to him, on account of the stupidity and despotism of the teachers. Like all sprightly youth, he felt that its time-consuming and logic-chopping methods were anything but useful or agreeable.

On the 27th June, 1760, Bentham's father set out with his son to place him at Oxford. He was thus made a gowned collegian when he was only twelve and a half years old: "An extraordinary age, or youth rather," says his biographer, "for University education, but the precocity of Bentham's talents was the cause. He was not only very young, but very short—quite a dwarf—so that he was stared at in the streets wherever he went." On account of his tender age, he was not at first required to take the oaths—a ceremony for which, even then, he felt the greatest repugnance. But he was called on to subscribe to the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Established Church, and the necessity threw him into the greatest distress. We cannot but regard it as a singular degree of conscientiousness in one so young, that he should object to going through a process which ninety-nine persons out of a hundred look upon as a mere unmeaning form. But he viewed the matter in a higher and more serious light. Understanding that the sole object of such a signature was the declaring, after reflection, with solemnity and upon record, his concurrence in the truth of the propositions to which his name was to be attached, it seemed to him that he was bound to examine them in that aspect. He accordingly did so, but with an unfortunate result. In some of their doctrines he could discover no meaning at all, and in others no meaning that he could reconcile either to reason or

Scripture. He found that some of his fellow-collegiates were sharers in his distress; on inquiry, they learned that one of the Fellows of the college was set apart, by virtue of his office, to remove all scruples of the kind we are speaking of; and they immediately repaired to him. But his answers were cold and unsatisfactory; the substance of them being, that it was not for uninformed youths, such as they, to presume to place their private judgment against a public one, formed by some of the holiest as well as best and wisest men that ever lived. Bentham reluctantly acquiesced in the decision, but through the whole of his after-life he regretted the hypocrisy that he was forced to practise, and protested vehemently against the despotism which thus applied the discipline of Procrustes to the dictates of the conscience.

The tutors and professors at Oxford, according to his biographer, offered nothing to win the affections of Bentham. Some of them were profligate, and he was shocked with their profligacy; others were morose, and their moroseness alienated him; but the greater part were insipid, and he had no taste for insipidity. Yet he seems to have discharged his duties with commendable diligence.

Nor were the students any more agreeable than the instructers. All sorts of oppressions were exercised by the older upon the younger classes. "They were all either stupid or dissipated," says Bentham. "I learned nothing. I played at tennis once or twice. I took to reading Greek of my own fancy; but there was no encouragement; we just went to the foolish lectures of our tutors to be taught something of logical jargon." We refer to this as evidence of the condition of the English Universities, on the testimony of a good judge, less than a century ago.

In 1765 Bentham was entered as a student of the Court of King's Bench, Westminster Hall. He was an attendant upon the lectures of Blackstone, whom he describes as a formal, precise, and affected lecturer, just what might be expected from the character of his writings, cold, reserved, and wary—exhibiting a frigid pride. But the lectures were popular, and many of Bentham's companions took notes of them, although he was unable to do so himself, because his "thoughts were occupied in reflecting upon what he had heard." His first brief, after he had begun the practice of law, was got from a Mr. Clarke; it was a suit in equity, on which £50 depended; and the counsel he gave, with a most unlawyerlike disinterestedness, was, that the suit had better be put an end to, and the money that would be wasted in the contest saved. His own remarks upon his entrance to the practice of his

profession are amusing. "On my being called to the bar," he says, "I found a cause or two at nurse for me; my first thought was, how to put them to death: and the endeavors were not altogether without success. Not long after, a case was brought to me for my opinion. I ransacked all the codes; my opinion was right according to the codes; but it was wrong according to a manuscript unseen by me, and inaccessible to me—a manuscript containing the report of I know not what opinion, said to have been delivered before I was born, and locked up, as usual, for the purpose of being kept back or produced, as occasion served." It may be expected that, under these circumstances, an ingenious and original mind as his was would not be the most favorably disposed to the practice of law. He very soon contracted a disgust for it. "I went to the bar," he says, "as a bear to the stake." In a short time he relinquished the practice entirely—but he did not relinquish the study of the law. On the other hand, he prosecuted the study with increasing zeal and activity. He had become filled with a great notion of the reform of legislation, and applied all his powers to the preparing and fitting himself for the task. An extract from his common-place book will show how various, comprehensive, and benevolent were the schemes that at this time occupied his thoughts:—

*Subjects for Premiums.*

1. "Essay on the Measures to be kept in Legislation, in all cases between Private and Public Interest."

2. "Essay on the best method of reducing the burden upon the Nation from sinecures and unnecessary offices, consistently with a due attention to the rights of the present patrons and possessors; with a due examination of the question how far, and whether to bad or good effect, the balance of power would be affected by such a scheme. None but a good minister will have the courage to endure such a discussion as this."

3. "The best collection of examples of virtue adapted to the different classes of mankind."

4. "The best Moral Catechism for the use of Schools."

5. "The best Legal Catechism for the use of Schools."

6. "History of Criminal Law in this Country, divided according to the several crimes. A compilation, or rather, as the degrees of merit in the execution of it could not be very various, and the compilation would be too voluminous to engage a number of writers upon hazard,—An Essay delineating the plan, and indicating the sources from whence the materials are to be obtained."

7. "A new Treatise on a new species of Brachygraphy, or a System of Rules for the Conversion of Long Sentences into Short Ones, for the Legislatorial Style."

*Title for a Book.*

"The Homage of Foreigners to the British Constitution."

*Education.*

1. *Moral Department.*—"Inspire a hatred for conquerors, and a contempt for their admirers. Show the difference between conquest by an individual, and con-

quest by a nation. Conquest by an individual, especially made in the ancient or modern Eastern manner, is robbery in the gross."

2. *Scientific.*—"Elements of all sciences upon playing cards. The contents to be made the subject of conversation."

3. *Moral.*—"Inspire a general habit of applauding or condemning actions according to their *general* utility. Professional affections to be exploded. Natural affections to be encouraged, keeping clear of inhospitality. Family affections to be stationed in their proper place, viz., subordinate to natural ones."

4. "Inspire a contempt for ancient philosophy, or philosophy of words."

"The question between Christians and those who are not so, is a question of evidence. It is as unreasonable to make a difference of opinion on this question, one way or another, a matter of reproach, as the question, whether such a will was or was not made."

The following letter from Bentham to his father, indicates the nature of his occupations, and of his literary projects, in 1776:—

*Bentham to his Father.*

"Honored Sir: I am now at work upon my capital work, I mean 'The Critical Elements of Jurisprudence.'* I am not now, as heretofore, barely collecting materials, but putting it into the form in which I propose that it should stand. I am working upon a plan which will enable me to detach a part and publish it separate from the rest. The part that I am now upon is the law of Personal Injuries: from thence I shall proceed to the law relative to such acts as are Injuries to property and reputation. This will include the whole of the criminal law relative to such offences as have determinate Individuals for their object. This part may be characterized by the name of the Law relative to Private Wrongs; the remainder, in that case, will come under the law relative to Public Wrongs; but a much clearer and more natural line will be drawn between the offences that respectively come under those divisions, than the technical mode of considering the subject would admit of Blackstone's drawing. Previous to these details, will come that part of the work which contains the general principles by which the execution of those details is governed. Of this preliminary part the plan is pretty well settled, and the materials in good part collected.

"By what I have seen and learned concerning Sam's† work, I doubt not his doing great things in geometry. The rogue is pressing me so, I must be done; I have sent him upon the mare, thinking this would be a good opportunity of his having a couple of rides.

"I am, Dear Sir, yours most dutifully and affectionately,

(Signed) "Jerry Bentham.

"*Fetcham, 1st Oct.* 1776."

Labors of this sort, however, did not satisfy the ambition of his father, who saw him desert the avenues to opulence and distinction, for the barren field of philosophy, with keen disappointment. He had fondly predicted, from the early promise of his son, a career of progressive honor at the bar and on the bench; to be crowned, perhaps, with the possession of the great seal—

* When the book was printed in 1780 (it was not published till 1789), he changed its name to "An Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation." It is in vol. i. of the Works.

† His brother, afterward Sir Samuel Bentham.

what then were his feelings, when he found that son manifesting the paltry desire to attain no higher station than that of a benefactor of mankind? It was, indeed, grievous for the old gentleman; but we do not learn that the world has since much regretted the choice. As for ourselves, we are disposed to speak of the change as one of the happiest events in history. That a person of the peculiar structure of mind of Bentham, with his acuteness, his rigidity, his independence, and his creative power, should have resolved to make himself an exception to the general run of lawyers; that he should have determined to pursue his profession, not as a means of profit or honor, but in order to point out its defects and suggest their remedies; that he should have relinquished the labor of writing briefs or pleading causes, for the sake of creating a vast inductive system of moral and political philosophy; that he should have thought the improvement of society of more consequence than his own individual advancement, are reasons for the gratitude and thanks of mankind. The boldness no less than the originality of his designs—of which, at this late day, our familiarity with the subjects hinders us from forming an adequate idea—would place him in the first rank of brave and independent thinkers. What Bacon was to the physical sciences, Bentham was to the science of law.

Bentham's first printed compositions were two letters, written for a paper called the Gazetteer, when he was twenty-three years old, and a defence of Lord Mansfield—whose character, however, he did not admire. But the first publication that gave him a name was an admirable and caustic criticism of Blackstone's introduction to his Commentaries. It was named a "Fragment on Government," and was originally intended to make part of a larger work on the same general subject. He sent it forth without his name, but the extraordinary acuteness and force of its logic, and the beauty of its style, brought it speedily into notice. It was successively ascribed to several of the most eminent and accomplished lawyers and writers of the times. Lord Mansfield, Lord Camden, and Lord Ashburton, were each supposed, by different persons, to have been the author of it. But at last, through the anxious desire of his father to obtain some alleviation for the long-suffering inflicted by the perversely disinterested course of his son, the secret took air. He was soon forced to repent of his weakness; for, says Bentham, "No sooner had the images of its reported illustrious father vanished—no sooner was it known that the bantling was the offspring of somebody known to nobody, than the rate of the sale underwent a sensible diminu-

tion." It was attacked with no little ferocity; anathemas were thundered against the presuming head of its author, and his opinions, political and religious, were called in question, with all the freedom and insolence of ribaldry. Indeed, so great was the opposition to him, that another work which he had prepared on Blackstone, entitled "Castrations to the Commentaries, being the 3d Chapter to the II. Book of that work, published, as it might have been," was suppressed from a fear of prosecution.

One effect of the publication of the "Fragment on Government," was to secure him the acquaintance and friendship of Lord Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne. The pleasantest days of his life were, perhaps, those passed at the delightful country seat, Bowood, of this amiable and liberal nobleman. It was a magnificent domain, in the midst of a picturesque and beautiful country. The owner, shortly afterward the Prime Minister of England, was possessed of the finest graces of the intellect, and the rarest virtues of the heart; and his immense wealth and princely establishment were alike at the service of his friends of all ranks. Many of the most distinguished men of the age were his guests; and many poets and philosophers, yet unknown to fame, shared his hospitality. There might be met the sages of the law, with Camden, Jekyll, and Dunning at their head; there were Franklin, Dumont, Linguet, and other no less noted men of science; there was that noble and estimable man and lawyer, Romilly; and Bankes, Barré, and the younger William Pitt, were there; all mingling on terms of equality in pleasant social intercourse—now enjoying a rubber at whist, and then discussing the merits of statesmen and the movements of courts. Bentham, when introduced into this brilliant circle, had the manners and habits of a recluse. He was shy, modest, and reserved. But there was a shrewdness in his remark, a penetration and solidity of judgment, and withal a depth of humor, that soon drew around him the master spirits of the assemblage. His nature opened under the genial influences of kindness and praise, and, in a little time, he found himself among the favorites of the household; sought by the men for his wisdom, and courted by the ladies for his pleasantry. Nor was he backward in returning the flatteries of the latter. One of them, however, touched him with a deeper feeling than that to which we give the name of admiration and esteem. In short, he fell deeply in love, and the history of his passion is a curious episode in his quiet career. His suit was rejected, and the incident seems to have been indelibly fixed in his mind. In the eightieth year of his age, we find him writing in this manner to the object of his early attachment:

"I am alive,—more than two months advanced in my eightieth year, more lively than when you presented me in ceremony with the flowers in the green lane. Since that day, not a single one has passed (not to speak of nights) in which you have not engrossed more of my thoughts than I could have wished. Yet, take me for all in all, I am more lively now than then; walking, though only for a few minutes and for health's sake, more briskly than most young men whom you see not unfrequently running. I have still the pianoforte harpsichord on which you played at ——; as an instrument, though no longer useful, it is still curious,—as an article of furniture, not unhandsome: as a legacy, will you accept it? I have a ring with some of my snow-white hair in it, and my profile, which everybody says is like. At my death, you will have such another; should you come to want, it will be worth a good sovereign to you. * * * * * Every minute of my life has been long counted, and I am plagued with remorse at the minutes which I have suffered you to steal from me. In proportion as I am a friend of mankind (if such I am, as I endeavor to be), you, if within my reach, would be an enemy."

Who can fully appreciate the bearing of this incident on the subsequent life of the man, on his high and noble public career, and on the destinies of nations to which he has so powerfully contributed to give their direction? Who will not see in it a subject for profound reflection, of the most deeply interesting character? Disappointed in his love, he gave to his race, he gave to the cause of truth, he gave to a sublime philanthropy and an expansive political philosophy, those mental energies, and those deep and deathless affections of the heart, which were thus debarred from the natural vent their first young impulse had sought. Have we not here the key to Bentham's whole life and character? Alas for him, the good and great old octogenarian, thus writing to the unforgotten object of the love of such a mind and such a heart! It has been, perhaps, our gain—but at what a cost to him! What fiction has ever presented a passage more profoundly touching, to the reflecting mind, than these simple and quiet lines we are tempted again to repeat: "I am alive—more than two months advanced in my 80th year, more lively than when you presented me in ceremony with the flowers in the green lane. *Since that day not a single one has passed (not to speak of nights) in which you have not engrossed more of my thoughts than I could have wished.*"

On the part of the lady, the impressions were not so deep. "I was present," says his biographer, "a short time before his death, when the answer came to this letter—that answer was cold and distant—it contained no reference to the state of former affections; and he was indescribably hurt and disappointed by it. I talked to him, however, of 'auld-lang-syne,' and reminded him of Burns' song and his beautiful reference to the times gone by. When I repeated, 'We twa hae pu'ed the gowans fine,' he was cheered a little; the past recollection was brighter than the pre-

sent thought—but he was for a long time silent and greatly moved. At last he said, 'Take me forward to the future, I entreat you—do not let me go back to the past—talk of something—find out something to remove my thoughts from the time of my youth.'"

We are glad that the name of the lady who could have returned a "cold and distant" answer to such a letter has not been given. Be it forgotten, so long as that of her noble, though unhappy lover, shall be remembered in the applauses and blessings of his kind!

With one more extract we close our article for the present, promising, if we have an opportunity, to renew it after the appearance of the sequel of Mr. Bowring's delightful memoir. The extract, being a letter addressed to Lady E. G., is an example of his playfulness and humor:—

"*Hendon, Middlesex, 27th November*, 1791.

"HONORED MADAM!—May it please your ladyship! I am the young man who was taken from behind the screen by my good Lady Warwick, in the room where the pianoforte is in Warwick castle, to wait upon your sweet person, and had the honor and happiness of accompanying you with the violin in one of Signor Bach's sonatas. I hope your ladyship's condescending goodness will excuse my freedom in addressing you, as I hereby make bold to do, wishing for the felicity of serving your ladyship in the capacity of musical instructer, or anything else I should be found capable of, being turned adrift upon the wide world, and out of place at this time. I served the Hon. Miss F——, whom belike your ladyship knows,—she being, as I am informed, your ladyship's cousin-german,—for ten long years, and hoped to have served her till death, had I not been, with grief be it spoken, forced to quit her service by hard usage. She was a dear lady, and a kind compassionate good lady,—as I have heard everybody say, and to be sure so it must be, as everybody says so,—to everybody but poor me. To be sure it must have been my own unworthiness, therefore it would be very unreasonable for me to complain. I am sober and honest, willing to turn my hand to anything, and not at all given to company-keeping, as I am sure my said late honored lady, notwithstanding what has happened, will be ready to say for me. Dr. Ingenhousz, who is my lady's head philosopher, being somewhat stricken in years, I was in hopes of being promoted to his place, when Providence should please to call him away, considering that we are all mortal; but my evil star has ordered it otherwise. The times being hard, I am willing to serve for small wages, having had nothing given me to subsist upon, in all the ten years, except the direction of a letter, and a message or two, and they were given me by other people. As to playing on the pianoforte myself, I thought it better not to trouble myself with any such thing, for fear of spoiling my teaching; by reason I have known your fine, tasty, fashionable, flourishing masters, who, instead of attending to their pupils, chose rather to keep playing themselves, for the sake of showing a fine finger. I am used to travelling, and am willing to attend your ladyship all the world over, as likewise to any part of England or Scotland; particularly the latter, which is the most delightful country upon earth.

"I hope your ladyship will pardon my making so bold; but I have a brother, a

colonel by trade, who has a good mistress, who has given him leave to go about for a while and see whether he can do anything to mend himself. As it has become the fashion for ladies to practise shooting, I think that he may find employment by teaching them that, or anything else in the art of war—think him qualified, as there would be no objection to his teaching,—although I can't say I ever knew him draw a long bow,—to turn philosopher, as he has made greater bounces in his time than Philosopher Ingenhousz. Having learned metaphysics of the celebrated Miss V——, would be qualified as usher to a metaphysical academy, but would prefer private service. These few lines conclude with humble duty from,

"Honored madam,

"Your ladyship's most obedient,

"Humble servant to command.

"P. S.—O dear! O dear! well, what a lucky thing it was I happened to mention Scotland; it has brought the charmingest thought into my head that ever was. Did your ladyship ever hear of a place called Gretna Green? They have a way of playing duets there, and such duets, it beats all the concerts in the world; Signor Bach's music is nothing to it. There is no such thing as learning them at home: one must absolutely go there first to see the manner of it. There is a gentleman always, and a lady; and then a blacksmith in a black gown plays with his hammer dub-a-dub-dub, and yet it is but a duet after all. Well, now, as your ladyship, I have heard, likes travelling, and Scotland is the delightfulest country in the world, how comical it would be if your ladyship were to take a trip next Saturday to Gretna Green, and I were to attend your ladyship, as, to be sure, you could never thing of going such a journey alone, and I would come slyly, just as it was dusk, and meet you just behind the Green-house, and nobody should know anything about the matter, and I would have a chaise-and-four ready, and off we would go with a smack, smack, smack! to Gretna Green! And then Lady W. would cry—Where is Lady E.? and Lord W. would cry—Where is Lady E.? and nobody would know. And then all the servants would be called up, and there would be such doings, and all the while we should be playing duets at Gretna Green! and then we should come home again; and then there would be such a laugh; and then Lady W. would cry—How comical Mr. Bentham is!—I do vow and declare there is never a man shall play duets with my E. but Mr. B.

"P. S.—Pray dear, sweet, good my lady—there's a dear lady—don't say a word to any living creature about this, as it would quite spoil the joke."

"*Dover Street, 29th November*, 1791.

"Honored Madam: This makes bold to inform you that my lady and I have made it up, and she has given me what is my due, and more too, and a dear, sweet, good lady she is; wherefore I have altered my mind, hoping no offence, and as I stay in my place, have no call to go with anybody to Gretna Green, unless it be with my lady. As everybody is willing to do the best they can for themselves, hope your ladyship won't be angry, as a rolling stone gathers no moss, as the saying is; and it cannot be expected a person should leave a good place, unless it were to better himself. Should anything amiss happen another time, should be very proud to serve your ladyship, or anybody. My brother being still disengaged, if agreeable, could venture to recommend him—and am,

"Honored madam,

"Your ladyship's very humble

"Servant to command."

# ON ASSOCIATION AND ATTRACTIVE INDUSTRY.

BY ALBERT BRISBANE.

(*Fourth Article.*)

The minds of the leading politicians of all nations are so absorbed by party interests, personal ambition, a national and exclusive policy, and by administrative and other minor Reforms, that they cannot take an interest in the elevation and happiness of the whole human race, and direct their attention to measures of a universal character and interest. Subjects of such a nature appear to them visionary, impracticable, or useless.

If, however, there are any minds which do take a deep interest in the social elevation and happiness of the human race, they must shudder with horror at the frightful degradation and misery in which they are now plunged, and mourn over the contracted spirit and narrow policy of the leaders of nations, who govern the destinies of mankind.

Are not the human race one great family of brothers, placed upon the earth by God to fulfil a noble trust or function? Are not all the individuals of this great family endowed with souls of the same nature—the powers of which are limited and restricted more by physical organization than by any original or inherent difference in essence or spirit? Do they not possess the same desires, aspirations, and passions, which impel them on to the accomplishment of the same destiny?

Does it not appear consistent with eternal truth and justice, that this family should be united in bonds of peace and harmony? that they should have the same great ends in view? that they should combine their talents, efforts, and energies to promote their mutual happiness and greatness, and that they should employ the high intelligence with which they are endowed, to discover the true laws and principles upon which society should be based, and their destiny? It seems as if all this should be so; it seems as if the great human family should be united, that they should be animated by mutual love and good-will, and labor in concert and with unity, to promote their true interests.

But, unfortunately, it is not so; if we examine the condition of this human family, the soul will sicken at the spectacle which is offered. Antipathies, discords, and hatreds are rife among its members; the darkest, gloomiest selfishness benumbs their hearts, and renders them callous to each other's sufferings, and indifferent to each other's welfare. A large majority of them are slaves,

serfs, or half-famished hirelings, toiling from the fear of the lash, or the fear of want and starvation, to produce the means of supporting a small minority in idle ease and luxury. Millions on millions of beings are at this moment suffering the varied torments of physical privations and moral woes, and sinking under the load of their accumulated wretchedness;—there are hearts that are wrung by anxiety,—bodies that are worn out with overburdening toil;—there are hundreds of thousands of poor creatures at work in gloomy and suffocating mines, far from the light of day, and to whom beautiful nature and the charms of social intercourse are almost entirely unknown;—there are other hundreds of thousands of miserable wretches immured in dungeons, expiating by suffering and ignominy, crimes into which they were plunged by poverty, ignorance, and temptations,—far less culpable than the societies which left them to become outcasts and criminals;—there are members of the family of man, and our brothers, who, *at this moment*, are mounting the bloody scaffold, where the soul, amid awful horror and despair, is to be torn by violence asunder from the body, and sent to a dreaded future. The world is full of evil, full of poverty, wretchedness, despair, melancholy, insanity, and other sufferings and woes, which tongue cannot tell, and language cannot depict.

So lives the family of man upon this fruitful and beautiful earth, —poor, miserable, ignorant, and degraded. Its members are divided in a thousand ways, and are preying upon each other like savage beasts, instead of living together like beings of the same species, with the same interests, and created by one God. Fraud, duplicity, injustice, and oppression are the means which they make use of in their operations, and truth, justice, and honesty, are banished nearly from the earth.

It will, perhaps, be declared that this is an exaggeration, but it is not so; it is not one half the truth. Each individual sees merely the open or unhidden miseries which immediately surround him; the general wretchedness of the world, and its thousand hidden miseries escape him, and he heeds and thinks not of them. But let us embrace the whole earth in our view; let us bring to mind that millions of slaves are toiling under the lash for masters, that millions of operatives are drudging in want and destitution for employers, that armies are slaughtering each other to satisfy the ambition of rulers, that impoverished populations are taxed to starvation to supply a small minority with luxurious superfluity; —let us bear in mind these miseries, and others as great, and we shall see that the reality defies description.

This frightful state of things is not natural and intended; it is

not man's destiny. It is a perversion, a deranged state of things, an overthrow of the laws of nature.

What are the leaders of the world,—its politicians, statesmen, and philosophers doing to reform the evils which exist, and to improve the condition of the human race? Unfortunately, nothing. In the first place, they know no adequate remedy, and if they did, they are too much absorbed by party, personal, and other considerations, to labor for its application.

In England, one party wishes to reform the corn laws, so as to reduce the price of grain, and give bread to the famished mass at a little lower rate; another party, wedded to the landed interests, is striving to maintain a high artificial price in this necessary of life, in order to favor the landholders. In Ireland, O'Connel and his party wish to establish a National Parliament, believing blindly that it would be a remedy for the intense misery which oppresses their wretched country. In England, they have a National Parliament, and what does it do for the miseries of the people? In France, the liberal party wishes universal suffrage and an unrestricted liberty of the press, while the opposite party is laboring to restrict as much as possible all popular rights. In this country, the Whig party wants a paper currency with a national bank; the Democratic party wants a specie currency and no banks. After ten years of uninterrupted controversy upon this question, it has not yet been discovered that the currency is merely a secondary question, and that the primary and really important one is an augmentation of production, or a vast increase of the products of labor, which are the only real wealth, and an equitable division of profits. The question of the currency should be made subordinate to that of a good organization of industry.

The measures which the political leaders of nations are contending for operate merely upon the surface of social interests: they go so little to the foundation of things, that if they were fully carried out, they would produce no perceptible effect. Could the Whig party establish a national bank, and an extended credit system, it would only facilitate a part of the operations of one class in society—the merchants. If the liberal party in France could establish fully the liberty of the press and universal suffrage, of what consequence could they be to the twenty-two millions of peasants there, who have but six cents a day on an average to defray all expenses—food, lodging, clothing, education, &c., and the vast majority of whom can neither read nor write? When the mass are sunk in such poverty and ignorance, a reform in the system of labor, education, and other fundamental

elements of society, is first necessary; political reforms should follow next in order.

Not only do the political parties which occupy the attention of the world propose no measures of any practical utility and of a high character, but they misdirect and bewilder human intelligence; they engage the leading minds in strife and controversy, arouse in them party animosities, entangle them in the mazes of party intrigue, and after encircling them in this contracted sphere, leave them no other aim for the object of their labors than self-aggrandizement and the satisfaction of personal ambition.

Here we have an explanation why men, endowed by nature with superior minds, like Peel, Thiers, Webster, or Calhoun, waste their lives, talents, and energies in fruitless controversies and superficial reforms, to the neglect of great and fundamental questions, and why they cannot see the simple and important truth, that the *evils which afflict society are social, not political in their nature, and that a Social Reform only can eradicate them.* It is also the reason why, having no knowledge of other means than the impotent ones offered them by politics, they declare visionary the grand idea of elevating morally, intellectually, and physically the condition of the whole human race, and of securing to them their happiness. Instead of forwarding the interests of mankind, they are perhaps, unintentionally, the worst enemies of the human race, for they bring the weight of their reputation and talent to bear in spreading doubt, apathy, and discouragement, as to the possibility of ever doing away with poverty, misery, and other social evils, and of improving effectually the social condition of man. They have monopolized the business of reform, and are leading nations after them on false routes which are strewed with strife, commotions, and revolutions, and which wind in a false circle without producing any great results.

It is unfortunate that the controversies and quarrels of parties should absorb so many of the first minds of the world, and occupy them with trifling subjects and unimportant plans of amelioration. THE LONDON PHALANX,* in speaking of political writers and politicians, and their conflicting measures, jestingly remarks:

"The gentlemen of the press are at present engaged with subjects so very small, that we can compare them to nothing better

* The London Phalanx is a weekly paper, edited with great ability, and devoted to the cause of Association and a Social Reform. In Paris, La Phalange, which appears three times a week, is engaged in the same great cause. These two papers are spreading rapidly the social principles discovered by Fourier through Europe. The New York Tribune is doing it in this country.

than animalcules in a drop of water. Like animalcules, too, they are principally intent upon devouring one another. To subdue an individual is an affair of immense importance. To rail eloquently at one, to expose him, to dissect him, to rake up a dust-heap of scandal against him, to collate his speeches and his writings, and prove by quotation that he has contradicted himself again and again, is a task for a clever and a popular writer alone to accomplish. A blockhead should not attempt it. *The Times* has found that Lord Palmerston is gifted by Providence with an especial genius for writing on the wrong side of the question. This was not intended as a compliment, but as it means that Lord Palmerston has an especial genius for writing on the opposite side of the Times, he must, in that case, be one of the most powerful antagonists that *The Times* has; and when the Times is wrong, his lordship must be magnificently right. Abuse sometimes overshoots itself, and speaks compliments without meaning them." * * * * * *

"The press altogether exhibits a moral chaos. Darkness is on the face of the deep. But we have no doubt that light shall arise, and reduce the chaos to order. One little sect of Chaotics, one little band or general of a band, is ever engaged in undoing what another has done. The Whigs put up the Poor Law, and now the grand point to be accomplished by that chaotic battalion, is to put it down. This chaotic battalion, however, is resolved to keep it up. Another battalion is setting up the Rural Police, and they, in their turn, are antagonized by a Protestant corps, which protests against the Rural Police, as merely an appendage to the new Poor Law. This is another great patriotic end, to be accomplished by the men of chaos, to put down the Rural Police! What an immense importance the animalcules attach to this point; how they wriggle and spurt with their little heads and tails, and their tiny little feet, and hands with pens in them! and how vicious they look! They seem to think that 'the cloud capped towers and the gorgeous palaces, yea, the great globe itself, and all that it inhabits,' are dependant on their exertions! Superior beings are, perhaps, looking at them through a microscope, and showing Daniel O'Connel and the editor of the Times for a curiosity. We think we hear the loud laugh of admiration re-echoing from the celestial blue, as a celestial giant exclaims, 'What wicked little things, to be sure!'"

Our object in glancing at the miseries which oppress the human family, and in insisting on the impotency of present political measures and reforms, is to show the necessity of new and deeper measures, and a social reform. The great majority of persons con-

demn the idea of Association and a social reform as visionary. We must show them how visionary are their political reforms, in order to inspire them with some degree of impartiality and modesty.

Association, with its system of *Attractive Industry*, concert of action and unity of interests, is a new and great measure, full of grand results. The object of those who advocate it, is to organize one Association, which may serve as a model for others, and lead to a general imitation.

When Fulton built his first steamboat, he foresaw that later thousands would cover the seas and rivers of the world; and that his discovery would lead to a reform in the navigation of the globe. To effect such a reform, it was first necessary to construct one steamboat which would prove practically the advantages of steam navigation, and serve as a model which the world could copy.

We know that Association will lead to a social reform, that is, to a reform in industry or labor, in commerce, banking, education, in the business and social relations of men, and other elements of society. That it will elevate morally and physically the condition of the human race, and secure to all wealth or abundance, and education or intellectual development; and lead to the establishment of liberty, justice, and unity upon the earth. We know that Association will later realize these magnificent results, and to commence this great movement, we have but to establish one Association which will convince the world by practical experiment of its immense advantages. *The establishment of this first or model Association is the aim of our labors.*

Before we can establish a first Association, which will be a pattern on a small scale of a true social order, we must have our plans complete for the organization and regulation of all its details, such as the distribution and cultivation of the lands—manner of building—the systems of labor or industry, of property, education, and division of profits—the manner of effecting exchanges or carrying on commerce—the mode of individual relations, living, &c.

On hearing the explanation of these details, the unreflecting may ask, what have they to do with a social reform, and the realizing liberty and happiness on the earth? They have a vast deal to do with them, for these details are the machinery or elementary parts of Association, which is the means of obtaining those important ends. If all the parts are properly planned, and all are perfect in themselves, the whole will move on well and success will follow.

It might as well have been asked of Fulton, when he was planning the details of his steamboat, what they had to do with a reform in the navigation of the world? They of course had every thing to do with it—they were necessary to the organization of the means by which that reform was to be achieved.

After these explanations, I trust that the details of Association will not appear unimportant. The success of the reform for which we are laboring, will depend entirely upon the perfection of these details, which are, as I previously remarked, the systems of property, education, labor, commerce, &c., &c.

With these preliminary remarks, I will now enter upon a description of the practical organization of Association.

The proper number of persons for an Association is about two thousand; a practical trial on a small scale could, however, be made with four hundred, but that is the smallest number with which Association can succeed. To establish a great variety of occupations, suited to all tastes and inclinations, to both sexes and all ages, to organize the system of *groups* and *series*, which is the mechanism or means by which industry will be rendered attractive, and to offer to every individual the choice of varied and agreeable social relations, four hundred persons at least are necessary. Below that number industry could not be so organized as to become attractive, and other important conditions could not be fulfilled. This is the reason why Association cannot succeed with two or three, or ten or twelve families, although it can with a hundred, and better still with two or three hundred.

An objection which is always raised against Association is, that as it is impossible to associate two or three families without discord breaking out among them, perhaps at the end of a week, it must be perfectly impossible to associate two or three hundred. This objection, which appears reasonable at first, is entirely without foundation. God made man for Association, and not for the present system of isolated families, which is full of complication and waste, and in which there is a perpetual contact of antipathetic characters, and no diversity of occupations. Having made man for Association, he adapted his passions to it. In our present societies, which are based upon an opposite principle, they are out of their true and natural sphere; their action is in consequence deranged and perverted, and they engender that discord, duplicity, vice, and crime, which we now see around us; and which is a reversed image of the order, justice, unity, and harmony, which the same passions would produce in a social order suited to their nature, and which would give them a true development.

How can we suppose that God could have created the passions without precalculating their action and effects? If his Providence be universal, *it must extend to the spiritual as well as to the material world;* and as he has organized the material world with wisdom and foresight, he must have created the passions for some wise end, and have assigned them an object worthy of his supreme intelligence. If they produce at present discord and duplicity, instead of harmony and virtue, it is because they are mis-directed and perverted by the influences and action of our false societies. This mis-direction and perversion show those who see the goodness of human nature through its present perversion, the importance of establishing a true social order, which will direct the passions rightly, and, in so doing, vindicate the dignity of man and the wisdom of God, who created them. But to return to practical details.

For an Association of two thousand persons, a tract of land containing six thousand acres—say three miles square, will be necessary. For a small Association of four hundred persons, fifteen hundred acres will be sufficient. The first Association should be situated near a large city, that is, within ten or twenty miles of it, and not in the far West, as will be supposed by many. The vicinity of a city would offer numerous advantages and facilities, such as a good market for its fruits, poultry, and lighter products, which are important to be possessed in making a first practical trial.

The lands or domain of the Association would be overseen with the combined talent and skill of the most experienced and intelligent members of the Association, and would be cultivated as if it were the farm of a single individual. It would be beautifully diversified with gardens, parks, fields, fruit-orchards, vineyards, glades, and woodlands, and could be as highly improved and as elegantly laid out as the parks and gardens of the rich noblemen of England.

The general supervision of the domain of the Association, and the various branches of manufactures and mechanics, would be under the direction of a Council of Industry, composed of persons distinguished for their talent, skill, and experience—and elected annually by the members of the Association. This Council will have under its supervision the industrial interests of the Association. Those members having the most knowledge of agriculture and horticulture, would examine carefully the domain of the Association; advise the different uses to which it should be applied; where grain should be grown, fruit-orchards and vineyards planted; where the vegetable and flower gardens, meadows, and woodlands located, and how managed; what alternation of crops should

take place; the best system and seasons for ploughing and planting; and various other details relating to the agricultural department of the Association. Other members, skilled in manufactures and mechanics, and others versed in the arts and sciences, would aid with their advice and the results of their experience and study, in the prosecution of those various departments of human activity.

The Council would ascertain the value and importance of all new inventions and discoveries in mechanics and the arts, in machinery and implements, new discoveries in agriculture, and improvements of every kind, and introduce them accordingly into the Association. It would also take measures to procure the best races of animals, the finest varieties of fruits, grains, and vegetables, flowers, shrubbery, and ornamental trees; in short, it would forward in every way the interests of the Association.

Agriculture is a vast science. The farmer who lives isolatedly upon a little farm cannot acquire a fiftieth part of the knowledge necessary to form a perfect agriculturist. Out of an association of two thousand persons, a sufficient number might be chosen who possessed a great variety of acquirements and talents, and whose united knowledge and skill would guaranty a perfect cultivation of the domain.

"If we compare in imagination," says Fourier, "the cultivation of a domain in Association, overseen like the farm of an experienced and wealthy agriculturist, with a tract of country cut up into little farms and subjected to the caprice of three hundred families, the contrast would be most glaring. Here, one family makes a meadow of a sloping piece of land which nature destined to the vine; there, another sows wheat where grass should grow; a third, to avoid buying grain, clears a declivity, which the rains will strip of its soil the following year; while a fourth and a fifth misapply the soil some other way. The three hundred families lose their time and money in barricading themselves against each other, and in lawsuits about boundary-lines and petty thefts. They all avoid works of general utility which might be of advantage to disagreeable neighbors, and individual interest is everywhere brought into conflict with public good."

So long as agriculture is exercised by isolated families, so that the skill and knowledge of but one man are brought to bear in the great work of cultivation, it will be carried on in a desultory, ignorant, and miserable manner; the soil will be abused in a hundred ways; general poverty will exist (for agriculture is the main source of national wealth); and the landscape will offer that monotonous, lonely, and ugly aspect which it now does, and which

deadens all enthusiasm and love for Nature. The domain of an Association would be a perfect specimen of scientific agriculture, and a whole country covered with these domains would offer the most beautiful spectacle that could be conceived.

In the centre of the domain would rise a large and elegant edifice, which would be the residence of the Association. It would be composed of a centre, wings, and sub-wings, and should be of the most varied general form, so as to offer the finest combination of architectural masses, and avoid all monotony and uniformity. If the square form, for example, were adopted, it would be heavy and monotonous, and would not answer the purposes of an Association.*

The edifice of an Association might be considered a little town or city under one roof. It would replace three hundred little tenements or isolated dwellings of the present system, and would be planned in every way to promote the health, comfort, and convenience of the inhabitants.

Around the interior of the edifice would wind an enclosed piazza or a spacious covered gallery. This gallery would connect all parts of the building, and would enable people to visit each other, to go to the public halls and saloons, to the library and reading rooms, to the church, to lectures and concerts, to the dining rooms, bazars, and workshops, or—in the language of Association—to the *Halls of Industry*, without having to go through muddy streets, the wet and cold, and exposed, as people now are on leaving their warm rooms, to sudden changes of temperature, which carries off such multitudes with consumption, pleurisy, fevers, and other diseases.

Our rude and defective system of building is the cause of a frightful amount of sickness, which would be avoided in Association.

The gallery encircling the inside of the edifice would offer a fine architectural display: it would be about twenty-four feet wide, the height of the building, and elegantly fitted up. If we compare the edifice of an Association to a little town or city, the gallery would be its street or public avenue.

The basement of the edifice would be used for the kitchens and more noisy workshops, the latter would be located in one of the extreme wings.

The first story would contain the dining halls, public saloons, council rooms, library, reading and lecture rooms, and the ex-

* They who can consult my work, entitled "Social Destiny of Man," will find in it a detailed description and engravings of the ground plan and front view of the edifice.

change, where the members would meet once a day to discuss various interests, to concert industrial and other meetings, and transact business both of a public and private nature. The church would be a separate building, located near the main edifice, and connected with it by means of a covered corridor.

The second and third stories would contain the private apartments. There would be rooms, and suites of rooms for single persons or families, of different prices, and suited to all tastes and degrees of fortune. The private apartments would be separated by division walls, and families could live as retiredly, and enjoy the privacy of the domestic life as fully as they now do in our large cities, where the houses are only divided by division walls. The doors of their apartments would open upon the gallery. Those who wished to live quite privately, could take a suite of rooms in one of the wings, and they would be as isolated as they could desire. People would possess full liberty to choose their apartments, and would rent them as they now rent houses. An account would be opened on the books of the Association with the members, and they would be charged for their living, rent, articles purchased, subscription to baths, reading rooms, lectures, and other expenditures; they would be credited for the profits of their labor and the interest on their stock or capital invested. A settlement would take place once a year.

The lands, edifices, flocks, implements, and machinery of the Association, that is, its real and moveable estate, would be represented by stock, divided into shares, which would be owned by the members according to their investments. This system will maintain individual property, while it will produce unity of interests, which are two grand points to be attained.

We propose a joint stock Association, the members of which would be co-interested partners, united for the purpose of applying their labor, capital, and talent in the best and most judicious manner, and dividing equitably the product, according to the part which each one took in its creation.

Men feel at present an instinctive dislike for Association. What is the reason? It is because our false system of society engenders conflicts of interest; because discords and animosities exist between them which they think will always exist; because the mass are more or less coarse and vulgar in their manners, language, and habits; because difference of religious and other views, and incompatible tastes exist among them. Every one feels an antipathy to come in contact with discordant, undeveloped, and perverted beings—and although the individual who feels the antipathy may himself be discordant, undeveloped, or perverted, he nevertheless feels

the antipathy, for discord repels discord, as harmony attracts harmony.

When Association with its system of sharehold property and unity of action will have done away with conflicts of interests—when its uniform and integral system of education, which will develop morally, intellectually, and physically every child, will call out and perfect the powers of the mind, and elevate and refine the sentiments of the heart, so as to make every being all that nature intended he should be;—when all this is accomplished, when unity and concord exist in society, and human nature is fully and harmoniously developed, then will man feel no dislike to live in close contact with his fellow-man, and then will Association appear the only true and natural order.

In order to convey to the mind of the reader as clear and as practical an idea as possible of Association, and the difference between it and the present system of society, I will examine how three hundred families, or about two thousand persons, which is the proper number for an Association, now live, and how they would live in this new order.

Three hundred families require at present three hundred separate houses, three hundred kitchens, three hundred fires, three hundred women to do the cooking,—and if they are farming families—three hundred separate little farms, three hundred barns, three hundred teams, an innumerable number of fences, and every thing else equally as complicated. All the details and operations attendant upon the wants of a family, such as cooking, washing, keeping up fires, and marketing, must be gone through with daily and separately by the three hundred families in the same manner and with the same detail as for an Association of two thousand persons, except the difference of scale. The waste of such a system is so enormous, that it would scarcely be credited, were it shown in figures. This system of isolated families, forces also all women without exception to become house-keepers and cooks, for which three-fourths at least have no inclination, and compels them to undergo daily a repugnant round of occupations.

This system of complication and waste must be done away with. Instead of three hundred little farms, an Association would have a large and elegant domain; instead of three hundred little dwellings and workshops, nineteen-twentieths of which are mere hovels and shanties, it would have a vast and noble edifice, situated in the centre of its domain; instead of three hundred dirty kitchens, three hundred fires, and three hundred sets of cooking utensils, it would have one large kitchen fitted up with every con-

venience, and divided off into four or five compartments, for the different kinds of cooking, with four or five fires, and the best adapted machinery for facilitating all culinary operations; instead of three hundred women to do the cooking, it would have forty or fifty experienced cooks, who would be occupied alternately every other day; instead of three hundred teams, which are so expensive, and generally of so poor a quality, it would have the requisite number, perhaps fifty or sixty, and of the finest kind; instead of three hundred barns and granaries, exposed to dampness, rats, and fire, it would have three or four large granaries; instead of the innumerable number of fences which are now required, and which incur a waste as great as it is useless, it would have a few hedges; instead of making twenty or thirty thousand separate little purchases and sales in the course of the year, as three hundred families now do, and which give rise to so many quarrels and law-suits, it would buy all its goods at wholesale, and besides the advantage of obtaining every thing of the best kind and free from adulteration, it would obtain them on an average at half the price.

To what enormous economies would not Association give rise! What a source of wealth! and what a means of concert and unity of action! We live in a purely mercantile or money-making age, the all-absorbing desire of which is the acquisition of fortune, but so intense is its selfishness, that it prevents men from uniting and associating; they speculate upon individual and isolated exertion, hoping to make more by wresting from each other the products of their labor, than by uniting with them for the purpose of producing the utmost possible, and of dividing equitably the product of their industry. The selfishness engendered by our false societies thwarts its own ends, for Association with its immense economies, and its judicious application of labor, capital, and talent, is the only means of producing wealth enough to give an abundance to all; without it, nine-tenths of the human family must remain poor, ignorant, and dependant, and nothing can prevent it; the form of government, even if it be the most republican, exercises very little influence.

If we descend into minute details, we shall be surprised to see the immense saving which Association would effect—not only in time and money, but in useless drudgery and violated feelings. Three hundred families require at present, upon an average, six hundred fires, nine-tenths of the heat of which, owing to our badly constructed chimneys, are lost. In Association, one-tenth part of the fuel now used would be sufficient, and it could be made to go ten times as far as it now does: machinery could be

driven by it, and the entire edifice of the Association—its public halls, saloons, reading-rooms, library, &c., &c.—could be warmed by tubes, so that a few fires only would be required in the private apartments; they also could be warmed by the same process, if desired. Here is an economy of ninety-nine hundredths in fuel, to which is to be added an immense saving of the most repulsive drudgery. Three hundred poor servants must rise at present every morning, even in the depth of winter, to light the six hundred fires which are rendered necessary by the present household complication. In an Association, on the contrary, the fires would not be left to go out over night, and in the morning it would be only necessary to charge a few large furnaces, which could be done with little labor, from properly constructed coal reservoirs. Association would consequently save three hundred servants one of the most repugnant and dirty occupations that has now to be performed. What can be more disgusting than to see a female servant, on a winter's morning, shivering with cold and scraping coals and cinders with her bare hands from a grate?

With the present system of isolated households, three hundred families must devote every week or two a day to washing, which amounts, for the three hundred families, to ten or fifteen thousand days' works in the course of the year. Three hundred women must spend in dirty kitchens and over hot fires one day out of the seven in toiling at the wash-tub. Association will avoid this useless and disgusting drudgery; it would have a large wash-room, fitted up with every convenience, and supplied with proper machinery, to which the clothes, which would be collected and assorted once a month, would be carried and put into different vats; with the aid of a cleansing process used in Switzerland, or some better one which could be invented, they could be washed, with scarcely any hand-labor, far better than they now are. The ironing would probably have to be done for the most part as it now is; it is, however, the least disagreeable portion of the work, and out of seven or eight hundred women and girls, it would be easy to find thirty or forty having a taste for the occupation, who would devote a couple of mornings once a month to it.

The inventive genius of man has never been directed to the construction of machinery and facilities for performing on a large scale kitchen and other household work, because in the little household of a single family they could not be applied. It is only in a large Association, where everything would be done on a vast scale, that economical machinery could be used, and every convenience introduced.

Household labor is now carried on in the rudest manner that

can be conceived; it is as much below what it could be made, as travelling in scows, pushed along by poles, is below journeying in elegant steamboats. Still the vast majority cling to the isolated household from habit and prejudice, and oppose Association because their minds cannot embrace and understand the bearings, advantages, economies, and other results of its vast system of unity of interests and concert of action.

The system of isolated households, or the system which renders a separate house for each family necessary, with a distinct interest in society, is the foundation upon which all past societies have been based. The system is in itself radically defective, and so are, as a consequence, the societies founded upon it. We must replace this false system by one which is the opposite of it—that is, Association—and give to society a new foundation.

The system of isolated families is the source of conflicts of interests, opposition, discord, and an anti-social spirit; it is the cause of a waste of talents, a smothering of capacities, an embittering of antipathies, and, to a very considerable extent, of differences of habits, manners, views, and opinions. It is opposed to all concert of action and unity of interests; it prevents a judicious application of the elements of production, which are labor, capital, and talent, and admits of no general or collective economies. It places every individual in hostile opposition to all others around him, and society offers us the spectacle of an incoherently and falsely organized whole, the members of which are in every way divided,—combating with each other, and making use, in their business, industrial and social regulations, of injustice, fraud, overreaching, and violence. Can a system which produces such results be a true one? No; and if men cannot see it, it is because they are blinded by prejudice, and are the mere creatures of habit.

There are but two principles or foundations upon which society can be based; the one is the isolated family, and the other association—or, disunited individual effort, and combined associated effort. Which is the true principle?—which is the one designed for man by God? I say designed by God, for is it probable that he has given us passions, attractions, and instincts, which are the elements of the social machine, without adapting them to some system of society in which they would work harmoniously and produce good results? "There can be no hesitation on this point," says Fourier; "God, as Supreme Economist, must have preferred Association, and reserved for its organization some means, the discovery of which was the task of Genius."

The world, which has no faith in the *Universality* of Providence, will answer that God has nothing to do with the social organiza-

tion—that he has not destined man to any particular system of society, but left him to establish such a one as he wished. This is a very great error; *the Providence of God is universal*, and extends to the social, as well as to the material world. He has not created the human race, placed them upon the earth to fulfil an important function, and endowed them with richly-varied faculties, passions, and characters, without precalculating a system of society which would direct them rightly in their terrestrial career, and employ all those elements of human nature properly. The laws of that system must, like the laws of astronomy, chemistry, navigation, and other exact sciences, *be discovered by the investigation of human reason.* God does not reveal to man the sciences—and the laws of society are a science, which the genius of man must penetrate and discover. The prejudices of the world against human nature, and the belief in the solidity of established societies, have prevented human reason, up to the time of Fourier, from searching for the laws of a true social organization. This delay should not surprise us, for it is only within three centuries that the human mind has discovered the laws of astronomy, chemistry, and most of the exact sciences—in the way of which no very strong prejudices stood.

The passions and attractions in man are the elements of human nature. These elements were not created at random, without method and order, and with all the chances of their being perpetually in conflict and discord with each other. Suppose a machinist were to construct a machine without a plan, making its wheels and springs without calculating their uses—should we not believe him crazy? How then think that the great Mechanician of the Universe has given us those irresistible impulses, called passions, without calculating their effects—without adapting them to some social order, pre-existing in his intelligence, which would make use of them all, as so many parts of a perfect mechanism! (For the mode of action of the passions, see February Number.)

"Of all impieties," says Fourier, "the greatest is that impertinent prejudice, which suspects the Divinity of having created men, the passions, and the materials of industry, without having fixed upon a system for their regulation. To suppose it is to attribute to the Creator a want of foresight at which men would blush!

"When a man collects materials for building, does he fail to make a plan for their employment? What would we think of a person who, purchasing cut stone, frame-work, and materials of every kind for the construction of a vast edifice, did not know what kind of a building he intended to erect, and acknowledged

that he had collected all these materials without having thought of the use to which he should apply them? Such a man would be pronounced insane.

"Such, nevertheless, is the want of foresight which our men of science and legislators attribute to the Divinity, in supposing that he could have created the passions, attractions, characters, instincts, and other materials of the social edifice, *without having fixed upon any plan for their employment.*"

But leaving aside these abstract considerations on the existence of a social order, predestined for man by God, and adapted to the passions,—let us examine a few of the glaring defects of the system of isolated families, and show practically its falseness. The table which follows we take from FOURIER, and it contains scarcely a fiftieth part of the defects which he has analyzed and classified.

DEFECTS OF THE SYSTEM OF ISOLATED HOUSEHOLDS.

1. Smallest possible association; a single family without capital, credit, or extended relations, and often without the necessary implements of industry.

2. Labor without rivalry,—prosecuted alone the entire day through, without variety or change.

3. No variety in occupations, no elegance in the organization of industry, in manufactories and workshops, calculated to please and stimulate the working classes.

4. No system for developing the talents and faculties of children, and for giving them an industrial education.

5. Misapplication of the labor of sexes and ages; bad adaptation of cultivation to soils; excessive power given to capital, and its sway over industry.

6. Complication in labor, obliging a single individual to execute every part and detail of a work.

7. Waste of talents and capacities, and want of a just remuneration, guarantying to all—to the woman and the child as well as to the man—a share of the general product, proportioned to their labor, capital, and skill.

8. Separation of the primordial branches of industry—agriculture, manufactures, and domestic labor.

9. False and anarchical competition in industry; opposition of like branches of business and labor, instead of association and emulative rivalry.

10. Production and consumption subservient to commerce; dependant upon it for all sales and purchases; which dependancy opens an unrestricted field to the adulterations, frauds, monopolies, and extortions of a mass of intermediate agents.

Can a system which produces all these defects be true? No; and however much people may be wedded from habit and custom to it—however much selfishness may have deadened their social feelings, they must admit, if they will but use their reasoning faculties, that the isolated household is radically false.

If they admit this, they will also be forced to admit that the opposite system, Association, is the true foundation upon which society should be based. There can be, as we said, but two systems for the organization of human societies—the isolated household, or Association. Which of the two shall we choose?

We will add another list of the defects of the first system, which will have, perhaps, some influence upon the decision of the reader.

OTHER DEFECTS OF THE ISOLATED FAMILY SYSTEM.

Absence of liberty and variety in occupations and social relations, which is one source of repugnant industry.

Absence of unity in plans and in their execution.

Ruin of the children by the death of the parents.

Inconstancy of individuals in their operations.

Want of capital, knowledge, and skill.

Absence of economy in hands and machinery.

Conflicts of rival enterprises.

Reciprocal frauds and larcenies.

Bad care and mortality of children.

Unjust partiality for favorites.

Feminine characters smothered undeveloped.

Widows and orphans cheated and defrauded.

Conflicts of heterogeneous ages.

Richer branches of families despising the poorer branches.

Health undermined from excess of labor.

Incompatibility of tastes and characters.

Hatreds embittered by perpetual contact.

Widowhood and orphanage.

Slavery of the mass from the care of large families.

We wish particularly that the reader should bear in mind that in criticising the isolated household, we do not criticise the marriage bond or family union. These are ties which exist in nature, and will be preserved in Association; *it is the system which assigns to each family a separate house and a distinct interest in society, that is false.*

People suppose that the family tie cannot be maintained in Association—that it would be dissolved, if it were not confined

to the isolated household. This is a foolish error; do we not see that families can live in tents or palaces, in boarding-houses, and even on shipboard, without the tie being dissolved? It is not dependant consequently upon the isolated household, as is supposed, and will not, therefore, cease to exist, if the isolated household is replaced by Association.

Some reformers have committed the error of attacking marriage, and of attributing to it the evils engendered by the system of isolated households. They have been guilty of a gross mistake, and have received a merited condemnation for their oversight. So far from marriage being the cause of these evils, it is itself degraded and contaminated by the system of isolated households; and to such an extent that it may almost be said, that the isolated household is the tomb of love. It will be reserved for Association, with its riches, its complete moral and intellectual development of beings, the enjoyment of the arts and sciences, and its freedom from petty cares and anxieties, to refine and elevate marriage. The isolated household produces disagreements, engenders antipathies, and deadens enthusiasm. It is the grave of harmony, of genius, and of love.

There is another cause which degrades marriage at present: beings come together with undeveloped, misdeveloped, and perverted natures; all *angular*, if I may use the expression, and with false and artificial tastes and habits. The sentiment of love throws before marriage a veil over these defects, but when afterwards there is close contact, they come out, and then all the discordant developments of passions, characters, and appetites clash with each other, and engender the ten thousand antipathies and disgusts which exist in present marriages.

Association, with its system of universal, integral, and uniform education, which will develop, perfect, and refine all the faculties of the mind, all the feelings of the heart, and make of men and women fully and nobly developed beings, instead of the abortions of humanity, which they now for the most part are, will do away by this means with this second fruitful cause of unfortunate marriages.

We intended to have entered more fully into the practical details of Association in the present article, but as it has grown rather lengthy, we will defer them to a future number. We will terminate the present article with a Table, which contains some of the leading features and results of Association, and shows the contrast between it and the present system of society.

## ASSOCIATION:

### LIBERTY—HARMONY—HAPPINESS.

The Attractions of all Beings are proportional to their Destinies.

—

True and harmonic Development of the Passions and Attractions.

—

Industry—dignified and rendered attractive, and suited to the tastes and requirements of Man.

—

Free Development of Individual Character, combined with the unity of Action of large Assemblages.

—

Moral, intellectual, and physical Elevation of the Human Race, and guarantee of the enjoyment of all Rights.

The Series distributes the Harmonies of the Universe.

—

Adaptation of Society to Human Nature.

—

Just Division of the Riches produced, among those who take part in creating them.

—

Voluntary Union of Individuals for the purpose of promoting their mutual Prosperity and Happiness.

—

Fulfilment by Man of his destiny as Overseer of the globe and of the creations upon it.

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Contrast between a true Social Order, based upon Association and Attractive Industry, and the present false Societies, based upon Isolated Families and Repugnant Industry.

### Leading Results of

| *False Societies.* | *Association.* |
|---|---|
| Confused and uncertain Science. | Clear and exact Science. |
| Religion of Terrors and Mysteries. | Religion of Love and of Proofs. |
| Law of Constraint and Sacrifice. | Law of Attraction and Enjoyment. |
| Social Discord. | Social Harmony. |
| — | — |
| 1. Waste. | 1. Collective Economies. |
| 2. Indigence. | 2. General Riches. |
| 3. Fraud. | 3. Practical Truth. |
| 4. Oppression. | 4. Real Liberty. |
| 5. War. | 5. Constant Peace. |
| 6. Predominance of all prejudices; and obstacles offered to improvements. | 6. Progress in all branches; and opening offered to improvements. |
| Universal Distrust and Duplicity of Action. | General Confidence and Unity of Action. |

### Means of Action.

| | |
|---|---|
| Want—Starvation—Violence. | Attraction—Voluntary Co-operation. |

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### Practical Characteristics of

| *Present False Societies.* | *Association.* |
|---|---|
| Smallest possible assemblage of Persons;—one single Family, deprived of Capital, Credit, and often of the Implements of Labor. | Large assemblages of Persons;—eighteen hundred to two thousand, well provided with Capital, Credit, and Means. |

Unsaleableness of Real Estate and other property held by individuals in small parcels, at will and for their full value.

Agriculture and Manufactures prosecuted separately in present Societies.

Complicated exercise of Industry, obliging an individual to oversee all branches of a work.

Solitary and prolonged occupations without rivalry.

Monotonous occupations, continued often for life without change or variety.

Bad application of the Labor of Sexes and Ages, of capacities to functions, and of crops to soils.

No just reward according to capacities; no distinct division of Profits to each person—Man, Woman, and Child.

Unprofitable and useless Works, unhealthy from continued and laborious application.

Exclusion of the Laborer from an interest in Enterprises, and frequent privation of the enjoyment of the products of his Labor.

Arbitrary Statutes, repressive of Capacities.

Painful obedience of the individual to the individual.

Pecuniary Dependance, and Indirect Servitude from Indigence.

False and pernicious development of the Passions and Instincts, without equilibriums to check excesses.

Excesses in Pleasures, produced by continued Privations.

Fraud and deception in the main part of business and industrial operations.

Riches acquired by the practice of Injustice and indirect Fraud.

Productive Industry subservient to Commerce, and dependant upon it for sales and purchases.

Party Strife and abortive Political Reforms.

Duplicity of Action, and opposition of Private Interest with the Public Good.

All property, lands, edifices, flocks, &c., represented by shares, transferable and saleable at will, like bank or railroad stock.

Agriculture and Manufactures prosecuted combinedly in Association.

Division of Labor, allowing each individual the liberty of choosing the detail of a work which he prefers.

Short and varied occupations in groups, stimulated by rivalry.

Multiplicity of occupations, open to the free choice of every one, and adapted to all tastes and capacities.

Judicious application of the Labor of Sexes and Ages, of Capital, Talent, and all the means of Production.

Profits awarded to Labor, Capital, and Skill, and paid individually to every person — Man, Woman, and Child.

Works of assured Profit, healthy from short exercise and frequent changes.

Easy acquirement of Property in Association, and participation by all in the enjoyment of Social Advantages.

Free development and useful employment of Capacities.

Honorable obedience of the individual to the decision of the mass.

Pecuniary Independence, secured by attractive industry & the right of labor.

Passions and Instincts directed to Industry, and equilibriated by proper counterpoises.

Counterpoise to Excesses from variety of Pleasures.

Impossibility of Fraud and larceny, by means of unity of interests, and proper checks.

Truth and Justice the sole avenues of Wealth.

End of the excessive Profits, monopolies, and adulterations of Commerce, and its sway over Industry.

Practical experiments in Social Reform.

Concert of Action, and unity of the Individual with the Collective Interest.

# THE STARS THAT HAVE SET IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

## No. III. — Goethe.

There have been false prophets in literature as well as in religion; and both have appeared for a season in all the honors of undeserved celebrity. We cannot always judge of the rank of a chief by the number of his followers; for if the final approbation of the many be just, their immediate favor or dispraise is far from being always so. It requires time to winnow the chaff from the grain of public applause; the idol of one generation is often the contempt of the next; and the history of letters exhibits no lack of Lyllys and Aretines.

By contemporaries, perhaps, the supremacy of a great mind may be best estimated by the command it is seen to exercise over such as are themselves highly endowed; even as the power of the wave is shown by the size of the rocks it has moved. An accident may captivate the humor of the many; but he who is admitted to be the first among the rarer few, must have no doubtful claim to this distinction.

As an evidence of this nature, we have only to look at the despotic sway which Goethe held during his lifetime over minds of a superior order, and the cordiality of their respect for him who was at once the Alpha and the Omega of German poetry, and whose name was a Shibboleth of German critics. He must, indeed, be considered as the mightiest of all the sons of song of whom Germany has ever boasted; nor would any one, in these later times, have attacked his well-deserved fame, if some of his blind admirers had not had the temerity to proclaim him also the best of men, and even to compare him, with presumptuous adulation scarcely credible, to our Saviour himself. The rising generation was not inclined to bow before their idol with that blind veneration which his worshippers enjoined as a duty; and its chief men began to examine whether Goethe had thoroughly fulfilled his duty to his father-land. The result of this inquiry was not altogether satisfactory; and they found, or at least imagined they had found, that in some things he had failed; they considered and spoke of Goethe in three different characters—as poet, as minister of state, and as a man. With this distinction we shall not concern ourselves, having only to treat of him as a poet. We therefore proceed to a rapid historical survey of those events only which are illustrative of, or illustrated by his works.

When we look towards Germany, an indescribable load of sadness possesses our heart; for behold this great country, from a land of faith and love, has become, in its turn, the empire of doubt and passion. It were a long and miserable history, to trace the progress of doubt among a people whom religion has so entirely satiated, that they will away with no more, and with whom mysticism has ended at the same point as skepticism among the French. It were only to show the efforts of that people to arrest its own fall, and to float yet a while longer upon wandering creeds ere it sank never to rise again. The same conflicts which her Luther underwent during his watchings—the cryings out—the weepings—the sighings—the groanings—these same has Germany endured upon her lonely pillow—behind her curtains—in that long waking-time of glory, which began with Frederick and finished with Goethe. For it is not in an hour that she has reached the spot where France stands. She has offered her adoration to all things; and in this downfall of heaven upon earth, everything has given way under her hand, and sunk with her. When the realm of letters reeled, she took refuge in intellect; and when intellect, utterly ruined by mysticism, in its turn gave way at the point where her faith failed, she betook herself to the worship of philosophy. That was the time of Fichte and Schelling; and then, this empire being undermined, fell into the *Nihilism* of Hegel, and it was necessary to make another god.

There was once a time when patriotism served religion; when men prayed in battle, and faith was tempered in blood; when the *Te Deum* of Leipsic arose fearlessly in its cathedral, from the midst of smoke and confusion: and this faith, the most easy to maintain, has, in its turn, passed away with the smoke of the bivouacs. There remained, at least, the worship of Art. Her shrine had always been preserved. But Goethe, whom she adored, himself destroyed it. Thus Germany has descended into doubt with the same honest earnestness which she had shown in ascending into faith. It has not been as with others, by the irremediable and sudden fall of a day, but by an infinity of steps and circuits, regulated beforehand. We see her descend progressively into nonentity, and scientifically into doubt. Her cathedrals are worn out—not by the praying and the kneeling of men; she has encircled them with the symbols of mysticism, as the flowers of winter are bound round the forehead of the dead. Thus, by another way, she has reached the point where the world was awaiting her; and at this moment, under different languages and different names, the whole of Europe can boast that it lives under the same shelter, that is to say, in the same void; and henceforward behold

the three great queens of the modern world, France, Germany, and England—all seated on the earth, like Shakspeare's Richard—all three having fallen by different steps from the same throne of religion to the same nonentity—from the same faith into the same doubting—all three exchanging glances, half-stupified, without their accustomed God—of destinies so different, so similar in misery, and ready to mock each other even unto death at this common disappointment in the Infinite.

In France and in England incredulity has sent its cry abroad by means of Voltaire and Byron. It is a study to examine how it has seized upon German literature, and made it its resting-place and its abode. Poetry has undergone the same disguisings which minds have assumed to themselves, and it has been only after many attempts, and scruples without number, that the word has been pronounced. From thence there has been nothing known of that sudden convulsion, which, in other places, has forced out such astonishing outcries. The loads of creeds have been gently untied; and there was kept in reserve a healing for every wound. There was a consolation provided for every sacrifice; the heart was not broken at once, but gently despoiled, stripped, and lulled to sleep. Innumerable were the disagreements and hallucinations of sect, which concealed its destitution. Poetry, on the other hand, was not a luxury to be dispensed with. She passed for the religion which she had replaced, and she imitated, to the point of deceiving the world, its air and its austerities. The church had fallen, but the hymns had been preserved. Novalis sung in the night, and how could one believe that to be a ruin which was inhabited by a voice still so melodious and young? It is thus, that by always replacing faith by poetry, the figure by its picture, and God by its shadow, Germany has been able, without any violence, to lull her past, like a babe, to sleep on the lap, and to shroud it in death without its awakening. The whole question is to determine whether, when she shall begin to perceive that what she adores is but the dust of what she once worshipped, she will utter a cry of distress, or whether she will not familiarize herself with nonentity, even more cordially than France has done.

See how she sets about it! The root of the matter is, that the two religions, Protestantism and Catholicism, mutually aid each other's destruction. They interchange their doubts, their belief, their churches, their cradles, their graves. Under the same roof they were born, they live, they pray, they die—they have the same cross—the same shroud. And when their hatred is, by chance, kindled, they say to human reason, before they contend

with it, the gladiator's words to the emperor—"They who are about to die, salute thee!"

This character of conciliation in death has never appeared more strikingly than in Goethe. Here was a man who comprised within himself all the doubts of modern man, and who allowed none of them to appear. He attacked nothing—he defended nothing: he treated all belief, and every enthusiasm, as the mummies which Aristotle received from Asia and classed in his Academy. He too, in his church, so classed all forms of worship, and put the dead face to face with each other. The infinity of doubt was concealed in him, beneath the infinity of faith. He is, apparently, totally different from Voltaire—in reality the same. He shuts out nothing—not he!—he admits phantoms—ay, even the least; and this universality of belief is, at the same time, the universality of skepticism: assent without limit is positive denial.

Voltaire was the analysis, he the synthesis of nonentity: it is the point where their thoughts meet; and it was, in truth, worth the trouble, that these two names, and the two nations whom they represented, should make war so long, to understand each other so well at this place! For Goethe has not only taught Germany to know herself; he opened her ears to the howlings of the present. He cast her all alone upon the highway of modern revolution. He revealed to her his doubt, of which she yet wished to doubt. He divulged the secret of her wavering faith, which she would have still so well concealed from others in her mystical retreat. Like the wicked spirit, he cried aloud in the church to this kneeling Margaret, "Rememberest thou thyself, Margaret, when thou believest what thy lips murmur, and what thy heart desires? When thy Luther had not yet deceived thee, and thou, young, fair as thy hope, and a child of Christ, didst pray morning and evening in the cathedral of thy Cologne?"

It is this which he has said, in a thousand forms, in prose as well as in verse, and which the world has heard. From this day, Germany has joined the great company of the skeptical nations. She has come forth in her pure *cœnaculum*, and, in her turn, is in the midst of the conflict of the age. Many voices, doubtless, have been raised against the great poet—many have been the efforts which she has made to retrace her steps, but it has been all in vain; she must advance, no matter towards what precipice; she has stepped beyond the bounds of her belief—she cannot enter them again; the modern spirit has seized her; he hath dragged her whither we are all driving each other. He is the black horseman who has carried away his Leonora. In spite of earth or heaven, triumph or ruin, life or death, she must now,

without even once turning her head, perforce accompany the cold spirit of the age towards the place whither we are all preceding her.

Goethe has revealed to Germany the doubt which she wished to conceal from herself; but this revelation bore, for a long time, only a personal meaning. She was resolved to see in it the state of the interior of one mind, and not the confession of a people. She accused the poet—she absolved herself. It required much time, and rude convulsions before she could make the avowal, that the man in this case was the entire nation. The critical school of the Schlegels knew marvellously well how to disguise the evil and conceal its surface. To speak properly, they threw Germany into a magnetic sleep, during which, invasions, and revolutions, and the clattering of Napoleon's spurs were passing around her, without calling forth a sigh. During this trance of fifteen years, all the efforts which this country made was to detach herself for the present, and to turn away her head from her bleeding wounds; she saw through and proved every period, save the one in which she was living. This was, but under an original appearance, a movement something similar to that of France at the time of the restoration. Latent public life, to all appearance dead—a long suffering and mystical literature—poesy taking the veil and cutting off her own tresses—a complete renunciation of all that had belonged to the world—a peculiar manner of showing the end of her recollections, and ceasing where they became bitter—regrets—mystery—nothing of hope, nor of noisy popularity,—and on the whole, a mode also of establishing a freedom in glory, and of passing triumphantly under the Caudine Forks.

Goethe began his authorship with 'Goetz von Berlichingen,' and presently acquired a very honorable name in the literary world; the drama had scarcely appeared, when it was greeted with most unusual, but well-deserved applause. Even the old pilgrims of Parnassus considered the author as a youth—eccentric—but promising. He had opened an entirely new path, and crowds of imitators made haste to follow him, and to glean in the same fields where the favorite of the muses had reaped immortal laurels.

Never before had a German writer ventured to give a true and faithful picture of the time in which Goethe's hero lived, and to show, by shaking off the trammels of formality, how forcibly an author can chain the world's attention, when he knows, and dares to represent things as they really exist, at the same time not violating the true genius of poetry. Fortune stood his friend on

this occasion also; for the time which he depicted in 'Goetz von Berlichingen,' offered a direct contrast to the period in which the drama appeared. Those brave old days of the strong hand had been days of war and dissension—of fierce rudeness and blunt honesty; the present were stagnant times, when character was more monotonous; the contrast, therefore, could not be otherwise than most striking, and its success certain. Goethe had very happily hit upon the true German strain, as well as that simple and original style and manner which his poem required. He was indebted for the latter to his own sound sense, and to the strong impressions which he had lately received from the study of Homer and Shakspeare. But many of his critics are mistaken, when they believe him to have shown himself so true a German in his 'Goetz' from patriotism. Goethe was never a patriot—he was a cosmopolite. All nature was his Fatherland, and not those few hundred miles governed by sundry dozens of princes, and called the States of the German Confederacy.

Although Goethe spent his days in good society, sometimes at home, sometimes on agreeable journeys, or at Wetzlar and Darmstadt, and was not visited by care or sorrow (however inclined he might sometimes be, after the established fashion of the poets, to prepare the latter for himself), he never ceased to be, what he often called himself, the true and faithful son of the muses. His second work, 'The Sorrows of Werther,' appeared very soon after his first; it was published in the year 1774, and its success was almost incredible. The sad event upon which this well-known story is founded, had really happened to the son of a respectable clergyman, whose name was Jerusalem, whom Goethe had known at Wetzlar. But the author of Werther was, himself, at the time when the news of Jerusalem's death reached him, placed in a similar situation, and his oppressed soul found some relief in giving utterance to all that the unhappy suicide had suffered. 'The Sorrows of Werther' may, therefore, be in some respects considered as confessions—a sufficient reason for the immense applause they received. This book is the first original German *sentimental* novel, and the influence of English literature upon it is undeniable, but its real merit lies in its showing—

> "The very age and body of the time,
> Its form and pressure."

Such sentiments as the poet advanced in this work, lay like fertile germs in the hearts of many youths, ready to shoot up at the first mild shower. That time of frivolous gallantry which we mentioned a while ago, was past; a deeper, though perhaps not

a less pernicious, tone of feeling had taken its place, and Goethe's 'Werther' was the morning star which heralded a new day-break. It described the workings of deep-rooted passion, and showed that a certain earnest and gloomy spirit was beginning to pervade the German mind; in short, it may be regarded as a sign prophetic of the war of opinion, which is now raging more fiercely than ever. A real *Wertheromania* began to infect the quiet land of the Germans; young men were not contented with writing *Wertheriades* upon *Wertheriades;* they even dressed like the new hero, and followed the example of his suicide,—sacrificing their lives, it may be said, in paroxysms of imitation, rather than of real feeling or heart-breaking passion.

In the mean time, he who raised this tempest was leading a very agreeable life. Too young to share the fame of Klopstock and Wieland, but known by his singular, and, in the opinion of some critics, incomparable works, he appeared to his contemporaries as a dazzling meteor, rushing through heaven on a career different from that of all the other celestial bodies. The Duke of Saxe-Weimar, then a young man, made his acquaintance, and, charmed by a congeniality of nature, invited Goethe to his capital. Goethe accepted the invitation, and in the course of the next year went to Weimar: in this court he found a Prince who was as great a man as he was a ruler; his Princess the unrivalled model of German ladies; men of talent and high endowments; and what was better than all, a general disposition to enjoy God's good gifts openly and generously. No wonder, therefore, that the young doctor *utriusque* liked this place too well ever to quit it again, for it was a fit garden for such noble plants as himself to flourish in. In short, he became very soon the Duke's prime favorite, and it is difficult to say which of the two was the more honored by this friendship. They remained united even unto death, and in the course of their long-protracted companionship, had to brave the storm, as well as to enjoy the sunshine.

The rest of the poet's personal adventures may be told in a few words. He was rapidly exalted from one dignity to another, until he found himself State Minister of the Dutchy of Saxe-Weimar; but his office did not stand in the way of his poetry, such having been the intention of his munificent friend. Goethe always possessed the secret of spending his days undisturbedly, and thus he passed his life according to his humor. Some years after, having accompanied the Duke to Switzerland, he made a journey to Italy, he visited Carlsbad every year, and always returned to Weimar highly honored, and as free from all service as he desired to be. His fame increased, for one immortal work of

his genius succeeded the other; Germany considered him as the prince of poets; homage from all parts of the world was laid at his feet; the most devoted respect was paid to him on every side; a court of gifted men surrounded him; the first talent of Germany was subject to his will, and he used at times to exercise his power over it somewhat tyrannically. He died—after a happy life, fortunate to the last, in that the creative powers of his genius never forsook him—on the 22d of March, 1832, in his eighty-third year.

There have arisen long and enduring disputes whether Goethe possessed more talent or more genius—whether he was the original inventor of his poetical works, or only the modeller of creations which already existed, gifted with the skill of working them anew in such refined forms that they appeared to be his real property—his own children, not adopted ones. This point is, and will always be, very difficult to decide: it is true, that he appropriated every thing of which he could make use, but it became quite a new substance in his hands, and a work of his, even when professedly an imitation, was a model for others, for a better one of its kind could not be found. On the other hand, all his creations are so faithfully derived from nature herself, that we are tempted by their intense truth to believe that we see an old acquaintance, when it is a new figure that makes its appearance. This is the characteristic of genius: who is there that has not known a similar feeling, when reading Homer, Shakspeare, Ariosto?

In our opinion, Goethe is greatest as a lyric poet; in this class of composition, we can find no one equal to him, though we are not a total stranger to the lyrics of antiquity or of modern times. It is true, that in popular and really national songs, there are to be found strains which inspired him, and which we must regard as the models he studied to imitate. In all his songs, ballads, and elegies, Goethe always is, what he wishes to be, a *Proteus* who never shows himself in his real shape, but assumes a better, purer, more beautiful, more innocent form which he found in the realms of poetry. It is by this extraordinary talent that he conquers every mind, because each finds a part or its whole self reflected there, as in a radiant mirror. This, joined to his deep insight into the nature of things, which he possessed in a measure equalled by no one, enabled him to find, without erring, the true tints, local colors, the accessory objects, which show his images not alone in the best, but in the only real light. In short, nature could give no better copy of herself than he does, and therefore he never fails to excite the same feelings in the soul of the reader or the hearer, as those which he depicts in his songs. We must

be permitted here to give one example out of a thousand: nor do we know any thing more passionate, true, and simple, than the following song, of which we give a translation

WELCOME AND FAREWELL.

My heart it beats:—to horse in haste!
  'Twas done almost before 'twas thought:
The evening rocked the wild and waste:
  Night round the cliffs her veil had wrought.
The oak, a tow'ring giant there,
  In garb of mist had sought the skies,
Where darkness from the wood did glare
  With all her hundred jet-black eyes.

The moon, behind a cloudy train,
  Peeped through the haze with look of fear;
On wings the winds did float amain,
  And, awful, rustle in mine ear;
The night a thousand monsters framed,
  Yet fresh and gay my feelings flowed;
For in my veins what ardor flamed,
  And in my heart what passion glowed!

I saw thee; gentle joy did glide
  From thy bewitching gaze on me;
My heart it throbb'd at thy fond side,
  And heaved its ev'ry sigh for thee!
A zephyr with its rosy tress
  Play'd round thy face in that sweet spot;
And, gods!—for me thy tenderness!—
  I hoped it—I deserved it not!

Yet, ah! when morn had chased the night,
  My heart was wrung by Farewell's throe:
But in thy kiss, oh! what delight!
  Though in thine eyes such tearful wo!
I went—thou stood'st;—thy heart was moved:
  On me was fixed thy dewy sight;—
Yet what delight to be beloved!
  To love—ye gods!—oh, what delight!

These lines were first published in conjunction with a dramatic poem, styled 'Torquato Tasso.' Those who are acquainted with German literature, through the German language, know how to appreciate it in the original; those who are not, must neither expect to meet in it the terrific nor the marvellous. The story is remarkable for its simplicity, and seems merely to have been used as a vehicle for the expression of certain feelings and senti-

ments. The delineation of Tasso in the drama is a portrait, of which the sketch and the coloring appear equally familiar to every one conversant with his historic character. It seems impossible to have painted him otherwise than as he is here depicted. A little reflection, however, will convince us that it required the brilliant imagination and acute sensibility of Goethe to conceive and portray so successfully the imagination and sensibility of Tasso. In short, it was impossible that that high-wrought irritability of temperament and that boundless range of fancy, which are so characteristic of the Italian poet, could have been comprehended and embodied by one who was not himself a poet, liable to similar sensations, and gifted with similar powers. In the character of Leonora D'Este, Goethe has given us an exquisite description of her sex. He has explored the recesses of the female heart, and the undivided admiration of his countrywomen has rewarded his masterly conception of those exalted attributes and feelings, from whose union he has deduced so pure a standard of womanly perfection. The reciprocity of benefits in a state where the great and good bountifully afford shelter and countenance to deserving and struggling genius—where the poet looks to his king with pride and gratitude ("O et præsidium et dulce decus meum!"), is thus beautifully described:—

> Nor numbered Italy a mighty name,
> Whom this proud house had not received a guest.
> And entertaining genius profiteth:
> For when thou givest it the stranger's gift,
> A much more beauteous one it leaves behind.
> The spot is hallowed where the good man dwells;
> Though centuries have lapsed, his words and deeds
> For his remotest offspring still resound!

The delights which a highly gifted female mind enjoys in the converse of cultivated and intellectual men, supply us with one of those masterly strokes that, while they fix the impress of the mind of Leonora D'Este, exalt at the same time the female character to that grade in society which ignorance alone would deny it the power of attaining, and below which frivolity or brutality alone could desire to see it sink.

> Where conversation with the noble leads
> I gladly follow, for I follow free.
> I gladly hear the conflict of the wise,
> When round the secret force, that stirs in man
> The varied sympathies of love and fear,
> The graceful lip of eloquence doth play;

I gladly hear, when glory's princely lust,
And when acquirements, far extended, form
The speaker's theme; and when the dext'rous art
Of master-spirits skilfully unravell'd,
Instead of overreaching us, instructs.

Another great charm in Goethe's poetry, is the exquisite art with which he clothes all his thoughts in beautiful and symmetrical forms, and measures of the most captivating melody. His verses glide like pearls between the lips of the singer; they are born melodies, and do not require the help of music to make them harmonious. His latter and last lyrical performances all possess these excellences, but they want the freshness and simplicity of his former productions; for he became too conventional in his old age, and the fount of juvenile vigor being exhausted, he strove to supply its loss with artificial allegories and far-fetched verbal conceits. It is thus with nations as with men—when they have outlived their youth, when the spirit of action which animated them in the days of their vigor, and begot bold thoughts and high achievements, begins to flag, their efforts are regulated by reason rather than impulse; their poetry seeks to replace by subtle fancies, what it has lost of the fervor and passion of its earlier youth; and the cold glitter of imagination is found to replace the warm language of simplicity and truth.

But let us return to Goethe. This new and natural vitality, which had given his first productions so great and so sudden a fame—for in them was seen what German poetry had hitherto wanted—is also to be found in all his later and more regular compositions, and whatever he undertook was also completed by him with entire success. 'Clavigo,' a tragedy, in which he was bold enough to introduce a contemporary Spanish author as the hero of the piece, and to bring his life to an end on the stage, when the real man was still living happily in his own country; 'Stella,' a drama, 'Claudine Von Villa Bella,' 'Erwin and Elmire,' and sundry other extraordinary productions increased his fame, for they were written in a style altogether new, with great truth and vivacity, and presented striking pictures of real life. It was a new vein of sentiment, quite different from that which Klopstock had introduced into German literature, which made his works so wonderfully effective; it was passionate and stormy, soaring high above the formalities of common morality, and penetrating into every recess and corner of the human heart. In short, Goethe finished what Lessing had begun: his writings effected a total reform in German taste, for they abolished the old established opinion that

the occupation of poetry was only to teach morals, and to impart knowledge in an agreeable manner, and under pleasing forms.

The wild and irregular course adopted by the poet found, as might have been expected, numberless adversaries, who, even when compelled to admire his genius, censured the more severely what they called his contempt of the laws of style and taste. But Goethe soon proved that his genius had opened upon the true path, by writing a tragedy in the ancient Greek fashion, which, with all the excellences that were peculiar to him, and to him alone, included a strict observance of that solemn and rigid form prescribed by Aristotle. This was 'Iphigenia at Tauris,' which will be regarded as a masterpiece as long as German literature shall exist, or the German language shall be spoken. His celebrated tragedy, 'Egmont,' appeared at the same time, so remarkable for the striking individuality of its principal characters, and for the vivacity and truth of its dialogue. In short, Goethe never failed in his poetical endeavors; he always copied nature with a degree of accuracy that made his picture appear to be the original itself, and at the same time he understood how to treat his subject in the most noble and befitting manner. There is a perfection in them all which has not hitherto been rivalled, and it is sufficient to name his 'Die Natürliche Tochter,' 'Die Geschwister,' in proof of this assertion.

We should certainly be led too far were we to dwell at further length upon every single work of this great and extraordinary man; we therefore must forbear entering into an examination even of his greatest and most profound poem, the 'Faust,' for we could fill a volume with the subject, without having fulfilled our task. This master-work for a time remained a fragment, but the poet finished it shortly before his death; the second part, however, was by no means received with the same enthusiasm that had attended the publication of the first, and which still remains undiminished; it is full of beautiful and lofty scenes, but very obscure, and wants a commentary, which only the poet himself was able to have written. The sincerest admirers of 'Faust,' wish that it had remained a fragment; for, to say the truth, this second part does not increase the glory of its author: the first was the child of his youth and vigor—the second is too like the puny and enfeebled offspring of his old age.

Every species of difficulty which can beset the translator is to be encountered in Goethe's 'Faust,' and bold indeed must be the man who dares to grapple therewith. The truth and the paradox —the highest and the commonest—the gravest and the most humorous—the wildest mirth and the desolation of veriest an-

guish—guilt and innocence—all that imagination, feeling, philosophy, and poetry could bind together by a strength almost superhuman—are here, glowing from the hand of their immortal author, with a life which shall endure until time shall be no more. Who shall say that he has fully conceived and understood this mighty whole, so that his eye hath revelled in all its beauty—his ear hath drunk all its deep harmony—his heart hath laughed with all its joy, and wept with all its sorrow—or his reason fully discoursed with that wisdom which seemeth ever deeper and farther-reaching the more nearly we approach it? Emphatically, here we find meat for strong men, and milk for the infant. Many reasoners, like the mathematician whose answer is known to every child—who deem poetry merely an idle gaud, have read 'Faust,' to find their souls' searching questions there answered. Many an imaginative artist, whose eye delighteth in bright many-colored pictures of life, has come here to riot in the wine-cellar, and dance on the Blocksberg, though his brain never teemed with a doubt he could not solve, nor his light heart ever sorrowed for himself or another.

Again there are, and of the purest and best, for whom the mirth is all too boisterous—the reasoning too cunningly refined. But where, in the whole infinite range of things, living or ideal, can they find aught speaking to their heart's affections like the charming portraiture of Margaret, that very fondest, simplest, loveliest woman's nature? What pointed weapons cannot the satirist draw from this poem? Leaving this enumeration unexhausted, we must hastily pass to the language which displays and clothes in the life which colors this vast and changeful magic world of thought and poetry. They who are at all conversant with almost any of Goethe's poems will readily imagine what exquisite harmony, what variety of expression, and power of description his numbers here display; how 'he runs through all modes of the lyre, and is master of all;' keeping everywhere tone, time, and metre so faithfully with his varied matter and spirit of his noble strain, that each seems woven into and blended with the other, so as not to be separated from its true being, without rending the very soul from the body of his song.

Before taking final leave of the subject, we will venture to make two passing remarks of general application to that class of translations which do not appear to be founded on a correct knowledge of the language in which the original 'Faust' was written. There is a point where the exact equivalency of words and idioms has no certain settlement, even by the most learned, if the nearest phrases and proximate verbal correspondence, not

the most identical in spirit of the two opposed languages, be sought as the acme of accuracy. Leaving the application of this to our readers, we say, that in no one thing is the opinion of countrymen of the author translated—ay, even of that author himself—so fallacious, as in judging of the merits of translations, especially of those which attempt the most rigid accuracy. They look for the well-known words recalling their living parallels in their own work and language; and should they find these, can rarely see where the translation may have sunk in its own tongue, when measured with the original. Even when they may understand that tongue almost thoroughly, the masterpiece and their own language is so undividedly the object of their worship, that they can scarcely escape from the feeling, that what they see most like, they like best, though, perhaps, the well-loved features may be merely degraded by some mime's coarse conception of their spirit.

The first thing that astonishes the reader on opening any given volume of Goethe's works, is the amazing comprehensiveness of the author's mind. Every species of writing—verse and prose, German and foreign literature, philosophy, history, anecdotes, moral sentences, and æsthetic criticism, especially on poetry and the drama, even science and *philology*—that study which we generally regard as only fit for those who are fit for nothing else—all pass in turn before us; and on every one he has something to say that is original and beautiful. There is no kind of literature which Goethe has not cultivated. He has written songs, epic poems, elegies, dramas, besides novels, tales, epigrams, &c., and all his performances are master-pieces; and there is no science which did not, at least for some time, engage his attention. Germany is indebted to him, not only as a poet, but also as an eminent scholar and natural philosopher. This child of nature, for so he may be truly called, was almost as universal as nature herself. He not only led the ideal back to nature, but he raised nature to the ideal. His heroes are in the romantic point of view precisely what the gods of Grecian sculpture were in the classical—god-like men, man-like gods. He concentrated all his poetical powers in the representation of man, that is to say, the ideal of human greatness and beauty of mind, the highest and most mysterious of wonders. The outward world was to him throughout only the foil, the antithesis or simile for man. He opposes the moral force of mankind to the blind power of nature, in order to represent the former in its superior nobility, or struggling in its victorious vigor.

## STABAT MATER.

[The following grew out of an attempt to ascertain whether it was possible (to the author) to translate the original into a corresponding English measure, with any degree of closeness, combined with any preservation of the deeply impassioned spirit which burns through every line of the rude and barbarous old monkish Latin. It is well known by its title as one of the grandest of the magnificent hymns of the Catholic Ritual; and it will be remembered, that, so powerful was the impression which had been produced by it upon the mind of Sir Walter Scott, who had heard it in the midst of all its accessaries of kindred arts, in the visit which he made to Italy shortly before his death, that its opening words were the last distinct sounds heard from his lips, as he lay during the solemn process of the passing away of his own great spirit. The imperfection of the translation, which is for the most part very close, sometimes literal, will be readily pardoned by those who will essay the same attempt.]

I.

Broken-hearted, lo! and tearful,
Bowed beside that Cross so fearful,
  Stands the Mother by the Son!
Through her bosom, sympathizing
In his mortal agonizing,
  Deep and keen the steel has gone.

II.

How afflicted, how distresséd,
Stands she now, that Virgin Blesséd,
  By that tree of wo and scorn;
Mark her tremble, droop, and languish,
Gazing on that awful anguish
  Of her child, the Only-Born!

III.

Who may see, nor share her weeping,
Christ the Saviour's Mother keeping
  Grief's wild watch, so sad and lone?

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I.

Stabat Mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
  Dum pendebat Filius;
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristantem et dolentem,
  Pertransivit gladius.

II.

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
  Mater Unigeniti,
Quæ mœrebat et dolebat
Et tremebat dum videbat
  Nati pœnas inclyti!

III.

Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Christi matrem si videret
  In tanto supplicio?

Who behold her bosom sharing
Every pang his soul is bearing,
  Nor receive them in his own?

IV.

Ransom for a world's offending,
Lo, her Son and God is bending
  That dear head to wounds and blows;
'Mid the body's laceration,
And the spirit's desolation,
  As his life-blood darkly flows.

V.

Fount of love, in this dread hour,
Teach me all thy sorrow's power,
  Bid me share its grievous load;
O'er my heart thy spirit pouring,
Bid it burn in meet adoring
  Of its martyred Christ and God!

VI.

Be my prayer, O Mother, granted,
And within my heart implanted
  Every gash whose crimson tide,
From that spotless victim streaming,
Deigns to flow for my redeeming,
  Mother of the Crucified!

VII.

Every sigh of thy affliction—
Every pang of crucifixion—

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Quis non posset contristari,
Piam matrem contemplari,
  Dolentem cum filio?

IV.

Pro peccatis suæ gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
  Et flagellis subditum;
Vidit suum dulcem natum
Morientem, desolatum,
  Dum emisit spiritum.

V.

Eia, Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris,
  Fac ut tecum lugeam!
Fac ut ardeat cor meum,
In amando Christum Deum,
  Ut sibi complaceam!

VI.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
  Cordi meo validè!
Tui nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
  Pœnas mecum divide!

VII.

Fac me vere tecum flere,
Crucifixo condolere,

Teach me all their agony!
At his cross forever bending,
In thy grief forever blending,
Mother, let me live and die.

VIII.

Virgin, of all virgins highest,
Humble prayer who ne'er deniest,
Teach me how to share thy wo!
All Christ's Passion's depth revealing,
Quicken every quivering feeling
All its bitterness to know!

IX.

Bid me drink that heavenly madness,
Mingled bliss of grief and gladness,
Of the Cross of thy dear Son!
With his love my soul inflaming,
Plead for it, oh Virgin, claiming,
Mercy at his judgment throne!

X.

Shelter at that Cross, oh, yield me,
By the death of Christ, oh, shield me,
Comfort with thy grace, and aid!
And, oh Mother, bid my spirit
Joys of Paradise inherit,
When its clay to rest is laid!

For Ever and Ever! Amen!

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Donec ego vixero!
Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Te libenter sociare
In planctu, desidero.

VIII.

Virgo, virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere!
Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolere!

IX.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Cruce hac inebriari,
Ob amorem Filii!
Inflammatus et accensus,
Per te, virgo, sim defensus,
In die judicii!

X.

Fac me cruce custodiri,
Christi Morte præmuniri,
Confoveri gratia!
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animam donetur
Paradisi gloria!

Amen! In Sempiterna! Amen!

# CHORUSES FROM THE GREEK TRAGEDIES,

BY H. W. HERBERT, ESQ.

## VIII.

### CHORUS OF TROJAN WOMEN AFTER THE SACK OF TROY.

*ἰοὶ χρὴν συμφορὰν—Euripides, Hecuba v. 629.*

STROPHE.

Fate—fate it was—that we should perish,
Bearing the burden of another's crime,
Even from that far time,
When all on Ida hill's immortal top,
Young Paris bade the old pine forests lop,
Soon! soon across the foamy waves to steer,
In amorous career,
E'en to thy bridal bowers, O Helen fair;
Brightest beyond compare,
Of all whose charms the golden sun doth cherish.

ANTISTROPHE.

Just Nemesis and Fate, unearthly powers,
Have drawn around us the dark net of wo,
That aye! our tears must flow—
Flow! for the wide and universal doom
That made the fields of Troy a people's tomb—
All for the sin of one foredoomed to fall;
What time i' the mountains tall
They sought the herdsman-arbiter's decree,
Heaven's loveliest daughters three,
And beauty's prize was won in woodland bowers.

EPODE.

Hence to our guiltless houses came
The bloody spear—the vengeful flame—
The ruin!—nor to us alone!—
For many a Spartan maiden's moan,
Sad as she sate Eurotas' bank beside,
Swelled the wild murmur of its mournful tide
And many a hoary matron old
Rent her thin cheeks, her tresses tore,
With hands incarnadined in gore—
For that her gallant sons lay stark and cold—
In speechless wo that would not be consoled.

## IX.

### CHORUS OF AGED GREEKS BEFORE THE PALACE OF THE ATRIDÆ.

*τίς ποτ' ὠνόμαζεν ὧδ'—Æschylus, Agamemnon v. 664.*

STROPHE I.

Who was it?—who, that named of yore,
And by a name so true—
If it were not He, whom never eye did view,
Who fate's decrees, or e'er they were foreknew,
And spake, as none did ever speak before—
Helen!—the bride of spears!—the cause of strife!—
Who navies, heroes, realms, to Hell devoting,
Sailed from her curtain'd bowers, with fragrance rife,
Soft on the wings of earth-born zephyr floating,
While chasing o'er the deep her trackless oars,
Stanch to pursue, through seas of blood, their game,
To silver Simois of the woodland shores,
Furious, and fast, and far, the shielded hunters came.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Thy scourge she was, dread Nemesis,
That fair and fatal bride—
Thy scourge divine, to lash the unholy pride
Of who Jove's hearth and table did deride,
In impious lust of the forbidden kiss—
Unduly honoring that nuptial strain,
Which then they chanted out so loud and long,
Through all Troy streets, young Paris' nuptial train!
Soon to be drowned in sadder, stranger song,
Which all Priam's city old in deep repentance
And changed notes should sing, with curses dread,
On him whose phrensy sealed his country's sentence
Of blood and tears—sad lord of that adulterous bed!—

STROPHE II.

Thus have I seen, in hospitable hall,
Some outcast youngling from the lion's den,
Reared, a domestic friend, on the hearth of men;
Tame in life's spring-time, frolicsome and mild,
The children's playmate—yea! the toy of all!—
In white arms fondled like a new-born child,
With tawny visage brightening to the hand,
And fawning soft for food, with sportive gestures bland.

ANTISTROPHE II.

But come the fulness of his time, and straight
His native instincts wild he did display,
And fierce with fatal meed the hands repay,
That fed his helpless youth!—Unbidden guest,

All unreclaimed, his fury shall he sate
In floods of slaughter—dark domestic pest!
Stern sacrificer, sent at heaven's command,
To wreak the doom deserved on all the guilty land.

STROPHE III.

So would I say she came, in such a guise,
So wooed and welcomed—as the low soft tone
That breathes o'er calmest seas—a rare pale stone
Set in pure gold—a fair and innocent flower
Piercing the soul, though thornless—a soft power
Of sidelong glances shot from humid eyes.
So crept she to young Paris' heart—so stole,
Frail, delicate sinner, to his inmost soul—
Wo worth the marriage tie—the stately place
She filled so fatally for Priam's race,
Sent by the gods, that o'er the hearth preside,
Vengeance to work on many a mourning bride,
For hospitable faith so basely falsified.

ANTISTROPHE III.

On mortal lips there lives a strange old saw,
Exceeding ancient, and, some think, as wise—
"That perfect bliss of men not childless dies,
But ended leaves a progeny behind,
Dark woes, that spring from fairest fortune blind."
But I, for one, receive not this as law—
For aye! ancestral guilt revives again,
Begetting crime on crime, a kindred train,
Like to their parent sin in form and size,
A terror and a curse to human eyes.
But when the house is firm in honor's way,
By equal justice ruled with moderate sway,
A race of blessings bright is born from day to day.

STROPHE IV.

Thus ancient violence violence brings to life,
Still born anew from every newest strife,
Still bursting out, invoked by watchful fate,
And still in turn producing ruthless Hate—
That fiend invincible of deadliest might,
Unholy, daring, grim as blackest night,
Like all the brood accursed that shun the blessed light!

ANTISTROPHE IV.

But Justice still in smokiest mansions vile
Gleams out, illuming with beatic smile
The pure and honored life of the happy low—
While gilded gauds, how bright soe'er they glow,
If won by sordid hands, she ever flies
With neck averted and abhorrent eyes,
Detesting wealth debased by sin's polluting dies.

## X.

### CHORUS OF THESSALIAN VIRGINS.

Ἦ μεγάλων ἀχέων ἄρ' ὑπῆρξεν—*Euripides, Andromache v. 273.*

STROPHE I.

THEN, then indeed, did mighty woes begin,
Offspring of mighty sin!
What time the son of Jove and Maia bright
Up Ida's haunted height,
By many a beechen grove and shadowy cave,
That triple yoke of heavenly beauties drave,
All armed for that fell strife in charms divine;
And found, oh! fatal day for the Dardan line!
The royal herdsman in his woodland fold,
Hard by the lonely hut with hearth extinct and cold.

ANTISTROPHE I.

But ere they reached that wild and sylvan lair,
Those three immortals fair
All in the limpid and translucent rills,
That water those wild hills,
Laved their rare forms, whose radiance streamed around,
Lighting those savage haunts of gloom profound;
Then sought with guileful lures that hapless youth,
Whom Venus won, with words more sweet than sooth—
Words, that breathed joy to him, but death to thee,
And to thy children chains, fallen city of the free.

STROPHE II.

Oh! would that she had perished years ago,
Who cursed Paris bore, that child of wo,
Or e'er his herds be pastured on the hill—
Or e'er Cassandra shrieked, "To kill! to kill!"—
Decked, as she was with Phœbus' laurel crown;
"To kill the curse foredoomed to Priam's town"—
For whom of rulers did she not implore,
Whom not command to shed the hated infant's gore?

ANTISTROPHE II.

So never had the neck of Phthia's daughters
Bowed to the yoke beside Thessalian waters
So never hadst thou wailed thy hero's fate;
In the proud halls of Phrygia's lordly state—
Nor Troy had mourned the blood, which ten whole years
Bathed in the strife of men the Grecian spears—
Her beds had not been lone, nor quenched her fires,
Nor orphans all her sons, nor childless all her sires.

## THE RHODE ISLAND AFFAIR.

At the date of the present article, so much uncertainty yet rests upon *the true facts* attending the recent temporary check to the cause of Democratic Liberty in Rhode Island, that we postpone to a future Number, (probably our next,) that full examination of the whole question, which we consider due, at our hands, to the subject and to the occasion. But even in the present state of our information, a sufficient idea of the general outline of the occurrence can be gathered, from amidst the conflicting accounts reported from the scene of action, to justify and to demand at least a brief notice of some of the leading features of this important controversy—one of the most interesting that have arisen within the period of our national history, and one essentially involving the very fundamental principles of our entire system of American institutions, and American political ideas.

One point is so generally conceded as to be beyond the necessity for any argument—namely, that the Constitutionalists were perfectly right in the main object of their enterprise, the establishment of a Constitution, containing proper definitions of all the powers of government, and based on the principle of universal suffrage. Under the old Charter, it is well known that all political power centred in the General Assembly, and the elective franchise was confined to persons possessing a freehold qualification to the amount of $134, and to their eldest sons. That charter contained, moreover, a number of most odious and degrading distinctions against non-freeholders—such as incapacity to serve as jurors, to act as bail, to institute any legal proceeding without the endorsement of a freeholder upon his process, &c. That the day had arrived when in the necessary order of things a free republican constitution *must* be established in Rhode Island, is not questioned. This concession is contained in the fact, that the freeholders themselves, during the past year, found themselves constrained by the present force and the threatening aspect of public opinion, to grant a constitution with a very large extension of suffrage,—after having steadily refused any such concession, for a long course of years, to the repeated efforts of the people to obtain it by the peaceable methods of petition and persuasion. No one can read the history of these efforts, made in particular in 1829, in 1832, and 1834, and at the January session of the Legislature of 1841—(not to go back to the earlier history of the question, in the years 1824, 1820, and 1811)—without being struck with astonishment at the contumely with which they were invariably repulsed on the one part by the

dominant *third* of the population of the State, and on the other at the long-suffering patience with which such treatment was submitted to by the *two-thirds* whose natural and just political rights were thus outraged and denied. The number of votes in the Assembly, in 1829, in favor of an extension of the suffrage, was *three!* in 1834, *seven!*—in the former year, being on the motion of Mr. Pearce; in the latter, on that of Mr. Dorr.

It was in the year 1841, that the Constitutional party at last determined to cast themselves on their indefeasible natural right, as the majority of the people of the State, to remodel its organic law, so as to bring it into harmony with the universally recognised principles of American liberty, in the midst of which their little State, under its antiquated and obsolete royal charter, presented so singular a solecism. During the course of 1840, they had commenced an active organization of Free Suffrage Associations formed in different parts of the State, with a view to the attainment of the great object so long in vain contended for. At the January session of the Legislature of 1841, the state of affairs extorted from that body a resolution *requesting* the election of a convention to meet in November to frame a constitution. The worth of this concession to the popular demand may be estimated from the fact, that this convention was to be elected only by the qualified freeholders, voting on the existing unequal basis of representation and suffrage; and that the constitution they should frame, if any, was to be submitted, for adoption or rejection, not to the people to be governed by it, but to that same interested minority of landholders, voting on the same basis. At the June session of the Legislature, a bill admitting to the right of voting on the election of this convention, "every white male citizen of the United States, over twenty-one years of age, who has resided in this State two years, and in the town or city where he is to vote six months preceding the time of voting, and who has paid a tax on real estate or personal property for one year previous to the time of voting," was *rejected by the large majority* of 52 to 10. What was to be hoped, after all the experience of the past, from a body thus constituted? The Free Suffrage Party, naturally enough, abandoned all further expectation of justice from those from whom they had so long in vain besought it; and, carrying into effect the course they had already marked out, proceeded at once to call a voluntary popular convention to frame a constitution. This body, elected in August, assembled in October, and again at an adjourned meeting in November; and having completed its labors, submitted to the people the draft of a constitution thus framed, to be voted on in December. In the interval between these two meetings of this body, the Charter convention

assembled; and, without completing their task, adjourned to meet again in February. At the time of their adjournment, the proposition for an extension of suffrage which had been adopted by the vote of the body, was to take it away from the eldest sons of freeholders, and to give it to non-freeholders on the qualification of five hundred dollars in personal property. Meanwhile the popular vote on the People's Constitution was taken, in the last week of December; and the Convention by which it had been submitted, reassembled on the 12th January, and after counting the votes returned to it, declared it adopted by a vote of 13,944. None of the estimates of the population of the State (based on the recent census) has carried the number of white male citizens of the United States, over the age of twenty-one years, above the number of about twenty-three thousand. The number, 13,944, would, therefore, be a large absolute majority of the whole. After this, the Charter Convention reassembled in February, and completed their constitution; which was rejected by the votes to which it was submitted—the vote standing, 8689 against, to 8013 in favor of it. It should here be mentioned, that the extension of suffrage finally adopted by this body was as follows:—the property qualification was removed so far as regarded *native American* citizens, but was retained for *naturalized* citizens, together with the requisition of a three years' residence in the State after naturalization. A residence of two years was also required from all—the residence under the People's Constitution being one year. All who were to become qualified under the instrument were allowed to vote on its adoption. This constitution having been rejected,* the issue then lay between the Constitution and the old Charter. Under the former, in pursuance of its own provisions, a Governor, Legislature, &c., were duly elected; while the accustomed officers under the Charter were also elected at nearly the same time.

Here, then, arose the great question—which was the true, rightful, and legitimate government of the State? The Charterists insisted that every proceeding in relation to the Constitution was illegal and null, and treasonable against the State; and passed a very severe law of pains and penalties (commonly designated as

* The chief grounds on which the Free Suffrage party opposed this constitution (although a certain number of them were induced to vote for it) were: 1, the retention of the property qualification for naturalized citizens; 2, the unequal apportionment of representatives made by it in both branches of the Legislature, being such as to give to *one-third* of the population of the State a majority of members in each branch; 3, the provision in relation to amendments, perpetuating this evil, by requiring the consent of these two branches to any alterations; and, 4, the fact that they had already adopted a different and a better constitution, in a mode which they regarded as right, proper, and authoritative. Whether there was not in these grounds ample justification of this course, may be left to the judgment of every candid reader.

the *Algerine law*) against all persons connecting themselves with any attempt to carry it into effect. The Constitutionalists insisted that the adoption of the Constitution by the well-ascertained vote of a large majority of the people, established that instrument as the true organic law of the State, superseding the old form of government, and entitled *proprio suo vigore*, to the allegiance and support of every good citizen. Which was in the right? We imagine that there will not be found very many among our readers who will hesitate to answer this question in favor of the latter party, so far at least as regards the general principle involved in the issue. And if there be any, we desire only to refer them to the emphatic language in which the right of the people to alter their form of government at pleasure, and in their own time and mode, is expressly declared in most of the constitutions of the States of the Union, as well as in the writings of some of the most venerated, and even of some of the least democratic, of our elder sages of political science and law. Few will rise from the examination of these authorities with many doubts lingering on their minds on this point,—especially in view of the fact, that the people of Rhode Island have never before exerted that sovereignty which reverted to them on its passage from the crown, to establish a constitution, entitled to respect and allegiance on that ground, and prescribing a fixed mode for its own amendment.

But this whole argument hinges on the presumption of *the fact* of the popular majority by which the Constitution was adopted. Now, there is no force in the attempts which have been made to impeach the genuineness of that majority on grounds derived from the votes cast at a subsequent uncontested election. The original voting on that direct question is alone to be regarded. The votes were collected on ballots required to be inscribed in the following terms, and signed by the name of the voter: "I am an American citizen of the age of twenty-one years, and have my permanent residence or home in this State. I am (or not) qualified to vote under the existing laws of this State. I vote for (or against) the constitution formed by the convention of the people assembled at Providence, and which was proposed to the people by said convention on the eighteenth day of November, 1841." The proxy votes taken during the three days following those of the direct voting, were in the same manner inscribed and signed, with the addition of the name of a person who had already voted, as an attesting witness.* The originals of all these ballots were

* As much has been said to prejudice the fairness of this voting on the adoption of the constitution, on the ground of the subsequent reception of these proxy votes, it is proper to state, that it was only in accordance with the provision of the constitution

carefully preserved and returned to the Convention, by which they were counted and inspected. The report of the Counting Committee was transmitted to the General Assembly at the January session, and a motion was made to inquire into the return of the votes polled. This was rejected by a large majority. In view of such a state of uncontested facts, we cannot but conclude that the Charterists have no right to dispute that fact of majority thus ascertained and published, which they were thus unsuccessfully invited to investigate for themselves, to their own satisfaction. It was their duty to accept that invitation; to scrutinize and verify the return of this voting; and on becoming satisfied of the genuineness of the majority declared by the Popular Convention, to come in with an honorable and loyal adhesion to the Constitution thus established, by the first direct exercise, which had yet taken place in the State, of the primary and fundamental popular sovereignty. Having failed to do so,—having thrown themselves on a principle antagonistic to this of the sovereign right of the people to frame their own Constitution, by refusing even to inquire into the truth of the fact of the majority—they placed themselves in an attitude of real moral treason against the State; and the Constitutionalists were perfectly right in going on to carry that instrument into effect, and in organizing the State government under it. In sustaining it, they were the true party of law and order, occupying a defensive position against disloyal and factious aggression, brought against the legitimate and rightful Constitution of the State, under the forms of the superseded Charter.

The failure—the present temporary failure—of this noble movement, we sincerely regret. The means by which it has been effected are yet enveloped in too much mystery to justify any conclusions in relation to them. That there has been some foul treachery in the business skilfully brought into play at the critical moment, is manifest enough; and that most of the leaders of the enterprise were grossly incompetent, destitute of moral courage and energy, and unworthy of their position. Mr. Dorr's

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itself, which says that "every person entitled to vote as aforesaid, who, from sickness or other causes, may be unable to attend and vote in the town or ward meetings, assembled for voting upon said constitution on the days aforesaid, is requested to write his name upon a ticket, and to obtain the signature upon the back of the same, of a person who has given in his vote as a witness thereto. And the moderator or clerk of our town or ward meeting convened for the purpose aforesaid, shall receive such vote on either of the three days next succeeding the three days before-named for voting on said constitution." Now when it is considered that this voting was upon the adoption of a constitution, it will be manifest that this was a very proper provision to secure the actual vote of as nearly the whole number of the people as possible. At ordinary elections, a very large proportion of the whole do not vote at all. Many doubtless did not deposite their votes in person, from reasons of convenience, in reliance upon the reserved ability to do so within the course of the three ensuing days.

conduct, personally, appears to have been spirited and brave; though he was either led or forced by those surrounding him to commit some serious mistakes of judgment,—such as his most unwise and really fatal departure from the State on his mission to Washington. We have witnessed with profound satisfaction the spontaneous and warm sympathy of the Democratic Party of other States with the whole movement; and with equal disgust the part played by the Federal Government in relation to it—a part for which Mr. John Tyler must yet be brought to a severe reckoning. The spectacle has been a melancholy one, of the zeal with which nearly the entire body of the Whig Party have betrayed the true instincts and affinities of their political character, in the course they have taken on this question. The ferocity with which they have denounced one of the most legitimate, reasonable, orderly, and moderate movements ever made for the vindication of popular rights, has almost equalled that with which the worst toryism in England always meets the first indication of such a spirit on the part of the masses enthralled and degraded by their fetters of force and aristocratic law. Following so closely after all their "democratic" professions of late years, this question has acted upon them like the touch of the spear of Ithuriel. We trust that no portion of this history will be forgotten by the people.

Let not the Free Suffrage party of Rhode Island be disheartened or disorganized. They are in The Right. They have the full sympathies of their friends and brethren elsewhere. If a new constitution is now offered them, with as free a suffrage, and as fair an apportionment, as their own, let them accept it—and the whole affair will be their substantial triumph. If not, let them repeat their recent movement, with better preparation and better men in their prominent places, and they need fear nothing from any hireling soldiers with which they may be menaced. They must and will succeed.

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## BULWER.

We had intended to present in our present number a sketch of the personal and political character and career of Bulwer, one of the most decided liberals and radicals of England, as one of the series of "*Eminent Liberals in Europe*," of which one has been given before, (Christolphe of Sweden,) and of which others will follow in the course of the coming year. The friend who had undertaken the preparation of this paper has found himself unable to accomplish it; and as we know of no other individual similarly competent to that duty, we are compelled to await the results of a correspondence with the other side of the Atlantic before laying before our readers the article in contemplation. In the mean time, we do not omit the engraved portrait which is intended to accompany it, though thus compelled to give it without the paper which it was intended to illustrate.

# MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

During the month which has elapsed since the date of our last, some degree of improvement has taken place in the prospect of commercial affairs. This has principally grown out of the nature of the news received from abroad. A great and important change had taken place in the tariff of Great Britain, by which the duties on most articles of American produce have been greatly diminished. This was received as an earnest of a greatly improved future trade between the two countries, and went far to revive expectations of returning activity in commerce; and being accompanied by indications that the political differences between the two countries were in a fair train of amicable settlement, a greatly improved feeling was produced in the markets, which might also in some degree have been ascribed to the opening of the canals in New York, releasing large quantities of produce, and carrying back a fair amount of merchandise—the spring purchases of the country dealers. These facts failed, however, to create any material rise in the prices of produce or goods generally; the demand for the former being scarcely more than sufficient to maintain rates in the face of receipts. The business doing is very healthy on a cash basis, but has been far from large.

Money with the banks has been plentiful, and they have with difficulty found the proper description of paper to employ their funds. Remittances from the country have, however, been procured with difficulty, and a vast number of debts have been compromised on the part of those merchants depending upon realizing their outstanding accounts. The exports of produce from the South have decreased, diminishing the supply of foreign bills, which has been very moderate, and the rates have consequently advanced. The transactions for the packet of the 16th were not large, in consequence of the great firmness of holders, and the indisposition of purchasers to meet the demands of drawers; and the rates closed firm at the following figures:—

| | *Nov.* 15. | *March* 1. | *April* 1. | *May* 1. | *May* 16. | *par.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| London | 10 a 10½ | 6 a 8½ | 5¼ a 7½ | 6 a 7½ | 8½ a 8¾ | 9 7-10 |
| France | 5 90 a 5 21 | 5 27½ a 5 28½ | 5 27½ a — | 5 35 a 5 37 | 5 30 a 5 32 | 5 36 |
| Amsterdam | 40¼ a 40½ | 39½ a 40 | 38½ a 39½ | 38¾ a 39 | 39½ a 39½ | 40 |
| Hamburg | 36½ a 39¾ | 35½ a 35½ | 34½ a 35 | 34¾ a 35 | 35 a 35½ | 35 |
| Bremen | 78½ a 78½ | 76½ a 77 | 75½ a 76½ | 75½ a 75½ | 76 a 76½ | 80 |

These are rates for 60 day bills, the interest for which period, added to the price, gives the true rate of exchange, which is about par on London. The disposition of exchange to rise has induced caution among moneyed men to some extent.

Several bank failures have taken place in different parts of the Union, two of them being free banks, and one Safety Fund of the State of New York. This is a natural and necessary consequence of the revulsion of business, and must continue until the redundant capital is purged from the banking business of the Union. In order to show the force of the storm which has overtaken the credit system, we have, with patient research, compiled a table of the capital of all the banks that failed throughout the year 1841, with the outstanding circulation and specie held by each at the time of failure. Although we denominate them all as failed, yet in some cases they have voluntarily wound up without dishonoring their liabilities. This has been the case with the United States Bank in New York, the New York Banking Company, the Bank of Attica, and one or two others. These banks have all stopped since the 1st of January, 1841, and in nearly every instance the capital has been entirely lost:—

Capital, Circulation, and Specie of Banks that have failed in the United States in 1841.

| *New York Safety Fund.* | *Capital.* | *Circulation.* | *Specie.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wayne County Bank | $100,000 | $144,392 | $4,011 |
| Bank of Buffalo | 200,000 | 195,000 | 16,138 |
| Commercial Bank do | 400,000 | 346,870 | 40,286 |
| City Bank do | 400,000 | 368,922 | 38,340 |
| Commercial Bank, Oswego | 250,000 | 216,096 | 8,265 |
| " " New York | 500,000 | 181,370 | 55,464 |
| Clinton County Bank | 200,000 | 193,616 | 11,216 |
| Lafayette Bank | 500,000 | 94,634 | 32,817 |
| Lewis County Bank | 100,000 | 137,754 | 8,561 |
| Watervliet Bank | 250,000 | 118,040 | 11,714 |

| *New York Free Banks.* | *Capital.* | *Circulation.* | *Specie.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bank of Western N. York, Rochester | 180,000 | 83,158 | 11,575 |
| Binghampton Bank | 200,000 | 28,185 | 9,253 |
| Phenix Bank, Buffalo | 100,000 | 27,480 | 3,230 |
| Bank of America, Buffalo | 100,000 | 87,480 | 2,410 |
| Erie County Bank | 200,000 | 99,195 | 19,527 |
| Cattaraugus County Bank | 100,000 | 59,200 | 7,140 |
| Bank of Commerce, Buffalo | 100,000 | 103,575 | 18,769 |
| Bank of Lodi | 100,000 | 40,612 | 1,315 |
| Mechanics' Bank, Buffalo | 100,000 | 94,396 | 6,158 |
| United States Bank, Buffalo | 100,000 | 42,227 | 9,037 |
| Union Bank, Buffalo | 100,000 | 46,160 | 7,887 |
| Merchants' Exchange Bank, Buffalo | 285,000 | 111,995 | 19,953 |
| Staten Island Bank | 148,300 | 65,700 | 1,695 |
| Alleghany County Bank | 100,000 | 29,750 | 4,680 |
| St. Lawrence County Bank | 136,675 | 166,642 | 16,442 |
| James Bank | 106,000 | 57,690 | 3,869 |
| Bank of Olean | 100,000 | 112,070 | 3,580 |
| Washington Bank | 100,000 | 14,025 | 2,520 |
| Clinton Bank, New York | 100,000 | 22,662 | 1,220 |
| Farmers' Bank, Orleans | 299,180 | 65,097 | 14,400 |
| Farmers' & Mechanics' Bank, Rochester | 100,000 | 38,900 | 7,191 |
| Bank of the United States in New York | 200,000 | 140,000 | 263,774 |
| Bank of Amsterdam | 100,085 | 30,500 | 2,916 |
| New York Banking Company | 352,745 | 104,800 | 16,364 |
| Bank of Attica | 100,000 | 13,917 | 3,000 |
| United States Bank of Pennsylvania | 35,000,000 | 11,223,658 | 2,171,722 |
| Girard Bank | 5,000,000 | 768,175 | 115,896 |
| Schuylkill Bank | 1,000,000 | 100,000 | 60,000 |
| Bank of Philadelphia | 2,100,000 | 137,513 | 242,707 |
| Bank of Penn Township | 460,440 | 18,320 | 65,674 |
| Mechanics' Bank | 1,400,000 | 137,473 | 44,811 |
| Moyamensing Bank | 250,000 | 168,800 | 48,760 |
| Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Bank | 401,300 | 119,625 | 20,298 |
| Towanda Bank | 100,000 | 40,000 | 5,000 |
| Planters' Bank, Georgia | 535,500 | 164,747 | 100,050 |
| Central Railroad, " | 2,016,359 | 209,320 | 65,820 |
| Merchants' Bank, New Orleans | 1,000,000 | 29,625 | 334,799 |
| Improvement Bank, " | 1,526,169 | 502,635 | 17,013 |
| Exchange " " | 968,763 | 257,815 | 104,251 |
| Atchafalaya " " | 788,990 | 378,210 | 72,274 |
| Orleans " " | 424,700 | 198,760 | 111,966 |
| Ohio Banks | 2,377,169 | 2,120,000 | 498,220 |
| State Bank, Illinois | 3,446,125 | 2,105,615 | 529,640 |
| Real Estate Bank, Arkansas | 2,030,000 | 609,065 | 403,030 |
| Bank of Bennington, Vermont | 87,730 | 49,730 | 3,260 |
| | $67,036,265 | $23,577,752 | $5,696,084 |

This gives the astonishing sum of nearly $70,000,000 of bank capital that has ceased to exist within the year, withdrawing from circulation in round numbers $24,000,000, and throwing into the channels of business $5,600,000 of specie. The circulation of all the banks in the Union on the 1st of January, 1841, including the free banks of New York and the United States Bank of Philadelphia, amounted to $121,465,198, and the specie $35,034,516. The circulation of the banks still in operation has been reduced about 10 per cent., and the specie remains nearly the same. This will give the following as the state of the paper currency of the Union at this moment:—

| | | *Circulation.* | *Specie.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Circulation, Jan. 1841 | | $121,465,198 | $35,034,516 |
| " of banks since failed | 23,429,998 | | |
| " " in operation, 10 per ct. reduction | 9,802,520 | 33,242,518 | 5,686,523 |
| Total capital now existing | $292,706,427 | $88,222,680 | $29,247,993 |
| " Jan. 1841 | 317,642,692 | 121,665,198 | 35,036,516 |
| " " 1840 | 358,462,692 | 106,968,572 | 33,105,156 |
| " " 1839 | 327,132,512 | 135,170,995 | 45,133,673 |
| " " 1838 | 317,636,778 | 116,138,910 | 35,184,112 |
| " " 1837 | 290,772,091 | 149,185,890 | 37,915,360 |
| " " 1836 | 251,875,292 | 140,301,038 | 40,019,504 |
| " " 1835 | 231,250,337 | 103,692,695 | 43,937,625 |
| " " 1834 | 200,005,966 | 96,839,370 | |

This table presents the fact that the circulation is less now than at any period since 1833, and the bank capital is nearly the same as in 1837. As circulation forms the chief medium of profit to banks, it is evident that, with so reduced a circulation, even the amount of capital now employed in banking must be far from profitable;—hence the great depreciation in the value of bank stocks in the market. If we suppose that all the banks in operation in 1836 paid dividends averaging 6 per cent., the amount was $15,000,000. The probability is that the gross dividends for the past

year have not exceeded $5,000,000. This loss of capital and the falling off of dividends have dried up one source of the accumulation of funds in the hands of those capitalists from whom the demand for public securities is mostly derived, and therefore have had an influence upon their prices. The depreciation on the bank capital still in operation will average 30 per cent., equal to a loss of $87,600,000. In State stocks, the depreciation at the present market prices is $100,400,000. In company stocks of various descriptions it is $75,300,000, and in real estate it may be estimated at $300,000,000. These sums brought together make an immense item, as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Loss of bank capital by failure | $66,936,245 |
| " " depreciation | 87,600,000 |
| Loss on State stock " | 100,600,000 |
| " company " | 75,300,000 |
| " real estate " | 300,000,000 |
| Total loss of capital | $730,236,245 |

In many cases these items run one into the other. For instance: the capital of the United States Bank was invested in State and company stocks and real estate, and the depreciation of those annihilated the capital of the bank. (While this operation has been going on, the profits of trade have been very small, and the accumulation of capital from all quarters has not been equal to the loss nominally sustained.) Yet, after all, the real wealth of the country is far greater at this moment than when those paper bubbles were in their prime. They were evidently the means by which the property of the producing classes was drawn into the coffers of the stockholders. As above stated, the dividends upon bank capital in 1836-7 was 15 to $18,000,000. This was ultimately actually paid by the working classes, who at the same time were paying $13,000,000 per annum interest on State loans, making the enormous tax of two dollars per head on every soul in the United States. From the bank tax the mass have in a great measure been relieved, and to some extent of that to meet State indebtedness. The loss of paper wealth is therefore a gain to the country at large, but it operates immediately to prevent a demand for public securities, because there is no accumulation of capital in the hands of those who seek these investments. Hence the continued fall of stocks, and the difficulty of obtaining money on the most undoubted securities—even the 7 per cent. loan of the State of New York.

In a former number we stated that many new loans were about to be put upon the market, viz., $3,500,000 of the $11,500,000 six per cent. loan of the Federal Government authorized at the present session of Congress, $1,000,000 of the $3,500,000 authorized at the late session of the State of New York, and a 7 per cent. city loan. For the U. States stock, after proposals had been advertised the legal time, it was found that no bids had been received except for about $400,000 on Boston account at near par. Of course, no other result could have been expected while the finances of the Government are in such confusion, with a revenue deficient near $10,000,000 per ann., no definite system adopted, and a powerful faction bent upon creating a permanent national debt by giving away the revenues from the public lands and diminishing the customs revenue by protective duties—at the same time that a N. York 7 per cent. stock was offering upon the market. The latter was taken up slowly by small capitalists to the extent of about $600,000, and the remainder was then taken mostly on foreign account by two leading Wall street houses. Of the remaining $2,500,000, $1,500,000 it is understood will be taken by the banks, in view of the temporary loan expired in March last. This state of affairs clearly shows how little money is seeking permanent securities for investment, while on the other hand there is every disposition to realize upon the stocks bearing low rates of interest, if it could be done without too great a sacrifice, an event not likely soon to happen—although, from causes hinted at in the fore part of this article, a nominal rise has been effected in some descriptions. In order to show the change which has taken place, we annex quotations up to the departure of the last packet, as follows:—

PRICES OF LEADING STOCKS IN THE NEW YORK MARKET.

| | *Rate.* | *Redeemable.* | *Aug.* 30. | *Dec.* 31. | *Feb.* 15. | *April* 1. | *May* 1. | *May* 14 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| United States | 5½ | 1844 | 100 a 100½ | 96½ a 97 | 96 a 97 | 90 a 95 | 92 a 97 | 96 a 97 |
| " " | 6 | 1844 | — | 97½ a 97½ | 97 a 99 | 90 a 97 | 97 a 97 | 98½ a 100 |
| New York State | 6 | 1860 | 100 a 100½ | 86½ a 87½ | 79 a 80 | 50 a 85 | 90 a 93 | 89½ a 91 |

| | Rate. | Redeemable. | Aug. 30. | Dec. 31. | Feb. 15. | April 1. | May 1. | May 14. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| N. York State | 5½ | —— | 91½ a 92 | ..76 a 77 | .71 a 73 | ..76½ a 78 | ..83 a 85 | ..85 a 85½ |
| " " " | 5 | 1845 | 93 a 95 | ..85 a 86 | .80 a 87 | ..85 a 90 | ..— a 90 | ..88½ a 90 |
| " " " | 5 | 1846 | 93 a 95 | ..85 a 86 | .80 a 87 | ..85 a 90 | ..— a 90 | ..88½ a 90 |
| " " " | 5 | 1847 | 93 a 95 | ..85 a 86 | .80 a 87 | ..85 a 90 | ..— a 90 | ..88½ a 90 |
| " " " | 5 | 1850 | 91 a 92 | ..85 a 86 | .68 a 71 | ..78 a 79 | ..— a 84 | ..82 a 83 |
| " " " | 5 | 1855 | 86 a 87 | ..76½ a 77 | .68 a 72 | ..77 a 77½ | ..82 a 83 | ..82 a 83 |
| " " " | 5 | 1858 | 86 a 86½ | ..76½ a 77 | .68 a 71 | ..77½ a — | ..82 a 83 | ..82 a 83 |
| " " " | 4½ | 1849 | 75 a 77 | ..70 a 75 | .— a — | ..— a — | ..76 a 78 | .67 a 77 |
| " " City | 5 | fire | 84½ a 85½ | ..77 a 79 | .72 a 76 | ..77 a 78 | .83 a 84 | ..79 a 80 |
| " " " | 5 | water | 84½ a 85½ | ..76½ a 77½ | .77 a 78 | ..77 a 78 | .84 a 85 | ..79½ a 80 |
| " " bonds | 6 | 1 year | — a 100 | ..96 a 97 | .96 a 98 | ..98 a 99 | .— a 99 | ..89½ a 99½ |
| Brooklyn City | 6 | 20 " | 100 a 105 | ..85 a 90 | .90 a 92 | ..90 a 95 | .— a — | ..90 a 97 |
| Pennsylvania | 5 | —— | 79 a 80 | ..37 a 58 | .44 a 49 | ..32 a 33 | .— a 48 | ..45 a 46 |
| Ohio | 6 | 1850 | 94 a 95 | ..73 a 76 | .68 a 70 | ..53 a 53½ | .— a 72 | ..76 a 78 |
| " | 6 | 1856 | 94 a 95 | ..72 a 73 | .67 a 68 | ..52 a 63 | .70 a 71 | ..75½ a 77 |
| " | 6 | 1858 | 94 a 95 | ..72 a 73 | .67 a 68 | ..52 a 53 | .70 a 71 | ..75½ a 77 |
| " | 6 | 1860 | 94 a 95 | ..72 a 73 | .67 a 68 | ..52 a 53 | .— a — | ..75½ a 77 |
| " | 5 | 1850 | 84 a 85 | ..60 a 70 | .— a — | ..— a — | .— a 56 | ..65 a 70 |
| Kentucky | 6 | —— | 84 a 85 | ..70 a 73 | .67 a 68 | ..67 a 70 | .— a 82½ | ..77 a 77½ |
| " | 6 | bonds 4's | — a — | ..— a — | .— a — | ..— a — | .— a — | ..— a — |
| Alabama, dollar | 5 | 1866 | — a — | ..40 a 50 | .50 a 55 | ..50 a — | .— a — | ..50 a 60 |
| Arkansas,* | 6 | 25 yrs | 59 a 63 | ..27 a 45 | .35 a 45 | ..— a — | .— a — | ..25 a 30 |
| Indiana,* sterling | 5 | —— | 56 a 57 | ..19 a 26 | .20 a 21 | ..17½ a 17½ | .19 a 19¾ | .18½ a 19 |
| " dollar | 5 | —— | 55 a 55½ | ..19½ a 19½ | .19 a 20 | ..17½ a 17½ | .20 a 21 | ..19 a 19½ |
| Illinois,* sterling | 6 | 1860 | — a — | ..— a — | .— a — | ..— a — | .— a — | ..— a — |
| " dollar, b'k l'n, | 6 | 1860 | 56 a 56½ | ..19½ a 20 | .— a — | ..20 a 22 | .— a — | ..17½ a 18 |
| " sterling | 6 | 18:0 | — a — | ..— a — | .— a — | ..14 a 14½ | .— a — | ..— a — |
| " dollar | 6 | 1870 | 55 a 55½ | ..19½ a 19½ | .18 a 19 | ..19¾ a 20 | ..18 a 18¾ | .16½ a 16½ |

Those States marked thus* have failed in their interest.

This presents a great rise in the value of stocks, from the lowest point of depression, which was in the middle of February. The improvement is more particularly apparent in the stocks of the State of New York, and has been on an average 15 per cent., with a firm market and still tending upwards. If we look back a little at the events of the past year, we may clearly trace this improvement to the acts of the last legislature of the State of New York. The list of prices given under date of August 30, are those at which the values had been sustained, under the hopes that Congress at the extra session would do something to relieve the indebted States. The great movement to effect that object was the passage of the land distribution bill, which was done during the latter part of August; no sooner, however, had that bill become a law, than its utter inefficiency was felt in the market, and stocks began to decline, until they reached the low rates quoted under date of Dec. 31. In that time New York State stocks had fallen 10 to 15 per cent. under the heavy and constant sales of stocks loaned to the Erie Rail Road—at home New York stocks are always the most desirable, and when they fell to such a degree it is no wonder that other stock felt the influence, even to a greater extent. On the 1st of January, six States became delinquent in their interest. This had a prodigious effect abroad, where but little distinction is made between the ability and willingness of the different States to pay. Not only did all demand for American stocks cease, but a great disposition to sell was evinced, and prices fell to the low rates quoted in the middle of February—about that time, however, New York changed her financial policy. It was decided to issue no more State stock than $3,500,000, a sum merely sufficient to discharge the claims upon the State, and, notwithstanding the alleged sufficiency of the revenues, a tax of one mill per dollar was levied to raise the additional sum of $600,000, in order that the means of the State to meet all claims upon it might be beyond all cavil. Among all the extravagance, accumulation of debt, repudiation, and dishonor, which had overtaken the several States of the federal Union, this was the first indication of ability and willingness to pay. Its effect upon American credit abroad and at home was immense. It burst like a ray of sunshine through thick mists of dishonor and repudiation that surrounded and obscured our national credit, and revived the almost extinguished confidence in American honor. Capitalists abroad could not be brought to believe, that any member of a confederacy of which New York was one would deliberately set aside its debts. They reasoned that when the panic supposed to exist here, growing out of the breaking up of the iniquitous banking system, and possibly influenced by war apprehensions, should have passed away, that the people would recover their energy and sense of right, and pay their debts to the last dollar. The example of New York was taken as the harbinger of such a state of things—